THEY HUNG UP MURIETTA'S HEAD

REAL WEST

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

March
35c

THE DAY BILLY-THE-KID DIED

•

STRANGE MORAL CODE FOR INDIAN WIVES

•

LOST GOLD AT LAMPASAS RIVER

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CHOCTAW LAW OF DEATH

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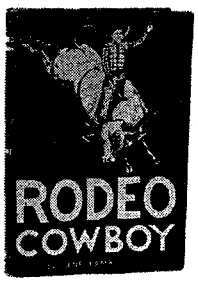

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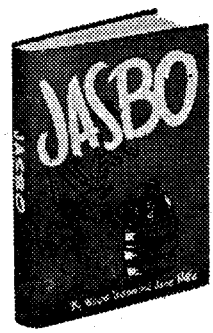

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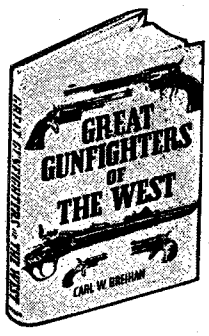

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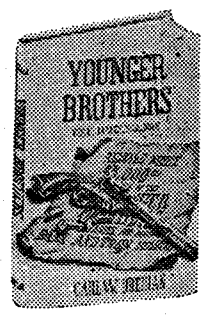

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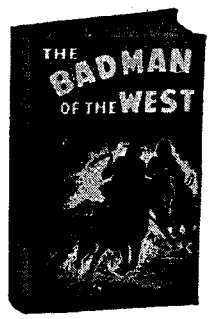

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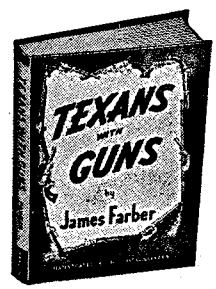

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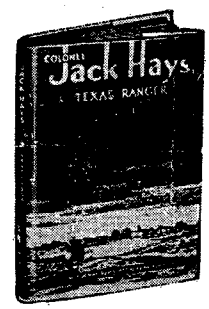

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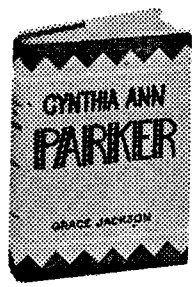

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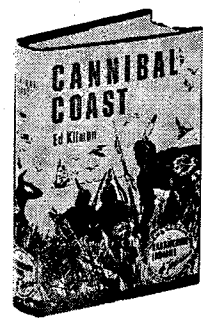

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REAL WEST

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March, 1964

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Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina
Production Manager: William Anderson

IN THIS REAL WEST ISSUE

By the time you read this you will have seen, purchased, and been satisfyingly entranced by our publication highlight of the year, the collector's edition of *The American Indian.* Edited and handled by the same staff who bring you Real West. This new magazine, *The American Indian,* was just as carefully authenticated and prepared for your reading pleasure as is Real West. Every story was the result of documented proof of authenticity, well written by master craftsmen in this field and well illustrated with, in many instances, new and rare photos of the people and places that were part of the most exciting and colorful era in American history. This new magazine followed both the pattern and the high standard set by Real West.

If you missed your copy on the newsstand, send for it now. You will find all the information you need in the advertisement in this magazine.

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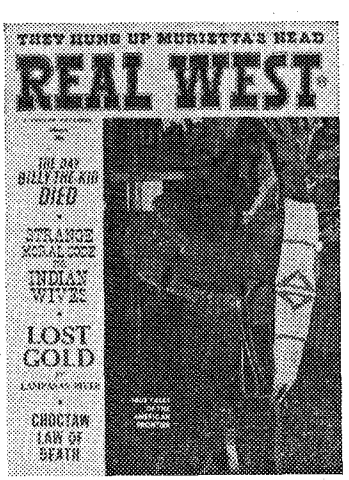

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Our cover this month is rather unique. This photo was taken in a saddle shop and behind the modern saddle are racks of old leather-working tools handed down by master craftsmen for generations. Photo by Stan Stetzer.

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A RW Editorial

The Editor's Corral

I hope readers will take note of the letter from Mrs. Euguene McAuliffe in the Mail Roundup. Her husband, Eugene McAuliffe, served for many years as Honorary President of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry Memorial Association. He was 92 when he died in 1959. Born a few years before the battle of the Little Big Horn, he was raised in the heroic era of the old West where human sacrifice and raw courage built a great new section of our country.

Like many others, Eugene McAuliffe felt that a more impressive monument should be erected to the memory of General Custer and the men who died with him. Death came while he was in the midst of raising funds for a large bronze statue of General Custer to be erected at Bismarck, North Dakota where the Seventh Cavalry started on that ill-fated expedition that ended in the massacre of Custer and his men. The bronze statue has been completed, but Eugene McAuliffe's death brought a stop to the monetary contributions and Mrs. McAuliffe is trying to carry on her husband's work of raising the money. All persons who feel as Eugene McAuliffe did can send their contributions to Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe, 1115 49th Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

* * *

I have just read "Why the West was Wild" by Nyle Miller and Joseph Snell. This is a compilation of the series in the Kansas Historical Quarterly on Cowtown Police officers and Gun Fighters. Much more information about these famous men has been added in the 600 pages and 175 pictures, many never before published.

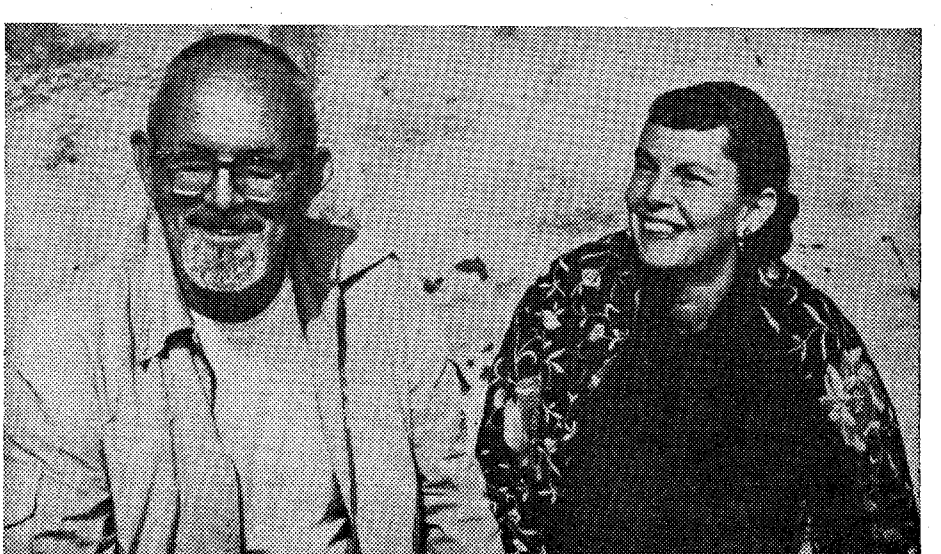
This is a book that every western buff should have. Your knowledge of the cattle trade and those Kansas towns won't be complete without it. For two years Nyle Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, and Joseph Snell, curator of manuscripts at the Kansas Historical Society, dug through old newspapers and city and police records to get the real truth about Wyatt Earp, Will Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Bill Thompson, and the others.

This book, made up of newspaper stories of those days and city records, tears away the phony tinsel of glory the Dime Novel writers have woven about many of these peace officers. It tells what they really were like. It makes them human beings. In it you will read how Wyatt Earp handled a gun so amateurishly in Wichita that he almost shot himself.

There is a wealth of sidelights on all of these famous characters. It is a book that settles many of the arguments about Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, and others that have been going on for years. No student of the old West can be without this book. The cost is $7.95, and it can be ordered from the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.

Readers of REAL WEST are well acquainted with the names of Bob and Jan Young. There has hardly been an issue of REAL WEST that hasn't had one of their stories. This married couple is one of the most successful and famous writing teams of the West. Their stories on the ghost towns and their shorts on famous characters of the era have met with universal reader approval for REAL WEST. Not only do they turn out Western articles, they produce two or three children's books a year.

However, recently Bob was stricken with a serious illness, and for a while it didn't look like he would make it. As Bob says, "I began to smell the brimstone." I know the readers of REAL WEST will be delighted to hear that he has passed the danger point and now faces the job of getting his strength back. In the meantime Janet is carrying the load and you won't miss any of their exciting stories in REAL WEST.



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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

MRS. Gertrude Stearns of Watertown, New York, wants to know just how good the Doctors of the Old West were in their treatment of patients. The picture is spotty and not too bright. There were honest doctors, limited in education and medical knowledge, who worked hard, made long trips in the night to patients, facing danger of Indians and outlaws. But there were other so called doctors who preyed on the ignorance of those early day settlers.

In such states as California where they had laws requiring doctors to take examinations, the situation wasn't so bad. In other states anybody, a blacksmith, a farmer, or a roustabout could hang out a shingle and pose as a doctor. It must be understood that in those early days the medical profession was at a low ebb over the country.

In 1869, when Charles William Elliott became president of Harvard College Medical School, supposed to be the highest school of learning in the United States, the medical students were a wild and badly educated lot, most of them not having had a high school education. They were not required to attend lectures, and those that did learned very little.

The final examinations for a Doctor's degree were oral quizzes of five minute length, and if a student passed two out of twelve quizzes, and he could choose any subject, he became a doctor. It was not until 1893 that John Hopkins required college preparation for a medical course. So the doctors who did go West were poorly trained and had little knowledge of medical treatments.

The Old West was a golden field for quacks. The newspapers were filled with advertisements of patent medicines and the alleged cures of these quacks. One quack did a flourishing business in Oregon by advertising he could cure cancer with skunk oil. Another advertised he could cure cholera, dysentery, and many other diseases by an herb he had uncovered in faraway India.

But all credit should he given to the young doctors who went West, worked day and night with their limited training to help the settlers. Few of those doctors ever got rich.

Q. Could you give me the origin of the Teton Sioux Indians, George Jones, 26 Bond Street, New York City.

A. According to George E. Hyde, an authority on this tribe, they were considered prior to 1842 to be the seven prairie tribes — the Brule, Oglala, Miniconjou, Sans Arc, Two Kettle, Hunkpapa, and Blackfeet, but after 1842 the name of Teton Sioux was used on the upper Missouri to designate the Brule tribe only. There is evidence that the Brules were the parent stock of the seven Teton groups. I refer you to George E. Hyde's book, "Spotted Tail's Folk," (Norman 1961).

Q. Was there a standard scaffold for hangings in the old West and did all have the same type of trap? Daniel C. Holloway, 3824 Land O' Lakes Drive, N.E., Atlanta 5, Georgia.

A. Each community had its own special type of scaffold, but all followed pretty much the same lines with the steps of the platform, the trap door, and the overhead beam that held the rope. The first scafford didn't have a lever or rope to spring the trap. The condemned man was merely pushed through the hole by the sheriff. This was not always satisfactory and a rope was used for the sheriff to pull and this released the trap. Later the lever was installed to release the trap for the sheriff or the man handling the hangings. This was the most satisfactory means of sending the condemned man to his death.

Q. What was the background of Wyatt Earp before he appeared in Wichita?" Ellen Wilkins, 520 Walnut Street, Findlay, Ohio.

A. Little is known about Wyatt Earp before he arrived in Wichita in May 1874. He was born March 19, 1848 in Monmouth, Illinois, the third son of Nicholas and Virginia Earp. His father had served in the Mexican War under Captain Wyatt Berry Stapp and the father named his third son Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp after his captain. It can be assumed that Wyatt Earp when he came to Kansas hunted buffalo, as most men did, and was in general a border rostabout. The story of disarming Ben Thompson in Ellsworth in August 1873 after Sheriff Chauncey Whitney had been killed is pure fiction and has no basis in fact whatever.

Q. I have heard so much contradictory evidence about the Alamo that I am curious. Some say those heroes died for a good reason and others say they didn't. What is the truth? Arnold Shriver, Box 462, Oviedo, Florida.

A. All military men at the time called

(Continued on Page 67)

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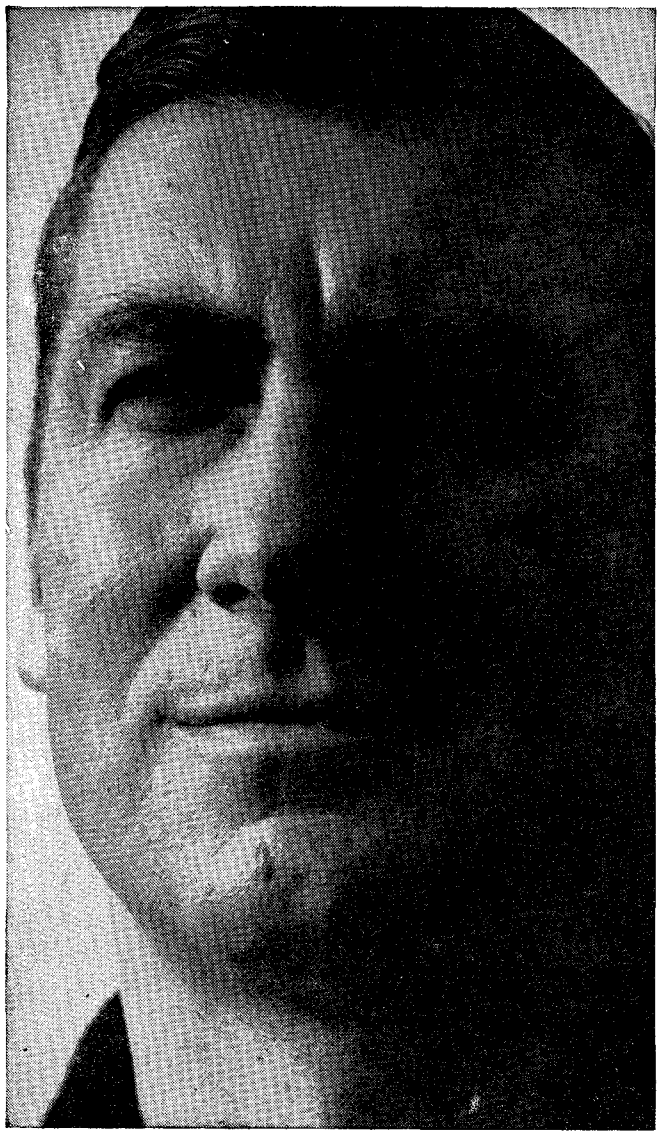

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- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

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- ☐ Clerk-Typist
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- ☐ Shorthand
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- ☐ Typist

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- ☐ Railroad
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- ☐ Other (please specify)

Name_____ Age_____ Sex_____

Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

IN the July issue of REAL WEST in the ASK YOUR QUESTIONS Department Carelton Mays suggested that a more impressive monument might be erected to the memory of the men who died with Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn. We were flooded with letters from readers. While the majority agreed with Carelton Mays, there was a loud and indignant group who were shocked that anybody would suggest such a thing. So we decided to write to the man who should really know, Eugene McAuliffe, the honorary president of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry Memorial Association.

We received this letter from Mrs. McAuliffe.

The monument of General Custer designed by famous sculptor, Dr. Avard Fairbanks, with names of officers and men, scouts and civilians who died with Custer.

Dear Sir:

I regret to tell you my husband died June 3rd 1959 at the age of 92 years. He was still expecting to see a Statue of General George Custer, in bronze, together with the names of all the men who died with him, erected at Bismarck, North Dakota, the starting place of the Company, Fort Abraham Lincoln, where all could plainly read their names. The bronze statue is to be 13 feet high standing on a 10 foot granite base.

One of the features is to be imperishable bronze tablets of the names of all the men who died serving under General Custer. This is what my husband worked so hard to do — to bring glory to the forgotten men with the first suitable monument.

Dr. Avard Fairbanks, the sculptor, has the statue ready, waiting for the rest of the money to be raised. I am quite unhappy it drags along. I only wish my husband had been able to see his wish fulfilled before he died. For me, far lesser heroes have had far more impressive monuments erected to their memory.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe
111 South 49th Avenue
Omaha, Nebraska

Any reader who feels that the memory of Custer and his men deserves such a monument, send your checks to Mrs. McAuliffe.

CUSTER'S LAST MESSAGE

Dear Mr. Rand:

I'd like to say that I find your magazine very interesting and informing. I can say that I am one of the lucky few having a complete set of REAL WEST. It's a handy reference, one I'll never part with.

I will, however, take exception to the article by Harry Chatfield, "Custer's Last Message," which appeared in the latest issue of REAL WEST. If he actually believes that bunco then I sincerely believe he's been wasting thirteen years of his time.

The reasons why this could not possibly be the real McCoy are set out below:

1. The message is too long. If Custer had only forty men left, he most certainly would not have had time to pen out a 57 word message. Considering how brief and repetitious "P.S. Bring packs" was, which, according to most authorities, was written before Custer's battle had acually begun, you'd think that a message written toward the end of the fight would be more precise — and sketchy. A verbal order would seem appropriate in the situation.

2. The mention of Boston Custer. Even if his brother *was* alive, he was simply a string-along during the 1876 expedition. Boston wasn't in the best of

(Continued on Page 72)

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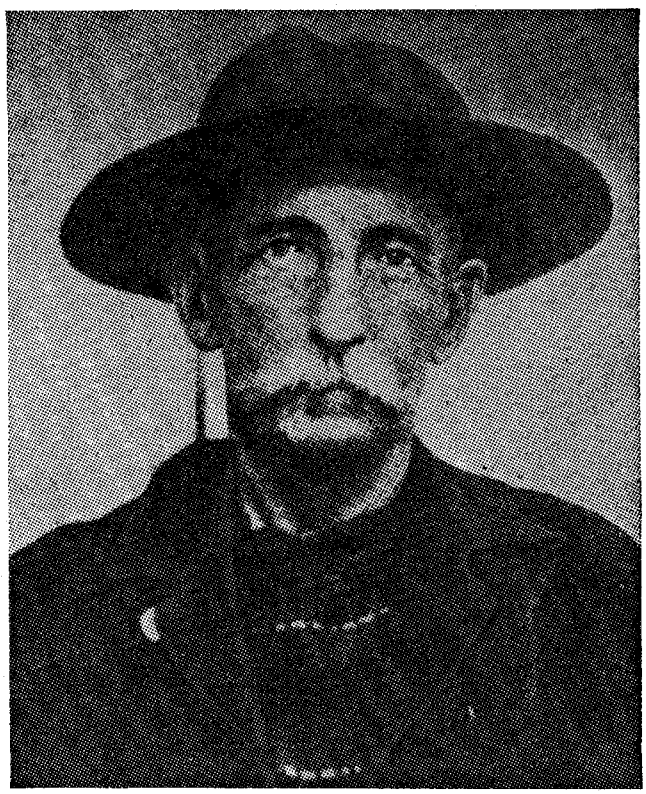
THE GENTLE BANDIT



He was the Northwest's most famous bandit, yet he was unique in that he refused to kill anybody, even to escape, and in the end this gentleness cost him his eventful freedom.

by C.V. Tench

AS the train robber climbed down from the express car with his loot he was confronted by an armed detective. It looked like the perfect setting for a gun battle. Instead the robber surrendered quietly, saying: "I've never killed a man, and I don't want to begin now."

So ended the colorful career of Bill Miner, one of the last of the old Western bandits. He was in his seventieth year at the time.

Although he defied the authorities for more than half a century, staging many spectacular hold-ups and escapes from jail, this amazing character never killed anyone. His kindly nature impressed everyone who met him.

"No need to kill a man," he used to say. "Just wing him."

Bill robbed the rich, but was always generous to the poor.

Even though he was known by sight to thousands, and there were huge rewards on his head, he was never betrayed. Born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1843, he ran away to California at the age of sixteen, and embarked on his lawless career, The famous Wells-Fargo express stage coaches were his first targets. He was soon caught and sentenced to ten years in the San Quentin jail.

Miner was such a model prisoner that he was paroled after only two years. Then, in Denver, Colorado, he joined up with the notorious outlaw Bill Leroy.

They held up the Del Norte stage. Miner headed for the mountains, while Leroy rode towards the timber country. The pursuing posse chose to follow Leroy, who was caught and hanged on the spot.

Miner moved east to Onondago, Michigan. Posing as a man who had made a fortune in the California goldfields, he lived quietly and made many friends. But beneath the guise of respectability he was longing for the old exciting life.

He returned to the West, and in November, 1881, Miner and James Crum held up the Sonora stage. So brazen was this robbery that squadrons of United States cavalry were used to hunt down the outlaws. They were caught and sentenced to twenty-five years in San Quentin.

Miner was released twenty-two years later into a changed world. The stagecoach had given way to the railway, and most of the oldtime outlaws had disappeared. Miner was now sixty years old, and most people thought he had been tamed. They were wrong.

Miner joined forces with bandits Gay Harshman and Charles Hoehn, and on September 23rd., 1903, they held up a train at Corbett, Oregon. Miner fled with his share

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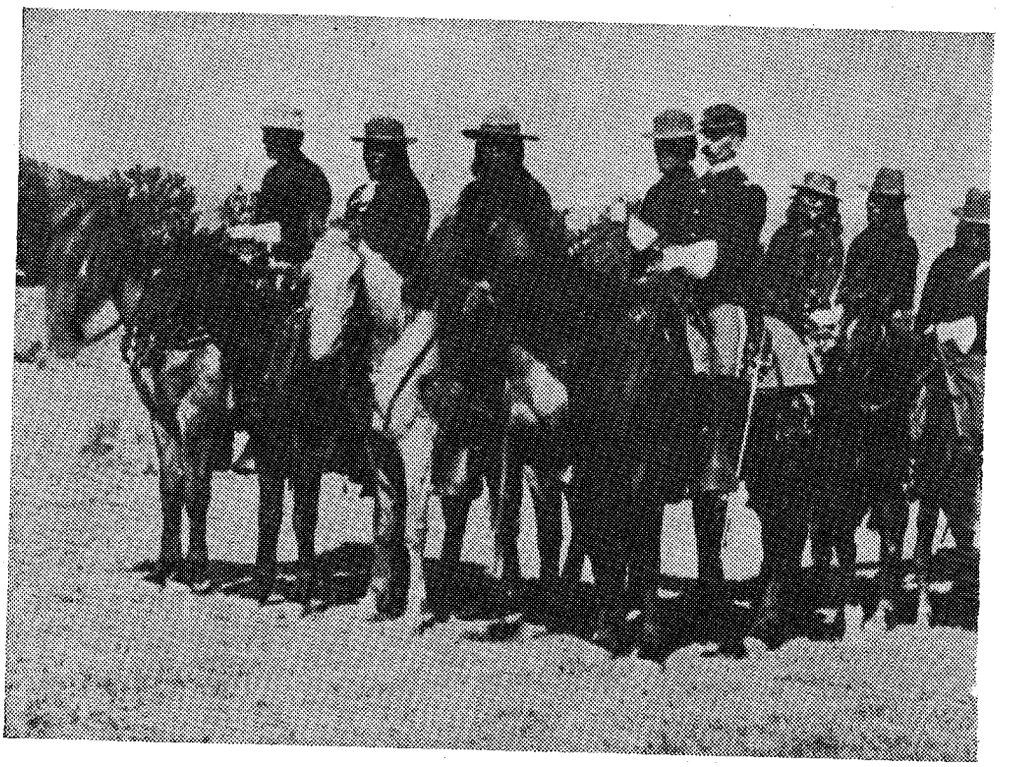
LIEUTENANT CASEY'S



When Lieutenant Casey, center rider with Western Hat, started on this strange journey, he had no intimation of puzzling tragic end that would be his final lot.

by Joe Koller

IT was a journey of death for First Lieutenant Edward W. Casey, commander of the famed Cheyenne Scouts. It is doubtful whether the Lieutenant sensed the death he was riding into on January 7, 1891. Yet if he had, it wouldn't have made much difference to him. For seventeen years he had faced death in every wild and fantastic form fighting Apaches, Commanches, and other Indian tribes.

Casey was a firm believer in giving rights to Indians, and on several occasions he had acted as an emissary to induce Indian holdouts to surrender rather than being killed. He had great respect for the fighting qualities of the Cheyennes and believed they could be trained for army service. So he was given the chance to carry out his plan at the Tongue River Cheyenne reservation. This was the beginning of his famous Cheyenne Scouts.

May 7, 1877 the Cheyenne Scouts had their baptism of fire against the Sioux at Muddy Creek in Montana. They followed Casey down into a hostile valley, stampeded 450 horses, and then circled back and captured the hostile village. Both Lieutenant Casey and the Scouts received special commendation from army headquarters.

By 1890 the Cheyenne were seasoned troopers, the best in the army, and when trouble broke in the Pine Ridge Reservation in the Dakotas, Lieutenant Casey and his scouts were ordered to report to General Miles, at Rapid City.

The town swarmed with troops, war correspondents, and the influx of families being brought in from outlying ranches near the reservation. Fears and prejudices were much in evidence. Citizens cursed when women and children showed fear of the long haired Indians in army blues. A cowboy militia company was demanding arms so they could defend ranch property deserted by the exodus of settlers. Gun-hung riders swaggered around bars and boasted what they would do if they got a chance at the raiding redskins.

Casey sensed an explosive situation was building up. The reservation rebellion was baited with a religious movement, the "Messiah's Coming" craze. Staff officers believed that trouble could be averted if General Miles could meet in council with the leaders. The Cheyenne Scouts were ordered to report to General John Brooks, field commander, at Pine Ridge agency.

At the General's Christmas Eve party Casey met and got a detailed briefing from Dr. V.C. McGillycuddy, a former Indian Agent at Pine Ridge, and now representing governor A.C. Mellette on the General's Advisory Board. According to Dr. McGillycuddy, the problem was one of survival. Years of droughts and bungling agency management had developed a state of privation on the Pine Ridge. When the Sioux heard about the "Messiah's Coming" cult out West, they sent a delegation headed by One Bull and Kicking Bear to visit Pyramid Lake, Nevada, where Wovoka, the Piaute Prophet, preached his hope of redemption and taught his holy dance. The delegation was converted. In South Dakota, One Bull became the cult's leader, and Kicking Bear, its apostle, preached: "With the Messiah's coming the dead Indians will awake from their long sleep, the buffalo herds will return, and the white race will be driven from the face of the earth."

Young Indians responded to the rythmic wildness of the dance appeal. Some chiefs and medicine men rallied to the cause. Sitting Bull accepted the dance. Bigfoot ran a dance camp. The fad spread to other reservations. The

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JOURNEY TO DEATH

Pine Ridge agent ordered the dance stopped. The order was ignored. When he sent the Indian police to enforce his regulations they found the dance camps deserted.

The cult had a stronghold in the Badlands where One Bull established a camp for dance refugees. The Sioux dramatized the religion with a purification ceremony, a dance to exhaustion that invited fantastic dreams, and the magic ghost shirt of cotton that was claimed would repel the white man's bullets.

> Wovoka, alias Jack Wilson, son of Tavibo, Paiute Chief, was responsible for the Ghost dance. At the death of his father, he was taken into the David Wilson family, and with the Wilson boys became a magician. He loved to play magic tricks on the Indians and he started the Ghost dance. This dance was innocent enough. It merely was supposed to bring the dead back to life, but the dance spread among all tribes and became a war dance. Wovoka denounced it as such, admitted his original dance was all a trick, but was to bring death to many Indians.

Red Cloud permitted dancing in his village. Like other old chiefs he hesitated to oppose the movement for fear of losing face and power. Red Cloud at the age of seventy was now almost blind. Little Wound, Man Afraid, and others were neutral. The Agent got panicky and asked for government protection and the army moved in.

On December 15th, the week before Casey left Montana, Sitting Bull was killed in resisting arrest by the Indian police. Tension mounted in a fast deteriorating situation. "If trouble comes," Dr. McGillycuddy said, "it'll be an outbreak of whites, rather than Indians."

THE rest in Rapid City had not been a pleasant one for the Cheyenne Scouts. They had been denied liquor in saloons. Their presence in bars was resented. In spite of their uniforms and enlistment pledge they were still Indians. The contempt and fear the whites felt for all Indians applied to them too. One correspondent wired his paper that the Army was down-graded by its Indian soldiers, and that Casey should be reprimanded.

Casey, rode proudly ahead of Troop L. guidon as the Cheyenne Scouts jogged, in column of twos, down the Sidney stage trail Christmas morning of 1890. To the right of them lay the timbered Black Hills, to the left, a rolling prairie that blended into the Badlands on the far horizon.

Noon found the troop riding down Battle Creek approaching the reservation. At a frozen water-hole, guarded by naked Cottonwood trees, Casey discovered a Texas Longhorn steer with arrows spiked in its back. Its wobbly walk brought cries of "food" from the scouts. Casey ordered a halt.

"We'll have barbecued beef for Christmas dinner," he told Getty. "Set wagons for a camp stop."

The steer, a victim of Indian raids for food off the reservation, was butchered, a fire built, and horses were hobbled to graze. Young Spotted Cat was posted on the prairie ridge to watch the animals.

The men were eating around the fire when a shot cracked out on the cold afternoon, followed by more shots and a shower of arrows. There was a mad scramble for stacked rifles. The Scouts fired from behind wagon shelter. The attack came from the hilltop.

The first bullet burned a stripe across the shoulder of Casey's overcoat. He flung off the wrap, yanked his pistol from his holster and discovered that he was blinded by the sun that was low enough to favor the enemy. The at-

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Photo: Courtesy Walker Art Gallery, Minneapolis

Plenty Horse, who as young warrior, shot Lieut. Casey.

tacking party would be the hunters that had wounded the steer. Casey snatched the rifle from a dead scout's hands and with a shout, "The Horses!" dashed up the gully. When he was out of line of the sun's direct rays he saw the Indians clustered on the summit where Spotted Cat had been stationed. Casey emptied his pistol in their direction. His scouts were right behind him and their firing cleared off the hilltop.

Casey scrambled up a grass-slippery slope to view the horses. He saw raiders waving arms to stampede the herd. The hobbles saved them. Casey dropped on one knee and turned the carbine on the Indians. Around him other rifles were taking up the fight. One Indian was knocked off his pony. A pinto collapsed tumbling its rider. Under the determined counterattack the raiders gathered up their dead and grounded companions and galloped out of shooting range.

Knowing Indians, Casey ordered camp moved to the hilltop which was defendable, from the next attack. He ordered his men to dig rifle pits and posted guards on observation points. There was no sign of Spotted Cat on the summit where he had been stationed.

Two figures mounted the crest of the ridge across the gulch. The tall Indian carried a white flag. He was fronted by a man in army uniform. That explained Spotted Cat's disappearence. He had defected to the Raiders. The tall Indian started an impassioned oration that White Moon, the interpreter, translated to Casey.

Kicking Bear, the cult apostle, was urging his Cheyenne brothers to cast off their yoke as dog-soldiers, kill their white chiefs, and join the Messiah's dancers.

A timely shot from an outpost cut short the harangue. Kicking Bear flung the white flag on the ground and stamped on it. The uniformed Indian, too far away to be recognized, lifted his pistol and started shooting. The scouts were dumbfounded as they ducked for cover. Had Spotted Cat gone mad?

The squad hurried to the support of the outpost firing the warning signal. They carried back a badly wounded naked Indian in a blanket. It was Spotted Cat. Before Spotted Cat died he told Casey that he had been knocked out while eating. When he came too he had been stripped of his uniform and given a chance to join the Sioux raiders or be killed. He gave his word to support them. When attention was centered on Kicking Bear's appeal, Spotted Cat made his escape. He was approaching the new camp location when he was shot by the guard that took him for a hostile. The Indian in his uniform was young, had short hair and could speak English. He

Burial parties had a gruesome job, piling the frozen corpses in a wagon to be hauled to burial trench.

Photo: National Archives.

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wanted to kill a white chief to fullfill a warrior's vision. His name was Plenty Horses.

The attack become a long range shooting affair that lasted until dusk. Then the raiders retreated toward the badlands.

Casey buried his dead in the rifle pits. Under cover of night the troop moved on for a new camp at a different location. They reached the Pine Ridge agency without further incident.

PINE Ridge was Chief Red Cloud's agency. However, the old chief's village was twenty miles from the agency, on White Clay creek. Casey saw few Indians or lodges in the agency community. Barbed-wire fences, rifle pits, and guards walking post, surrounded the buildings. Their arrival brought reporters from Asay's Trading Post and the Finley Hotel. They were full of questions. Had there been a fight? Who were the wounded men left at the hospital? Who were these long haired Indians in army blue? Casey reported to General Brooks.

The General commented on the raiders' attack. It could not be called a clash with the whites as no whitemen had yet been injured. This had been a fight between the Sioux and the Cheyennes. He admitted the short haired Indian in a soldier's uniform could make trouble. Some of the students from eastern Indian schools had returned to the reservation to get in on the excitement. Plenty Horses was one of them. With a knowledge of English and the uniform, Plenty Horses could pass through army lines to contact the hostiles under One Bull's command. He could listen to soldiers talk and pick up information. There was no telegraph on the reservation and dispatch riders were the most dependable form of communication between troops and headquarters.

Casey's Scouts were assigned to patrol a long western front to keep watch on the movement of Indians enmasse. Casey's camp was at the mouth of White Clay Creek. Eight miles up the creek was located the villages of Red Cloud and No Water. The No Water camp had been a dance center during the summer.

About the time the Cheyenne Scouts got settled the battle of Wounded Knee took place.

During the cold, blizzard days that followed many incidents occured. On New Year's day Henry Miller, a civilian, was killed by Indians near the agency. Short Bull's fanatics launched an attack on the Mission school. The defenders staved off the attack until help arrived. January third a supply train was trapped on the reservation. Its escort fought the hostiles until a troop of roving ca-

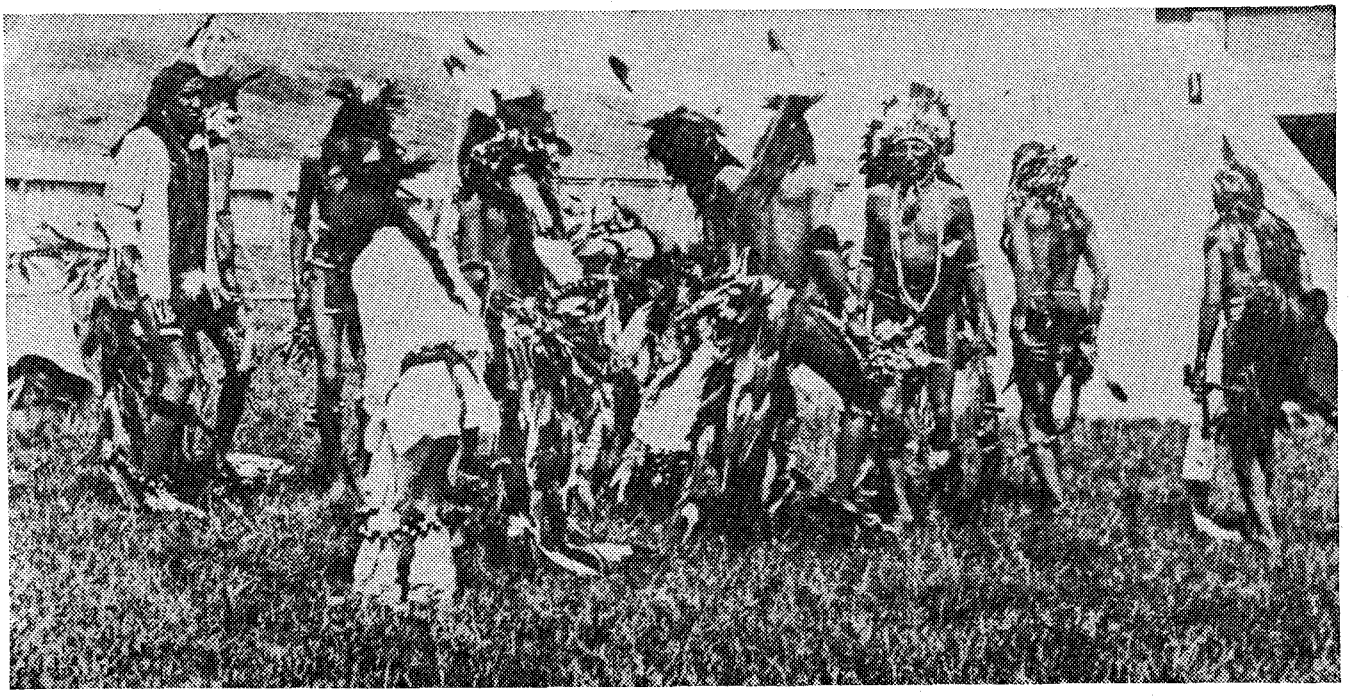
(Continued on Page 56)

Photo: Cross Collection

Kicking Bear was apostle who stirred Indians to war.

Ghost dance that was supposed to make the Indians immune to white men's bullets, but it didn't work that way.

Photo: National Archives



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REWARD

($5,000.00)

Reward for the capture, dead or alive, of one Wm. Wright, better known as

"BILLY THE KID"

Age, 18. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches. Weight, 125 lbs. Light hair, blue eyes and even features. He is the leader of the worst band of desperadoes the Territory has ever had to deal with. The above reward will be paid for his capture or positive proof of his death.

JIM DALTON, Sheriff.

DEAD OR ALIVE!

"BILLY THE KID"

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THE DAY BILLY-THE-KID DIED

by Kit Carson

Here for first time and shorn of fiction are newspaper accounts of what really happened the day Billy the Kid died.

CHECKING over the newspaper accounts of the last days of Billy-the-Kid, which isn't an easy job with many copies of newspapers missing, it was generally agreed in those days that this story in the Sante Fe *New Mexican* signaled the beginning of the end of William Bonney, alias Billy-the-Kid.

Governor Lew Wallace has issued a proclamation offering $500 reward for the capture and delivery to the sheriff of Lincoln County for Wm. Bonney, alias "The Kid". This is a good step and will make it hot in New Mexico for the prominent young man whose presence is so much desired by the executive.

THE citizens of New Mexico didn't have to wait long for this reward to bring results as shown in the December 28, 1880 issue of the Sante Fe *New Mexican.*

The most important arrivals on last night's train were Billy "The Kid", Rudabaugh and Billy Wilson whom it is unnecessary to introduce to readers of the NEW MEXICAN. Everybody in the Territory has probably heard of the famous outlaws, who have for so long infested the country and filled the papers with accounts of crime, and every law-abiding man will be delighted to hear that last night they were safely lodged in Santa Fe jail. For this great boon Sheriff Pat Garrett and his posse of brave men are to be thanked.

The outlaws were captured three days ago at Stinking Springs, about 16 miles east of Fort Sumner. According to the accounts of the men the capture was easily affected, which was as great a surprise to them as to the public generally. They say that at Sumner during the latter part of the week they were informed that "The Kid" and his gang were at Stinking Springs and having collected a posse of 16 men they set out after them. "The Kid's" party consisted of Dave Rudabaugh, the murderer of Lopez, the Las Vegas jailer; Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett and Chas. Bowdre making himself five men in all. The posse under Sheriff Garrett reached Stinking Springs j u s t before daybreak and surrounded the house in which "The Kid" and his men were quartered.

They satisfied themselves that the outlaws were in the house and then waited quietly for them to come out. Soon after it had become light enough to see perfectly one of the doors of the house opened and a man stepped out. — The besiegers thought it was "The Kid" and fired. The man went back into the house, then came out again and fell dead. It was then ascertained that Chas. Bowdre had been shot. The posse continued to guard the house until nearly dark when the outlaws surrendered although "The Kid" was violently opposed to it, and were made secure by their

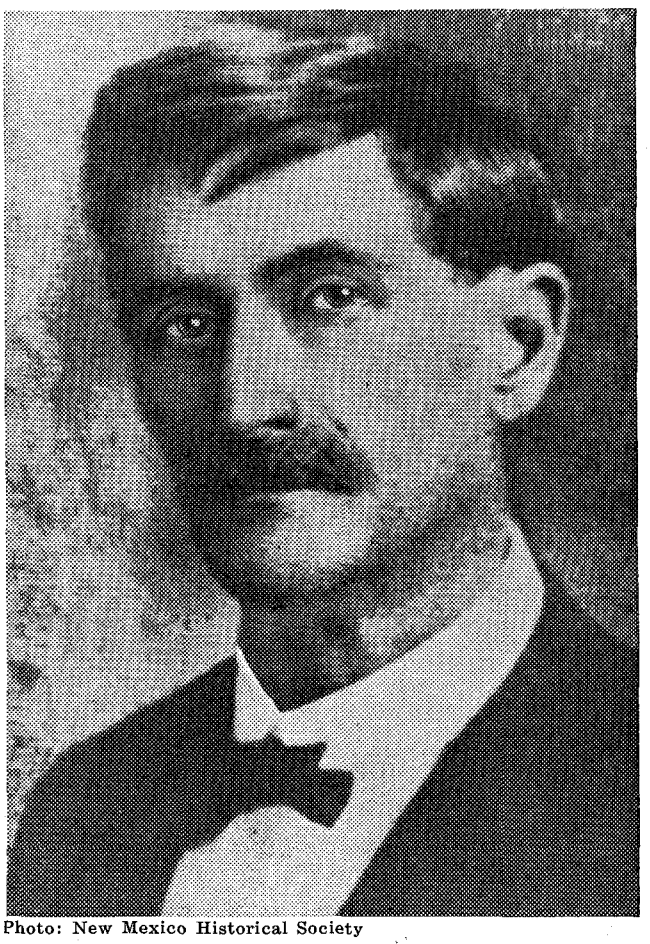

Photo: New Mexico Historical Society

Did Pat Garrett fire the shot that killed the Kid, or was it Pete Maxwell's bullet is question still unanswered.

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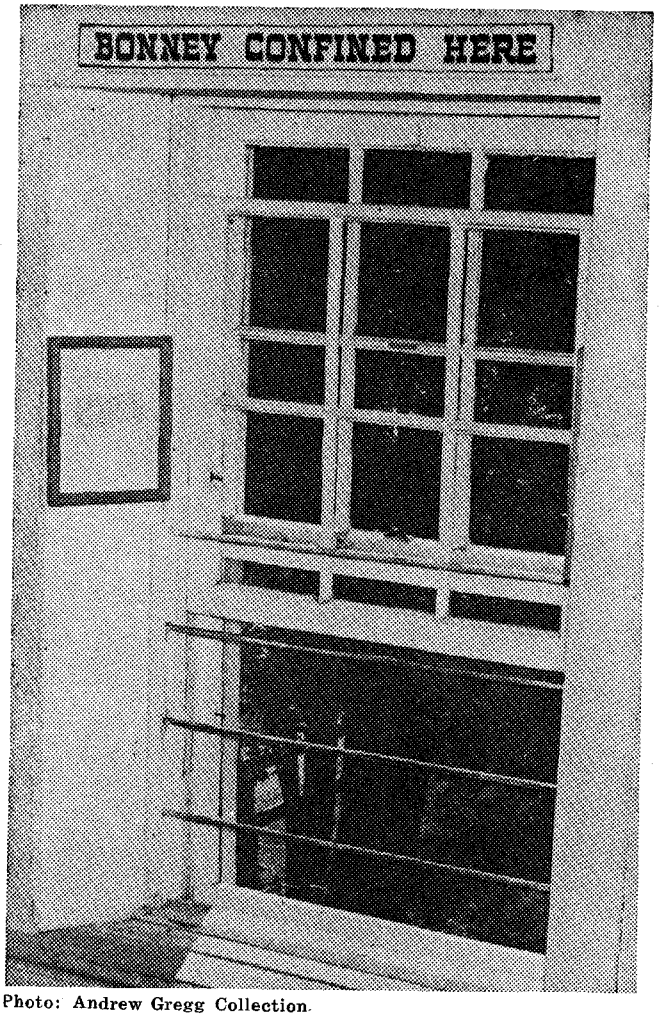
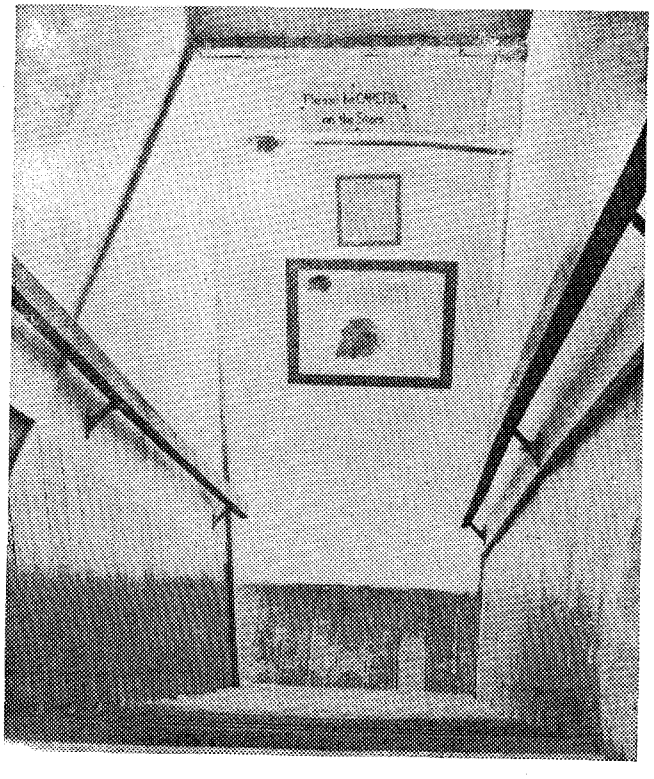


Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection.

Billy the Kid fired through the above window to kill Bob Ollinger, and then as he escaped down the stairway (below) he killed old deputy sheriff James W. Bell.

Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection.



captures. They were then taken to Las Vegas and brought from there here. At Vegas there was a strong disposition to lynch the men and it was deemed safer to bring them through Santa Fe. It is said that the Vegas people were for taking the prisoners here who created a good deal of excitement and Sheriff Garrett is the hero of the hour.

WITH the Kid in jail all was peaceful in and around Lincoln until April 30, 1881 and the May 1st issue of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* reported what happened.

If a shell had hit in Santa Fe yesterday it could scarcely have created more astonishment, or at least more talk, than did the receipt of the news of the Kid's escape from the Lincoln County jail. Not that any desperate deed by the young cut throat was surprising, but because the Kid has made so many narrow escapes, and was consequently placed in the keeping of such good and reliable men, that people while apprehending some unfortunate occurrence that would interfere with his execution, could not help believing that the halter was around his neck in earnest this time.

The death of Bob Olinger and Bell added force to the shock also, and news of all three calamities coming at once in a three line dispatch was very well calculated to startle persons acquainted with the three men and their careers. Bob Olinger and Bell were well and favorably known in Santa Fe, and the former had hosts of friends here. He was a noble fellow in many respects, being brave, generous and true as time and time again did he pass through the most trying ordeals without shrinking once from the personal danger to which he was subjected.

Bob took a hand in the Lincoln county war, where his steady nerve and ready hand made their impression. During that time he killed one or two men, but was so clearly justified that he was never indicted. He was willing at any time to stand trial, and offered to give himself up, but the authorities did not want him. He was one of the quickest, coolest men in the country, and was withal as fine a speciman of the human race physically as could be found anywhere, standing six feet two inches in his stockings and pulling the scales at a figure far above two hundred pounds. He was quiet and well behaved and was never in any trouble on his own account.

J.W. Bell was also a courageous man and a good fellow. He served as deputy sheriff of Lincoln county for a long time and was reliable and ready. The Kid could not well have committed a crime which would have created such a feeling against him as the killing of these two men has done.

THE Santa Fe *New Mexican* and other newspapers speculated now and then where the Kid was, and then came that eventful night of July 14th when death came to the Kid. The Santa Fe *New Mexican* is missing for this date but I was finally able to get a copy of the July 18, 1881 Las Vegas *Daily Optic,* which gave the events for that night by "Ranchero" their correspondent, and also from Sergeant George Miller, Company G, 9th Cavalry, who happened to be in Sumner that night.

"THE KID" KILLED!

He meets His Death at the Hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Lincoln County.

The Particulars of the Affair as Poured into the Ears of Eager Reporters.

Report from "Ranchero".

Sunnyside, N.M., July 15.

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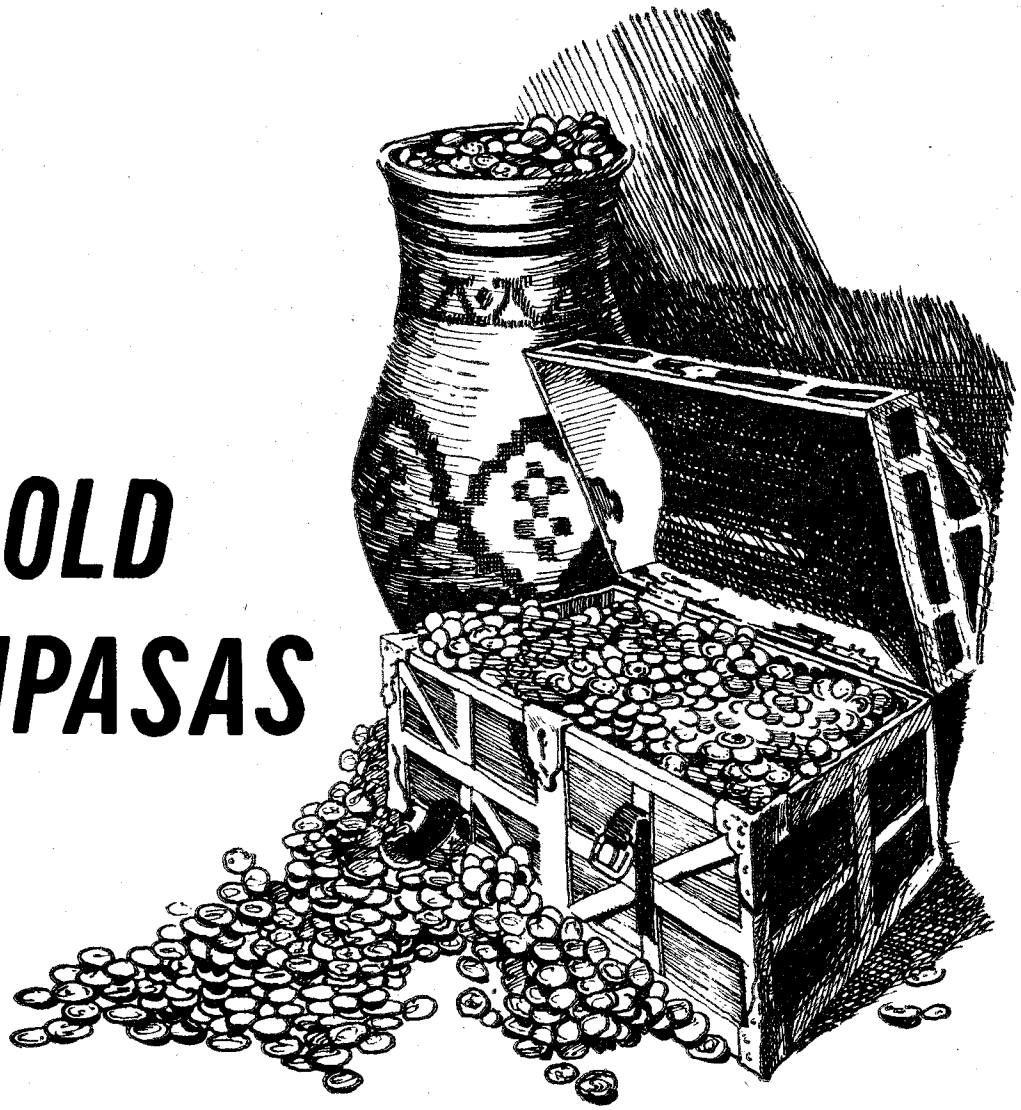
LOST GOLD AT LAMPASAS RIVER



by Harry E. Christmas

Famous Western writer gives us one of the most tantalizing lost treasure puzzles in annals of the West.

JUST half way between Waco and Austin, Texas, is the town of Belton. Nearby flow the Leon and Lampasas Rivers, through the Turnbo neighborhood, as it was called in the 1860's, near Younsport, which, since it no longer appears on maps, the author judges to be a ghost town or, at best, a small crossroads village today. In that vicinity, in the late 1870's, there had been traditions of buried gold for many years, and these stories, call them folk tales if you will, drew great attention to the region. But always from outsiders, rarely did those folks living nearby pay any attention to the tales of buried treasure, regarding them as foolish stories without basis in fact.

One day three Mexican *marineros* came to the region. They searched the area along the river near the McBride settlement, frequently digging with pick and shovel, then moving upstream and downstream, but always within an area of fifty *varas* of the spot where they initially commenced their hunt. They drew much attention from the residents of the community in their seamen's uniforms, but they were close-mouthed men, talked as little as possible when questioned, pleasantly passed off most of the questions put to them. They revealed only one thing: they were searching for buried gold, a large, stone jar of the treasure and *three metal chests of oro cargemento de navio.*

The residents watched the searchers like hawks. For ten days the *marineros* paced off distances, checked their compass and hacked holes in the ground. Then they left, as suddenly and as secretly as they came. But they found no gold, the settlers saw to that as they peered through the brush at them day after day, night after night, watching them at their campfires.

A decade passed, then another. The residents who had seen the *marineros* when they searched for gold were all snow-thatched now, their children in their thirties and forties. One of them, a Mr. Urvin, now resided in Burnet county. Urvin had a son, A.C. Urvin, a good enough young man who lived around the region, first here, then there, working at odd jobs and making as decent a living

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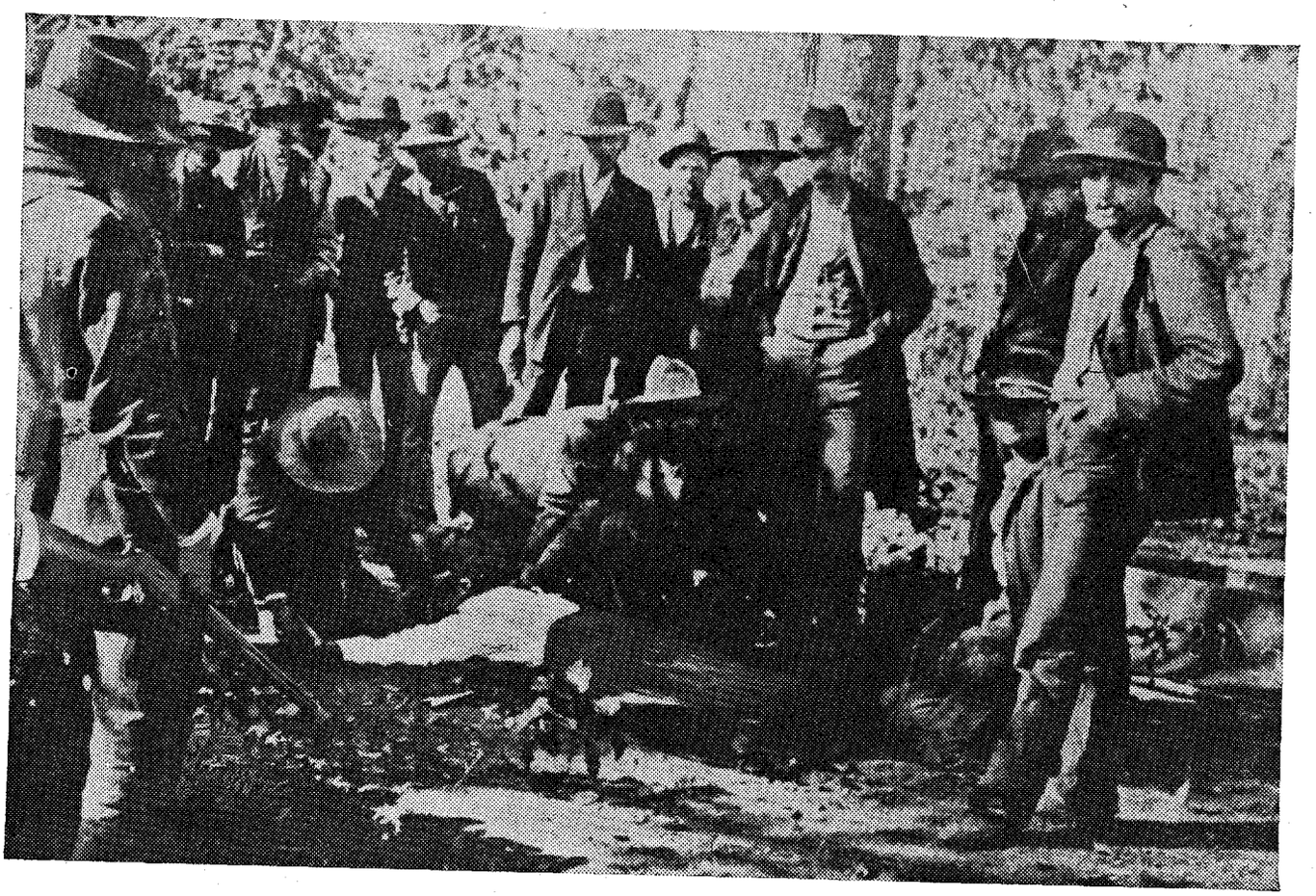
CHOCTAW LAW OF DEATH



A strange law, a brutal one, the Choctaw law of execution, but there is only one case of a Choctaw failing to live up to law.

by G. Farfan

AT noon July 15, 1891, the feast of Death was ended. The Choctaw tribe gathered in throngs at the place of execution, at a secret spot in the Choctaw reservation in the Indian territory. Old braves and squaws wrapped in blankets squatted solemnly on the ground. The young, broad-chested Indians stood. At two o'clock the condemned man was to arrive to be shot.

He was the full-blood Going Snake who slaughtered and robbed a close friend. The viciousness of his crime aroused more than average interest among the tribesmen. This was the day of vengeance. The chiefs and judges of the council had pronounced it so. Now the revelry was over and the people waited.

As the sun sank in the West and Going Snake still did not appear, the Indians became anxious. They remained until dark, hundreds on their blankets stone-faced and immobile.

Angry murmurs of "Scalp him. Scalp him," passed among them. But the traitor was not to be found. The disgruntled Choctaw trudged the forty miles back to their lodges.

A month later they were again called to assemble at

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the execution grounds. The Lighthorse (Indian police) refused to tell who was to be shot. The people supposed Going Snake had been captured and would finally pay with his life. The crowd was even larger than before.

At the designated time, the door of the council house was swung open. Instead of the young murderer, an old man and woman shuffled out. They were the parents of the traitor. The old Indian spoke in quavering tones.

"Our son has not returned to die as he promised. We are no longer people of our people. Our eyes are cast down by the disgrace brought upon us. It is a duty to the tribe, we must remove the black mark of shame." With an effort, his shoulders straightened, "We will perish by our own hand."

They had been well loved by the tribe. Now Indian custom cried out for revenge. Love was forgotten. Flashing black eyes and muscles expanding in impotent anger suggested the incarnate spirit of the untamed prairies.

"Yes, yes, it must be done," they chanted, "Choctaw honor must not be sacrificed."

And there before his tribe, the old man shot his wife and then himself.

WHO were the people who died rather than break a promise? People, who, when condemned, were set free until the time of their execution? It was generally supposed the Indian was degenerate and with no principle. But the custom of returning to death prevailed among the Choctaw tribes for a half a century. A sacred honor which challenged any assertion they were an irresponsible race of Redskins.

It all began in 1850. The Choctaws, tired and weakened after a long and arduous migration from Alabama, settled in the new Indian Territory. A land they called Okla-homa meaning Red People. The barren, desolate country granted to the Five Civilized Tribes, offered little but red-bud trees and flycatcher birds. The Choctaws wanted only peace and rest to prepare for months of hard work. Then Chinnuble Harjo killed his sister for a minor disobedience.

This was the first murder in the tribes since they came West. Anger mounted among the Indians. They had neither the spirit nor the energy to cope with serious crime.

"Kill him," they decided. "Make an example of Harjo. He is one of evil reputation."

Chiefs and judges were elected to form a council. Tribal laws were passed making stealing and murder high crimes punishable by death. Harjo was promptly arrested and sentenced to die.

The new laws, however, contained a clause allowing a condemned man three additional months of life. Harjo demanded his stay. Of course it had to be granted. But with it, a complication arose. What to do with the prisoner is the meantime?

"We cannot jail him," one of the chiefs said. "To imprison an Indian is to bottle the wind of the plains."

"We have no guard house yet," the others answered. "But perhaps we can hire another to watch him."

"What other?" the judge asked. "Who will take the time? Besides, the treasury is still empty."

The chiefs were staggered. What use was a law they could not enforce?

"Repeal the law and kill Harjo," they agreed.

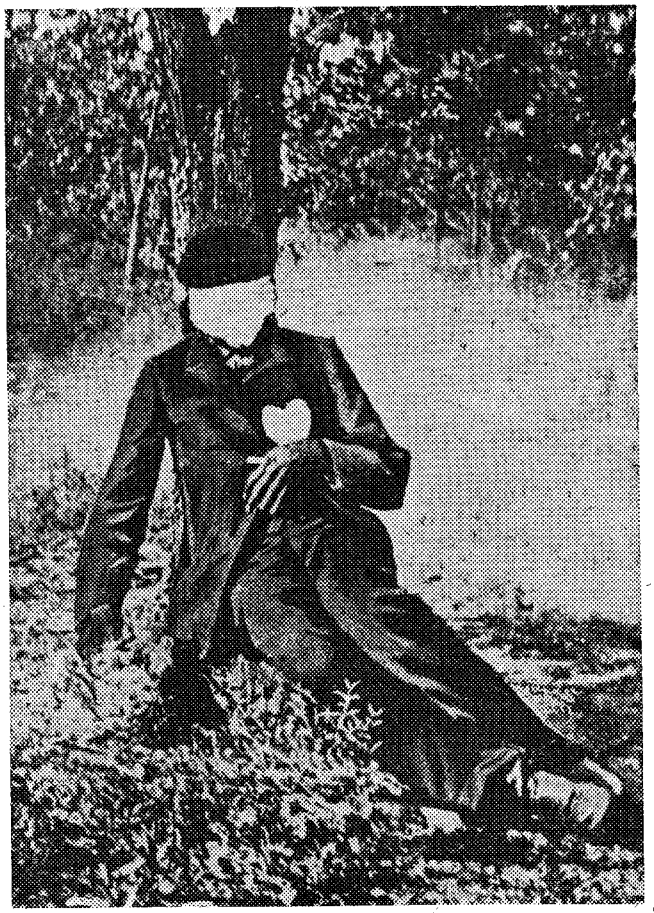
"No," the judge was firm. "I have another idea to solve our problem. He called for the prisoner to be brought before him. "Young man," he told Harjo, "you have been sentenced to die three months from this date. In the meantime you are free. But remember this well. If

(Continued on Page 46)

Photo: Oklahoma Historical Society

John Noble painted the above picture of Going Snake, the man who didn't return to die according to the law. Below is victim of the Seminole Indian law which is similar in some ways to the law of the Choctaw for murder.

Photo: Oklahoma Historical Society



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NANCY KELSEY WESTERN BETSY ROSS

Photo: California State Library

There was no sacrifice, no danger, that Nancy Kelsey, called Western Betsy Ross, didn't suffer in this saga of courage.

by Jan Young

As slender, fifteen-year-old Nancy Kelsey stood beside her bridegroom on a balmy day in 1839 in Independence, Missouri, her dreams must have been those of any other young bride — a snug home, children, and security. But in choosing the young frontiersman, Benjamin Kelsey, Nancy had taken her first step onto a far different path, a path of unbelievable hardship that would carry her name into history as the Far West's foremost pioneer woman, and the Western Betsy Ross.

In 1839, Independence was bustling with the Go-West fever. The village had been little more than an outpost in 1826 when Nancy's parents had brought her there from Kentucky. But now it was only a stepping stone on the path westward, the outfitting point for the caravans pushing on into Oregon. Trappers and adventurers kept the town alive with their fabulous stories of the rich Oregon valleys, and that mysterious lush land to the south of California. It was the California fever that gripped the Kelsey boys, Benjamin, Samuel, Andrew, Isaiah.

For a year and a half, Benjamin managed to control his wanderlust, just long enough for Nancy to give birth to their first child, a daughter, Ann. Then, they too, sold their home and joined one of the caravans moving westward. At Sapling Grove the caravan assembled, 48 men and 15 women, choosing as their leader Captain John Bartleson. At the Kansas River, they were joined by four adventurers also traveling west, among them the twenty-year-old John Bidwell who, through his diary, was to become the caravan's biographer. In a few days more the party was increased again, uniting with an Oregon-bound missionary party under the leadership of the famous guide, Thomas Fitzpatrick. All agreed the parties would travel together for protection as far as Fort Hall.

It was easy for Nancy in those first days of travel to forget the home and security that lay behind her. She was only seventeen, and her eyes sparkled with excitement as she sat in the wagon behind her husband's fine teams and heard the roaring bellow of the captain's "Stretch out!" and "Fall in" that set them on their way each morning. There was almost the air of a picnic about

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those first weeks on the trail. In the party were Benjamin's brothers Isaiah, Andrew, and Samuel, as well as Samuel's wife. Nightly, there was singing around the campfires, Nancy and her sister exchanging recipes and gossip with the other women. There was even the solemnity of a wedding en route, when young Isaiah married one of the missionary's daughters.

But soon that air of a gay gypsy caravan was to vanish. They had their first encounter with the Indians; they recorded their first death. By the time they reached the famous landmark of Independence Rock, beyond Fort Laramie, on July 5, and inscribed their names, dissension was already brewing among the party. Bartleson, Nancy's husband, and most of the single men were growing impatient with the slow progress of the large caravan. Every day they veered further to the north over the established Oregon trail. But their goal was California, why swing so far north when there must be a direct route due west?

With heavy heart, Nancy watched her husband join the group whispering around the campfire each night. When they had crossed the Great Divide the day of decision came. The party was to divide. Fitzpatrick would lead his party over the known trail to Oregon, the others would join Bartleson in heading due west over an uncharted path to California.

Of the four Kelsey brothers, only the youngest, unmarried Andrew, joined Benjamin in Bartleson's train.

SLOWLY the two caravans drew apart. Benjamin's arms slipped around Nancy as she sat beside him watching the other party disappear into a billowing dust cloud that hovered, then melted on the horizon. "Don't worry, darling, we'll meet them in California. Why, we'll be there and settled by the time they arrive."

But nothing could really quiet that tremor of fear in Nancy's heart. Of the thirty-two adventurers who had decided to build their own route across the wilderness, she was the only woman.

Bartleson and the others had only the crudest of trappers' maps to lead them, these often conflicting. But as a precaution they had sent two of the party on with Fitzpatrick to Fort Hall to bring back the guide, Joel Walker, to lead them. They planned a leisurely trip into the Cache Valley of Utah. There they would wait for Walker to join them.

But almost from the moment they parted from the Fitzpatrick party, bad luck stalked them.

They had missed Cache Valley entirely. Instead they rolled out onto the great salt plain bordering Salt Lake. The oxen and the heavy wagons sank through the salt crust, making the going slow and laborious. There was no water for the animals and as they made camp there was none of the gaiety that had marked the early days of the caravan. Then the two riders from Fort Hall caught up with them. Joel Walker hadn't been at the fort; they were going to have to push on alone!

Beyond the salt waste stretched miles of desert country. At the end of the second day, Benjamin cut his oxen loose from the wagons, since they were no longer able to keep up. Nancy and little Ann mounted one of the horses, and their scanty provisions were loaded on the others. Three days later the other men were forced to abandon their wagons too.

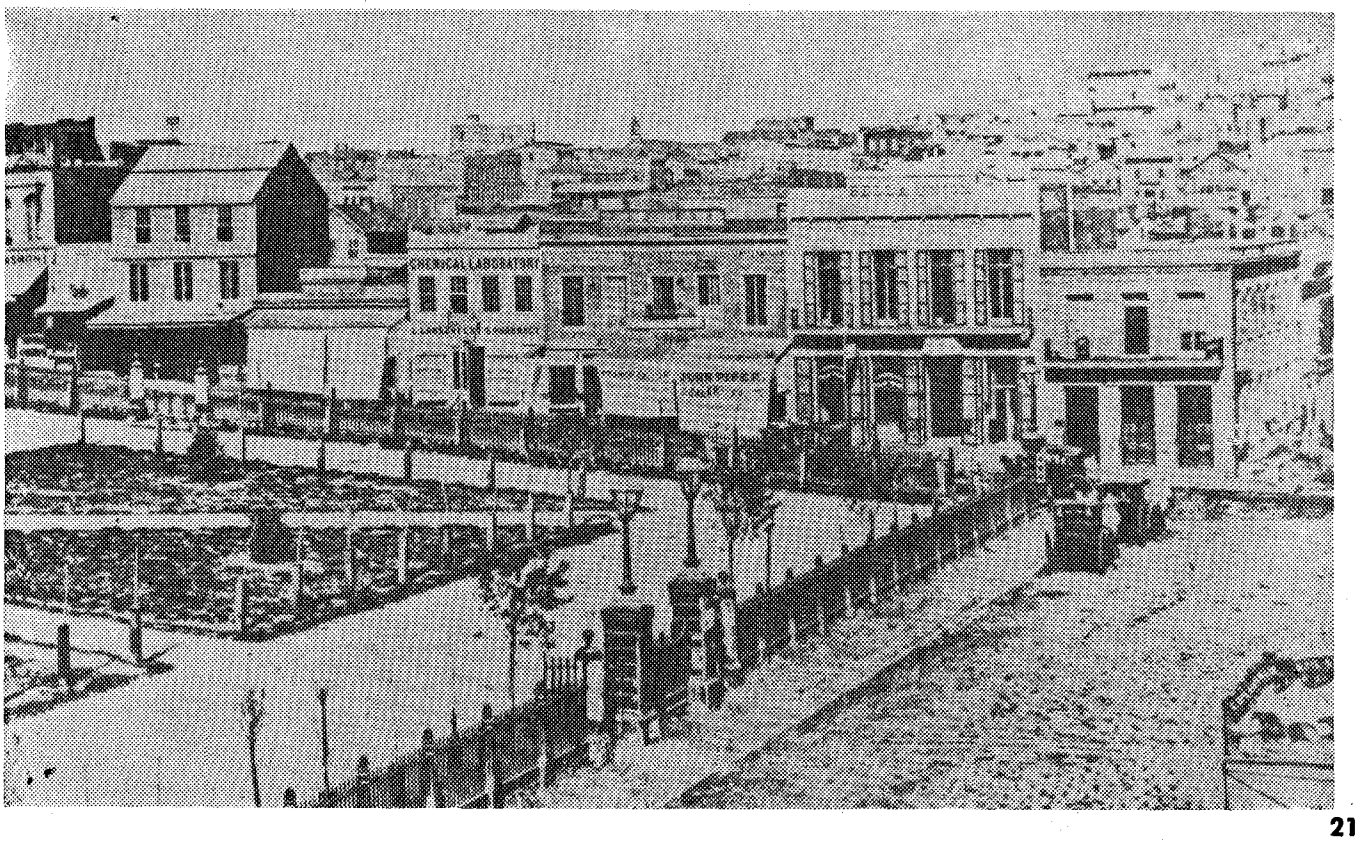
With winter already pricking at their heels they began the trip over the Ruby Mountains of Nevada, across the barren plains and the final ascent of the Sierra Nevadas.

For forty-nine days they wandered, lost in blind canyons, pack animals slipping from narrow ledges, with only the setting sun as their compass.

Nancy was barefoot now, carrying her baby and leading her pack horse over most of the treacherous ascent.

(Continued on Page 55)

San Francisco was a small fishing village when Nancy Kelsey went West and she watched it grow into a famous city.



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THE MODOCS FOUGHT BACK

Photo: U.S. Signal Corps 111 SC 82293

The strangest and most fantastic of all Indian wars in the West was the war between the United States Army and the Modocs in the Lava beds. The causes of this strange war have been clothed in mystery and wild contradictions. So we asked Harry Chatfield, an authority on Indian wars, to dig deep in the war department and other records to come up with the real facts about this war, and what he found is a startling story of the white man's brutality and the revenge of two Indian youths.

by Harry Chatfield

THE bodies lay sprawled grotesquely in death, forty one Indians — men women, and children. The date was September 5, 1852, and the dead lay on the ground at Bloody Point near Tule or Rhett Lake at the southern tip of the Oregon territory. These dead, all Modoc Indians, had been lured to the camp of the California Volunteer Militia by Captain Ben Wright.

For months these California volunteers had been escorting immigrants going north into Oregon. These migrations were in violation of a treaty with the Modocs, the Shasha, and other tribes in Oregon and these tribes had fought the intruders. Captain Wright decided the time had come to teach these savages a lesson. He sent a squaw to ask the leaders of the Modocs to come to his camp to discuss a peace treaty. The squaw delivered the message, and the Modocs thinking they would get an agreement from the soldiers to recognize their treaty rights had gone to the camp.

Captain Ben Wright was something of a unique and bizarre killer. He must have had the blood of a Borgia, the famous Italian poisoning family, in his veins. He planned no such crude mass murder of the Indians as shooting them. He arranged to have their food poisoned when they sat down to the promised banquet.

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But somehow his poison plan didn't work. The Indians sat down to the meal, ate ravenously, but didn't get sick. Captain Wright swore later that he had been cheated by the parties who sold him the poison. His poison plan failing, the Captain had to resort to crude murder. As the Indians sat in a circle to start the conference, Captain Wright rose, pulled out his revolver, fired it twice and two of the Modoc leaders fell forward dead. The Captain's soldiers posted to cover every Indian let go a barrage of bullets that killed the other Indians. The Indian women and children who had come with the men started screaming. They didn't scream long. Captain Wright ordered the soldiers to fire. They did, killing the women and children.

Then followed a wild orgy of scalping by the California volunteers. When some weeks later they marched into Yreka, California, the scalps of the Indians, men and women and children, were dangling from their musket barrels. The citizens of Yreka gave them a hero's welcome and the legislature quickly passed a bonus to the volunteers for their massacre of the Modocs. But the Indians didn't have to wait many years to even the score with Captain Wright. On November 15, 1864, the Rogue River Indians, closely aligned with the Modocs, attacked his agency and killed him and twenty three of his men.

But the hate born on that fateful September 5, 1852 didn't die with the killing of Captain Wright. On that September day two youths of the Modoc tribe — Captain Jack and John Schonchin, brother of Chief Schonchin, swore they would avenge the murder of the forty one Modocs.

And thus was spawned on that bloody September day the cause of one of the most fantastic and bizarre Indian wars of the old West.

THIS didn't come until twenty years later. In those twenty years the Modocs suffered humiliation after humiliation from the U.S. government. After that massacre, the government sent troops into Oregon to herd the Modocs into a reservation. Chief Schonchin was tired of fighting and death and agreed, thinking his people would be placed on a reservation in their own country.

They weren't. The government placed them on the Klamath reservation. The Klamaths were kinsmen of the Modocs, but feeling between the two tribes was not good. The Klamaths taunted the Modocs, accusing them of living on Klamath land, catching Klamath fish, and killing the Klamath game. Beside these constant insults, the Modocs found the cold winters unbearable.

Chief Schonchin moved his tribe as far from the Klamaths as he could and still live up to the terms of the treaty with the U.S. government. But as the years passed, and Captain Jack and John Schonchin got older, these two rebelled. Old Chief Schonchin was fast losing his power over the Modocs, and in 1869 Captain Jack, John Schonchin, and Boston Charley led 150 Modocs away from the reservation to the Tule Lake basin on the Oregon-California border, the former land of the Modocs.

The Modocs were a small tribe, never numbering more than six hundred. Until 1873 few people in the United States had ever heard of them or the treachery that had been used on them by the U.S. Government. Many of the Modocs were what was called in those days "Half civilized." A number had been born and raised on the outlying Oregon and California settlements. In those twenty years many had worked for white men on ranches and cattle ranges.

Captain Jack had picked his Modoc warriors with care. They were well armed with breech loading rifles and

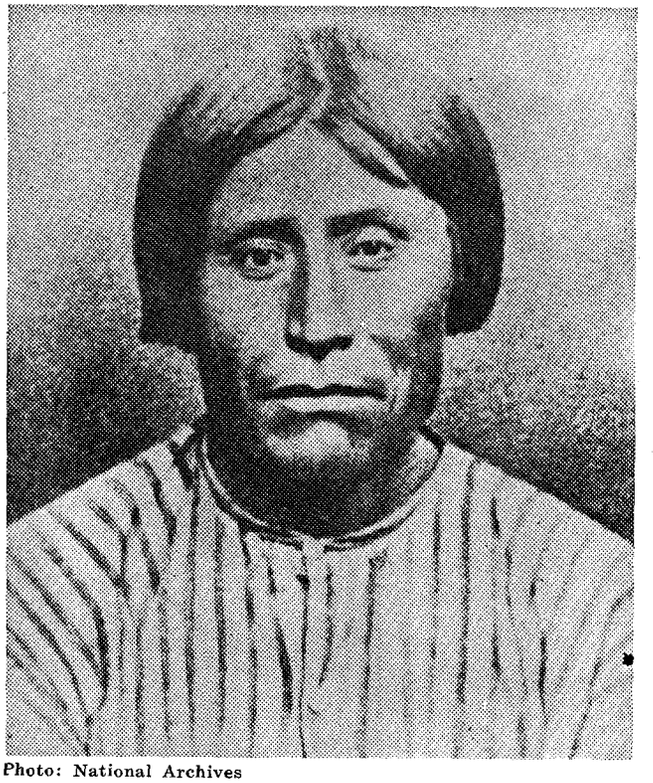


Photo: National Archives

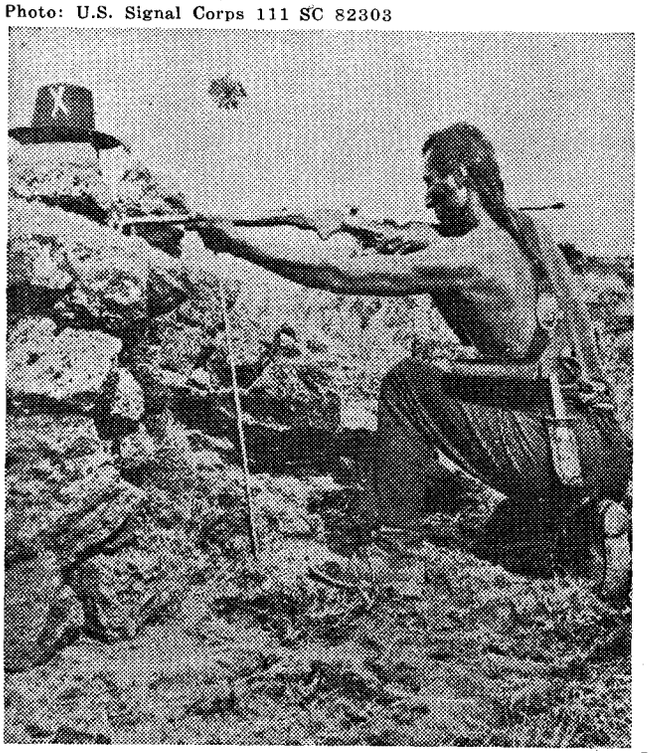
Captain Jack, once friend of whites, led the Modocs.

contrary to the general idea that an Indian wasn't good with a rifle, these Modocs were crack shots. It wasn't long before the settlers began to complain that Captain Jack and his Modocs were stealing cattle and abusing the women when the men were away.

The Indian agent at the Klamath reservation made repeated efforts to persuade Captain Jack and the others to

One of the Indian Scouts that fought the Modocs.

Photo: U.S. Signal Corps 111 SC 82303



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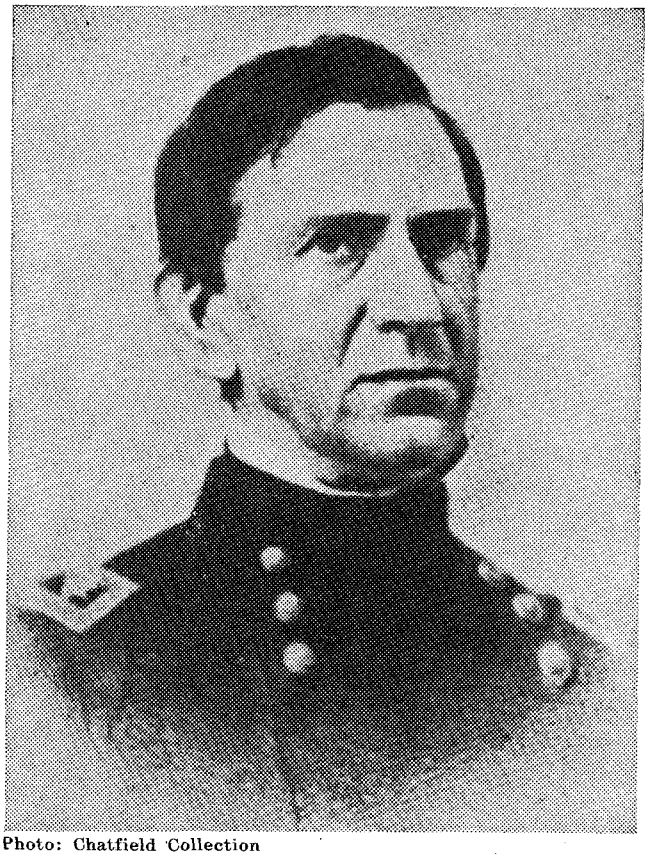


Photo: Chatfield Collection

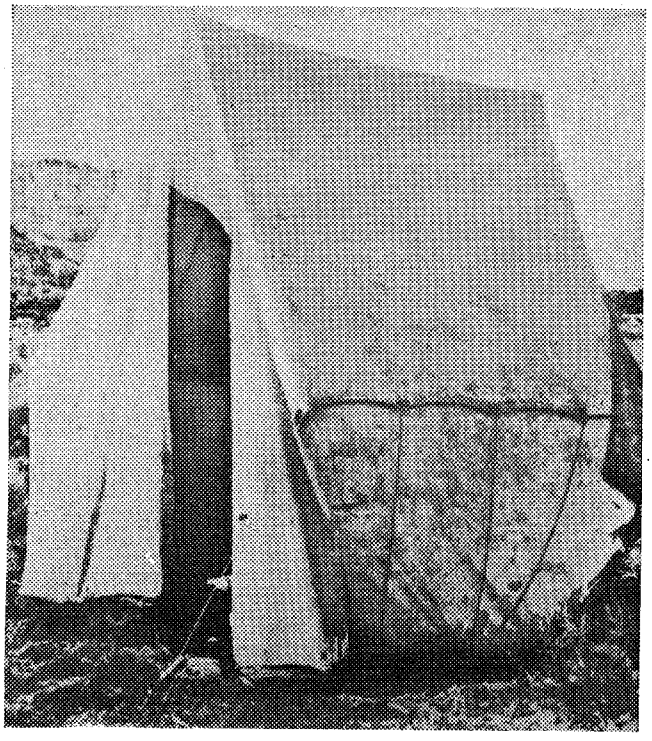
General Canby was one of victims of Indian massacre.

return to the reservation, but all pleas were met with a contemptuous refusal and the declaration from Captain Jack and his Modocs that they would fight rather than return to the humiliation of the Klamath reservation.

At the southern end of Tule Lake basin was an area known as the "Lava-Beds," which at the outbreak of war was to the white man unknown country. It was a confused jumble of lava, solidified into a hard, blackish rock, honeycombed by bursting air bubbles, leaving a surface over which no white man ventured of his own accord. The intricate passages and cavernous retreats were known only to the Modocs.

Tent where white officers were killed by Modocs.

Photo: U.S. Signal Corps 111 SC 85433



Along the lake front the molten lava had poured over the abrupt and irregular bluffs, forming, as it cooled, a rock wall whose almost vertical face was impossible of direct ascent. On the crest of this wall the lava had broken away from the horizontal flow, forming a deep crevice which in an irregular line followed the indentations of the lake shore and, curiously enough, made almost as perfect a defensive position as any military man could have laid out.

In this natural stronghold all was in readiness for a last stand, long foreseen, long provided for. Ammunition and an abundant stock of dried meats and roots were stored in the caves. Three adjacent lakes and their seepage were the water supply.

In the fall of 1872 the Interior Department issued an order for the removal of Jack's band to the Klamath Reservation, "forcibly if necessary." A detail from the 1st Cavalry trotted into the camp of Captain Jack soon after dawn on November 29, while a posse of civilians invaded Hooker Jim's camp on the west bank about the same time. As the troopers advanced to disarm the Modocs, a warrior raised his rifle and fired. Cavalry carbines cracked in reply, and the fight was on.

THE Indians moved quicker and fired faster. They killed one soldier and severely wounded seven others. Having prevented any pursuit, Captain Jack led his people to the Lava Beds. There he was joined by Hooker Jim and his band who had beaten the civilian posse, killing three. But these Modocs, during their retreat, had slaughtered seventeen settlers in their homes.

About 75 warriors, with 150 women and children, manned the Modoc line. Marching against them, detachments of the 1st Cavalry and 21st Infantry, supported by California and Oregon volunteers (about four hundred men) closed in on the Lava Beds.

There were many small skirmishes during the following months, each ending in frustration for the soldiers. They would fight all day and scarcely see a Modoc. They stumbled blindly forward over rocks, ranging in size from a cobble to a church, with points like needles and edges like razors. From the most unexpected places would come a spit of fire, followed by the crack of a rifle or musket. Somebody generally received the bullet. The soldiers fired volleys at the ridges and did not hit a single Indian. They scrambled forward over the rocks, blazing away at every rifle flash, traversing impossible ravines, in a desperate effort to come at close quarters with the enemy, and all to no avail.

At length, Colonel Frank Wheaton, the commanding officer, stated that he would require at least a thousand men with mortars and other artillery to dislodge the little Modoc band. He and other experienced officers declared that they had never seen a position so thoroughly defensible, so impossible of successful attack, as the Lava-Beds. The soldiers were in a state of complete exhaustion. Their shoes were cut to ribbons, their uniforms in rags, their ammunition expended, and their spirits depressed by the hardships and struggles of the fruitless campaign. Wheaton had done his best with the means at his command. No one had dreamed of the difficulties of the situation.

The Army, at last realizing what it was up against, hurried reinforcements into the field until the thousand men

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required were present. A thousand men against 75 Modoc warriors. A battery of mortars, capable with their high-angle fire of dropping shells into the Modoc trenches, was ordered up. No one had ever imagined that mortars would be needed against Indians.

General Canby then took command in person. It was thought best, before proceeding further, to try the effect of negotiations. To the Indian an offer to negotiate was a confession of weakness. The Modocs concluded that the white soldiers were afraid of them.

The triumphant Modocs, who had held the Lava Beds without the loss of a man, sneered at the suggestion at first, but then the haunting memory of Captain Wright's massacre of the Modoc twenty years before came back to Captain Jack and John Schonchin. A plan of barbaric revenge came to them. It was claimed by the friends of Captain Jack, and he had many among the whites, that he hesitated in agreeing to this plan, knowing that in the

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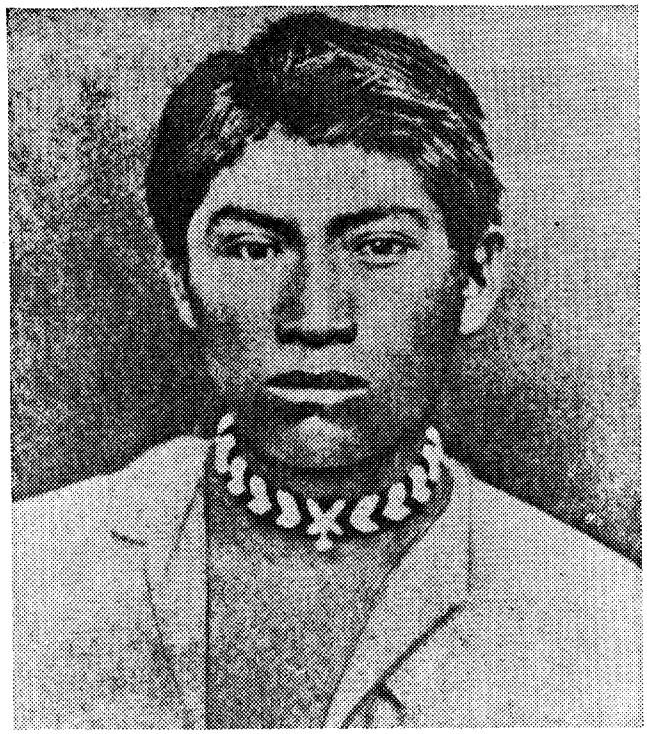
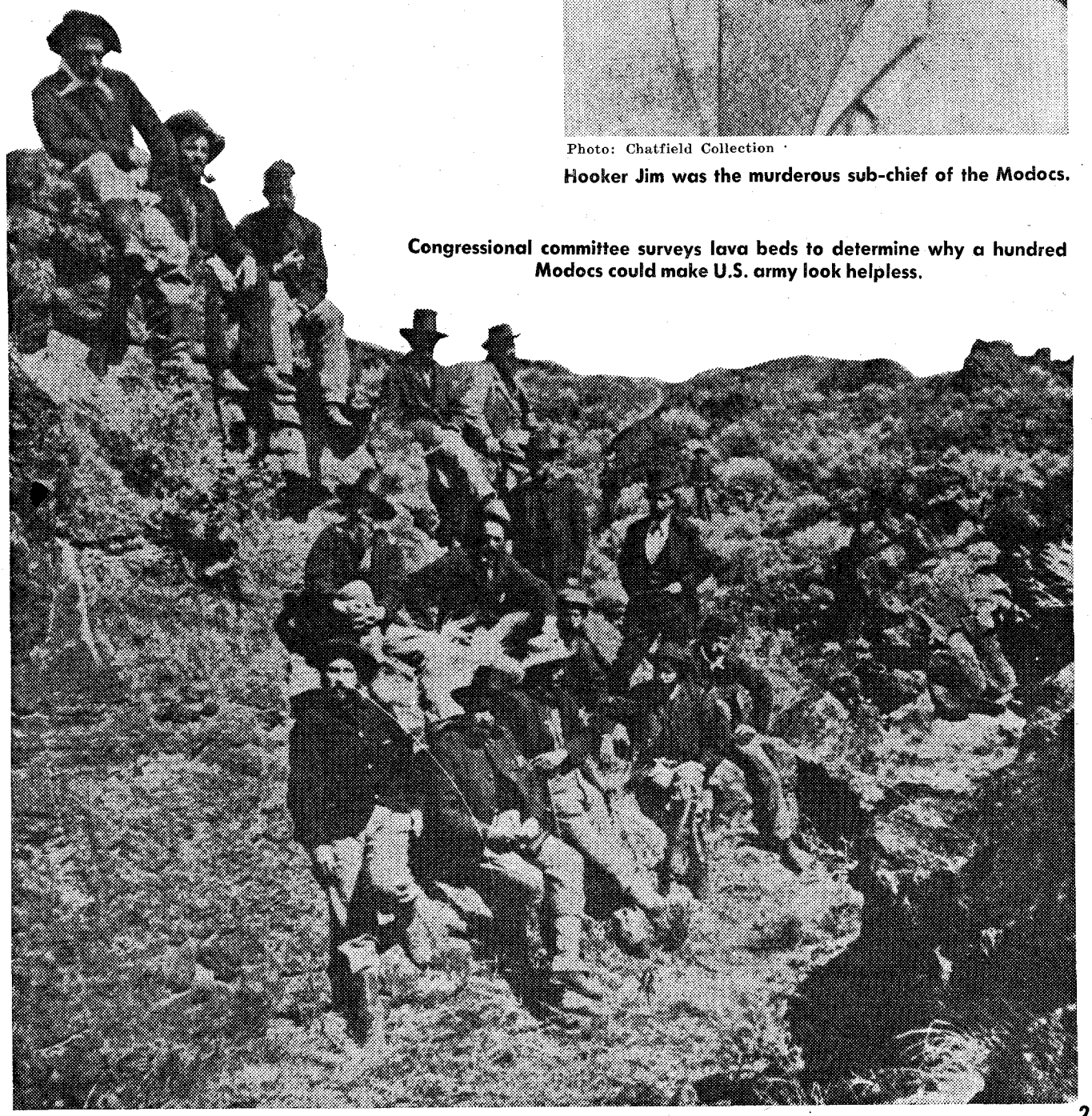


Photo: Chatfield Collection

Hooker Jim was the murderous sub-chief of the Modocs.

Congressional committee surveys lava beds to determine why a hundred Modocs could make U.S. army look helpless.



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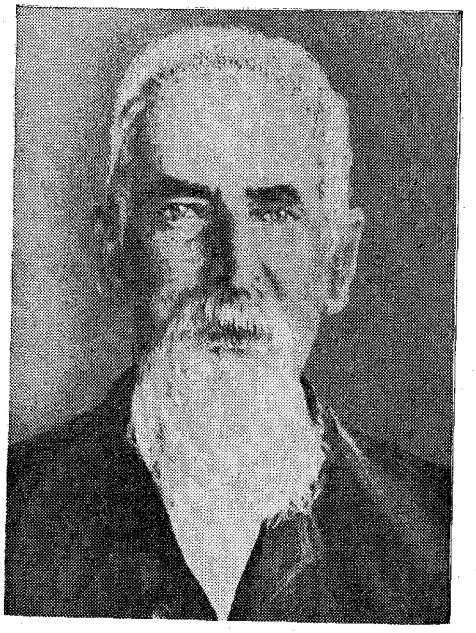
those amazing MASTERSONS

James Masterson



John Masterson

Edward Masterson

Here is a tragic story of the death of Ed Masterson and of James Masterson, West's most enigmatic character.

by Carelton Mays

SYNOPSIS OF PART I: The editors of REAL WEST asked Carelton Mays to dig up the facts about the Masterson family, excluding the famed Bat Masterson. Mays went to Kansas and the story he came up with is one of the most outstanding articles ever written of the Kansas Cowtowns. In the first part he tells of the courage of old Tom Masterson, father of Bat, Ed, James, and Tom, a courage that history has overlooked. He tells of the doubts in Dodge City when the news spread that Little Ed Masterson had been added to the police force. But these doubts gave way to wonder when Little Ed, single-handed, arrested Bobby Gill and another character. Now read and learn about the bloody death that came to Little Ed and how James Masterson took over and became one of the great marshals of the Old West.

CONCLUSION

NOVEMBER 6th ended the bitter campaign for sheriff between Deger and Bat Masterson. Bat won by three votes, 163 to 166. Deger cried fraud and the feeling left over by the campaign was still deep. The city council added fuel to the flames when on December 4th it discharged Larry Deger as marshal and appointed the popular Ed Masterson to that position. Ex-sheriff Charley Bassett was appointed assistant to Ed Masterson.

Ed Masterson had stayed out of the political bitterness but now was caught in between. The Dodge City *Times* expressed the feelings of the majority of Dodge City when it wrote editorially, "City Marshal Edward Masterson received his congratulations at being appointed City Marshal from many friends without showing

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any exultation . . . . No one accuses Mr. Masterson of seeking the position. In fact he preferred to remain in his old position as assistant marshal . . . . As an officer his reputation is made, and it is one of the best . . . ."

The Ford County *Globe,* a newcomer in the newspaper field in Dodge City and an ardent supporter of Larry Deger, didn't think too highly of Ed Masterson. The Deger group never forgave Ed Masterson for making Deger look foolish on several occasions. The *Globe* didn't start its attack on Ed Masterson that winter when there were no cowboys in Dodge, but when the first herds began to arrive in Dodge, that spring, the paper began its running attack.

Nothing really directly against Marshal Masterson. Just stories of how men were held up in Dodge, how cowboys carried guns flaunting the officers, how the city had never known such lawlessness. These attacks were not very convincing. During the period Ed Masterson served as both assistant marshal and marshal the crime rate had dropped materially and the feeling between the Texas cowboys and the town was never better. Even those citizens who had fought for Larry Deger against Bat Masterson resented these unfounded attacks upon Ed Masterson, the man everybody liked.

Those attacks stopped abruptly on April 9, 1878. This was a day of sackcloth and ashes for Dodge City, a day of sorrow not soon forgotten. That afternoon trail boss Art Walker brought a Texas herd to the edge of Dodge and that night Walker and five of his cowboys rode into Dodge to paint the town red. By 9 o'clock they were roaring drunk. Marshal Ed Masterson saw Walker and Jack Wagner, step out of the Long Branch saloon.

Walker and Wagner were wearing guns and Marshal Masterson asked them to turn the guns over to him. Wagner did not protest and Walker assured the marshal his men wanted no trouble. So Marshal Masterson turned Wagner's gun over to his boss, Walker.

Twenty minutes later Marshal Masterson and policeman Nat Haywood heard a commotion at a dance hall below the Deadline. Marshal Masterson was one of the few Dodge City officers who would risk crossing the Deadline. He and Haywood got to the dance hall and as they did, Wagner and Walker, with four companions came out of the dance hall.

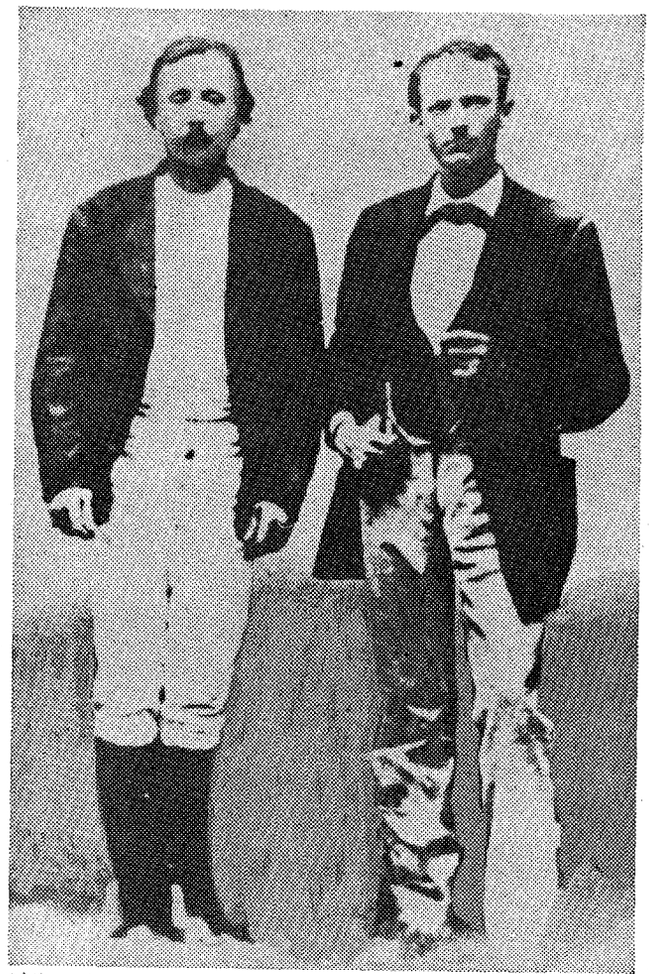
Wagner was again wearing his gun. Marshal Masterson was angry that Walker had given Wagner back his gun and demanded that Wagner give up his gun at once. The newspaper accounts of what happened next agree on practically every detail. Two of the cowboys with Wagner and Walker pushed their six guns against policeman Haywood who had started to aid Marshal Masterson. One of the cowboys put his gun in Haywood's face and pulled the trigger. Fortunately it didn't explode.

Then there were five shots. Policemen Haywood later said he believed that two of the shots came from Wagner and Walker's gun and three from Ed Masterson's gun. Walker got three bullets in his body, one through the lungs and two in the right arm. Wagner got a bullet in the abdomen.

(The story that Bat Masterson came running for his brother, firing as he did, killing Wagner and wounding Walker, is obviously pure fiction as there is no documentation in Dodge City to confirm it. It is one of those touching inaccuracies of Western history picked up by most writers and many so-called historians. Neither is the claim of one writer that Bat was in Kansas City correct. He was in Dodge as the police records show that he arrested the companions of Walker and Wagner.)

When the shots died away, Wagner had staggered into Peacock's saloon where he fell to the floor, bleeding profusely. He died the next night at ten o'clock and was buried on the hill. Walker managed to get through Leack's saloon where he fell to the ground. He was later taken to Kansas City by his father, a wealthy Texas cattleman, where specialists worked over him to try to save his life.

Marshal Ed Masterson walked into the Hoover saloon where he fell to the floor. When his friends examined him they found most of the right side of his abdomen torn away and his clothes burning, showing Wagner's gun had been pressed against his body when fired.



(All photos courtesy Kansas State Historical Society)

Hungerford and Mayor Dog Kelley, the two characters who played an important part in the life of Dodge City.

Forty minutes later Ed Masterson was dead. Dodge City was stunned with grief. The death of no person in the history of the town affected the citizens as did the death of Ed Masterson. His courage and his ability to keep law and order had won the admiration of all, and endeared him to the whole town.

ALL Dodge attended the funeral. The city council and all the city officials marched in a body. The fire department marched in another body. Crushed by the loss of his brother, Bat walked behind the casket. Over two thousand persons were in the procession as it wended its way to the Fort Dodge Cemetery.

(Continued on Page 60)

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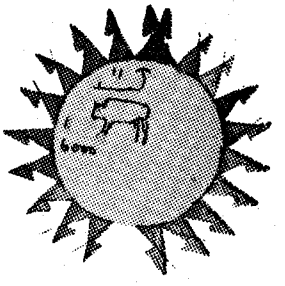
AMERICAN INDIAN ART



Those who look on American Indian as primitive savage should study his artistic ability.

by John Majors

The sensitivity and instinctive artistic ability of the American Indian as seen in his paintings is one of the amazing traits of character of these so-called savages. No matter whether it was a blanket, a tepee, or anything used, they always put an artistic quality to it, as shown in the tepee (right). These primitive paintings show an unusual style and technique, and strange as it may seem to white men, the Indian style of painting is the basis for much of our so-called modern art. If you like Picasso or Matisse you will find great similarities in their paintings and the Indian paintings. There is also a similarity between the art of the American Indian and the primitive peoples of Australia and the Pacific island. The Cheyenne tepee (left) shows skill with which the Plains Indians decorated their living quarters. A design of calumets down the middle of the back divides two groups of pictures of war exploits, a favorite subject of many of the paintings of the Indians. Not having the canvas and easle of artists today, the Indians had to use whatever objects were available for their paintings. As a result almost everything around an Indian village was used, as well as clothes and jewelry. In the stone age when Indians lived in caves and had no horses to move around, the walls of the caves were used as the canvas for the artists and some of the finest examples of Indian painting have been found on the walls of caves used by the prehistoric tribes. And the instinctive artistic ability of the Indian makes the charge that he is a savage and inferior individual sound a little absurd.

Photos: American Museum of Natural History

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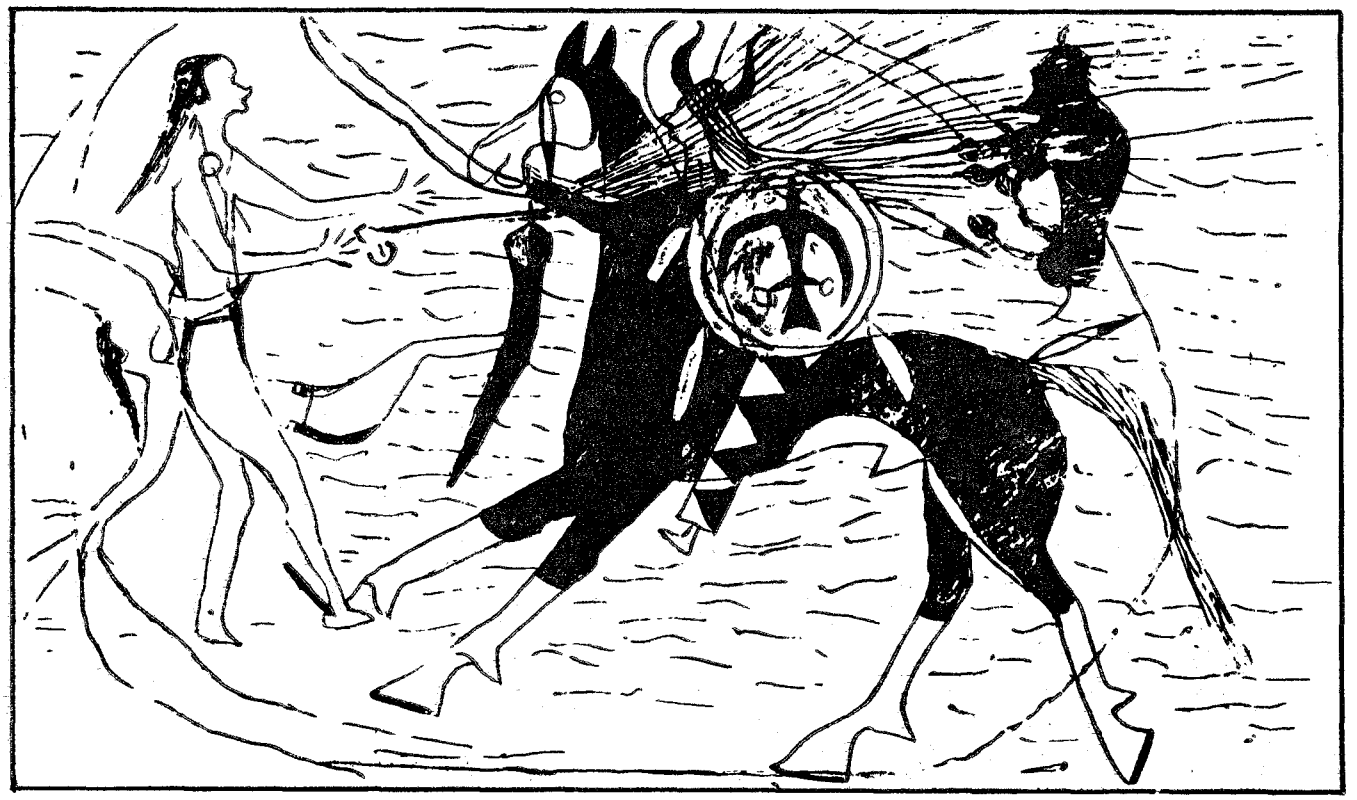
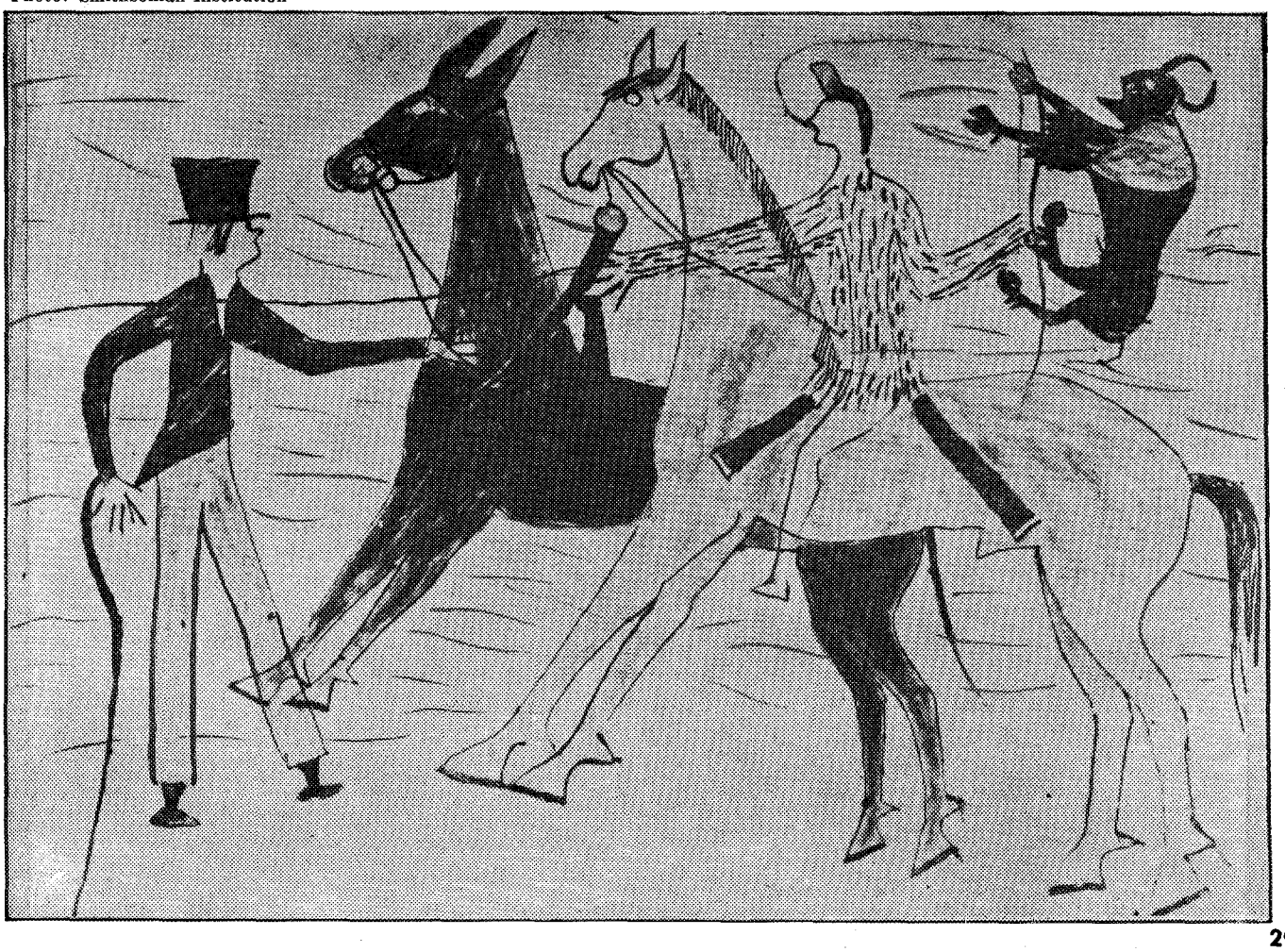


Photo: Smithsonian Institution

One of the most unusual artists among the Indians was the famous Sitting Bull. Above he has painted himself killing and scalping a Crow. The buffalo in upper right hand corner is Sitting Bull's mark. Below Sitting Bull has drawn himself *killing and scalping a mule skinner. Later Sitting Bull studied art and improved his drawings.*

Photo: Smithsonian Institution



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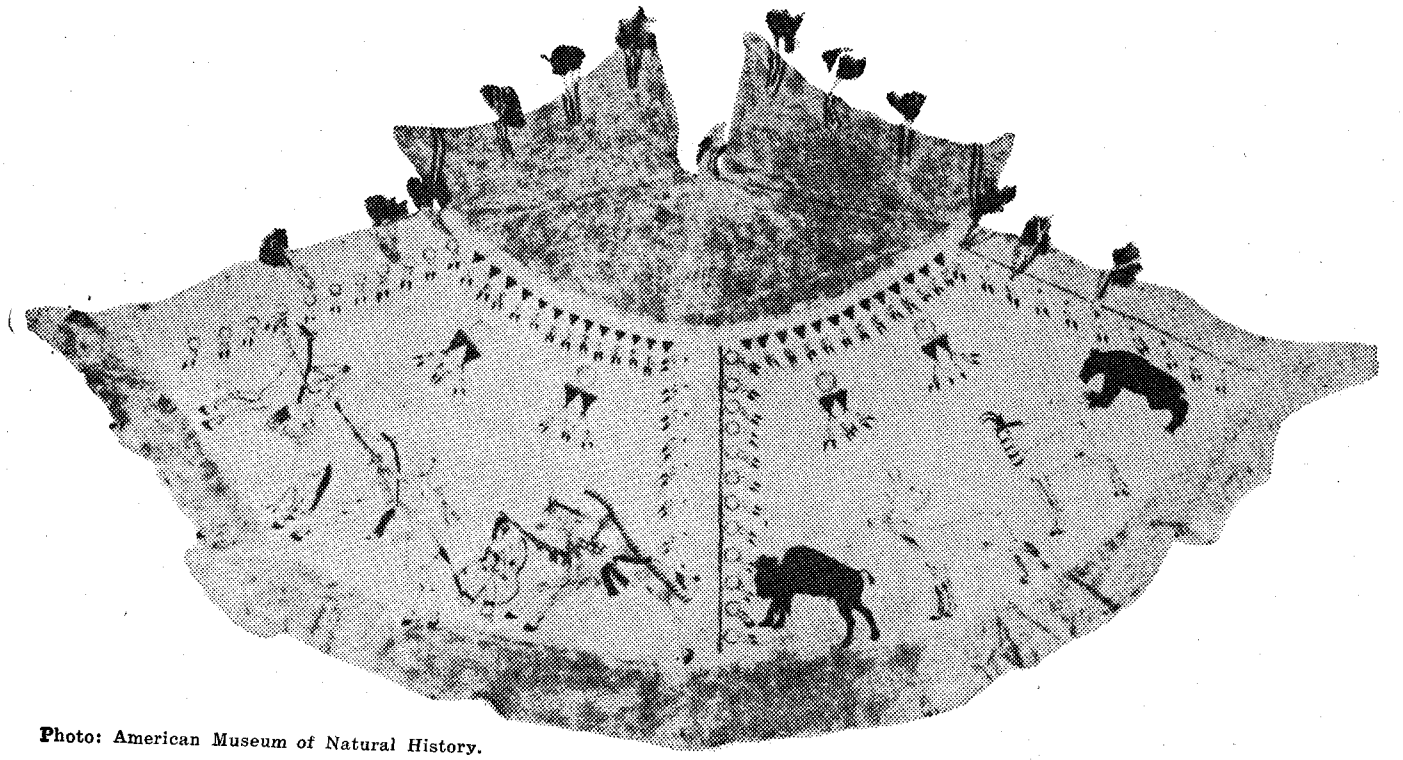


Photo: American Museum of Natural History.

Tepee cover, date and tribe unknown. One half is painted elk and other animals and the other half is of war exploits, showing mounted warrior striking enemy with butt of musket and other warrior spearing his enemy.

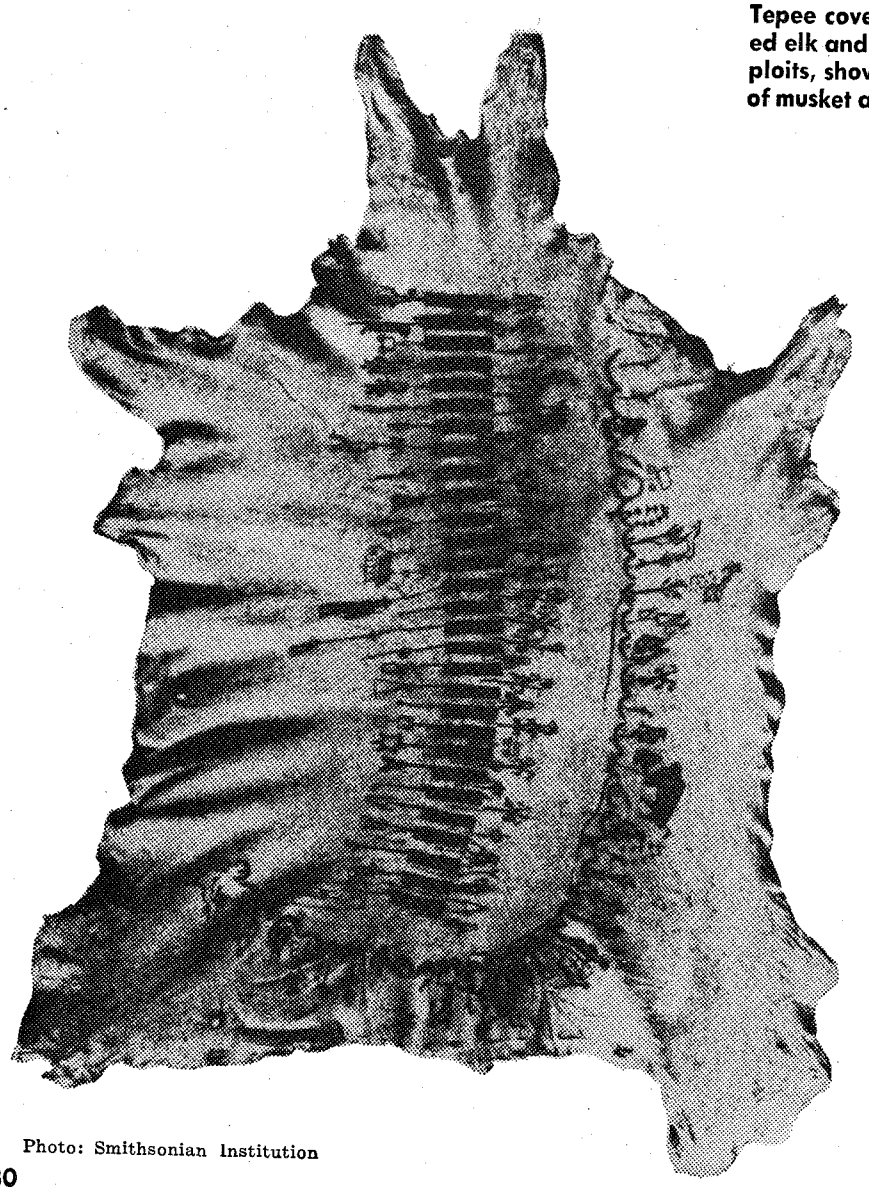
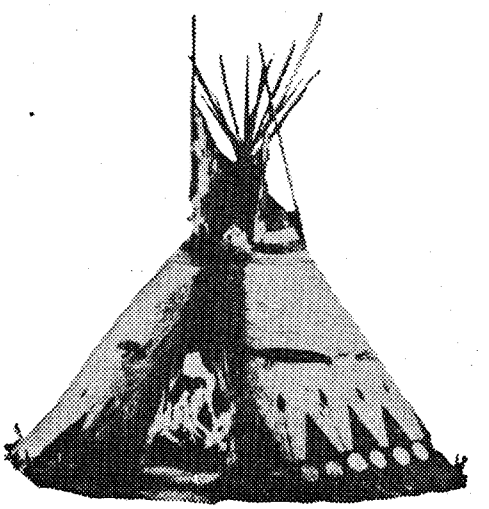


Photo: Smithsonian Institution



Above, Blackfoot tepee shows Indian beginning to express in symbols with a meaning. Left is calendar robe painted by Anko, a Kiowa, giving events of thirty seven months from 1889 to 1892. Most tribes kept calendar robes and the Sioux had their famous "Winter counts," one of the most famous robes.

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Right and below is buffalo robe of Oglala tribe decorated with battle scenes. Note careful technique in drawing horses and rhythmic action in whole picture, showing Indian's natural instinct for the artistic.

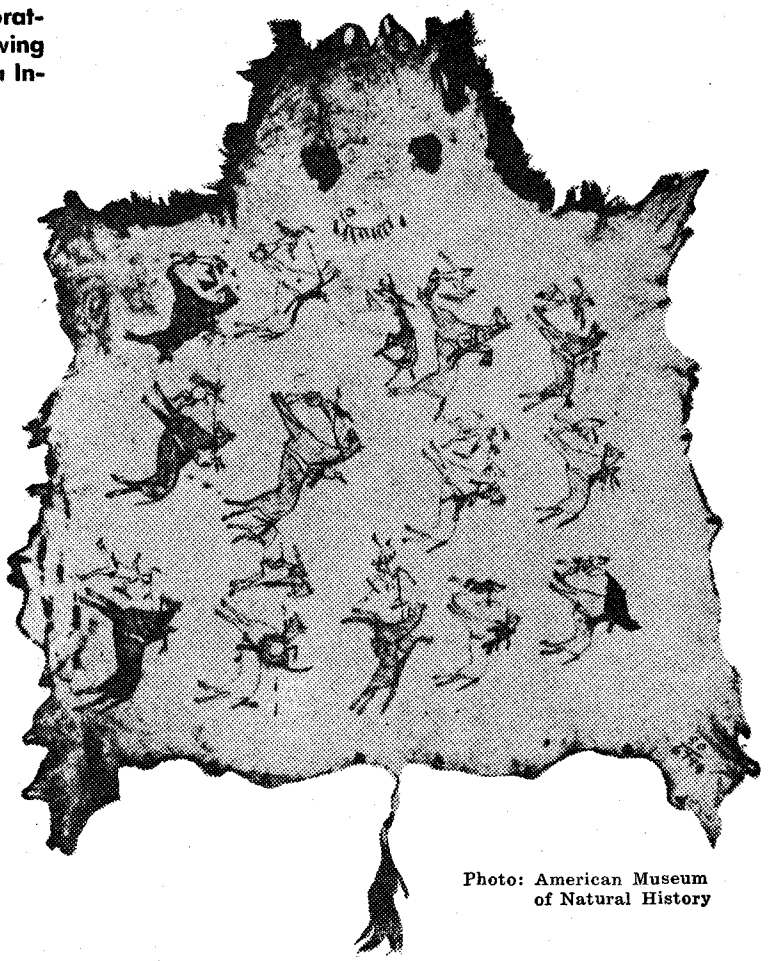

Photo: American Museum of Natural History

The Indians were not without satire. Here is cartoon drawn at the Red Cloud Agency by Three Stars and poking sarcasm at attempt of hiding fact whites wanted young Indian braves for battle already planned.

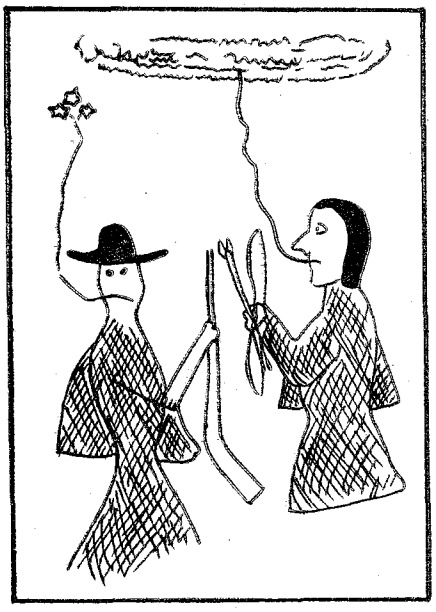

Photo: Smithsonian Institution

On this tepee cover of buffalo skin for Kiowas we find transition from symbolic paintings to a certain realism. Here we have U.S. soldiers fighting Kiowas, with soldiers armed with guns and Kiowas with spears.

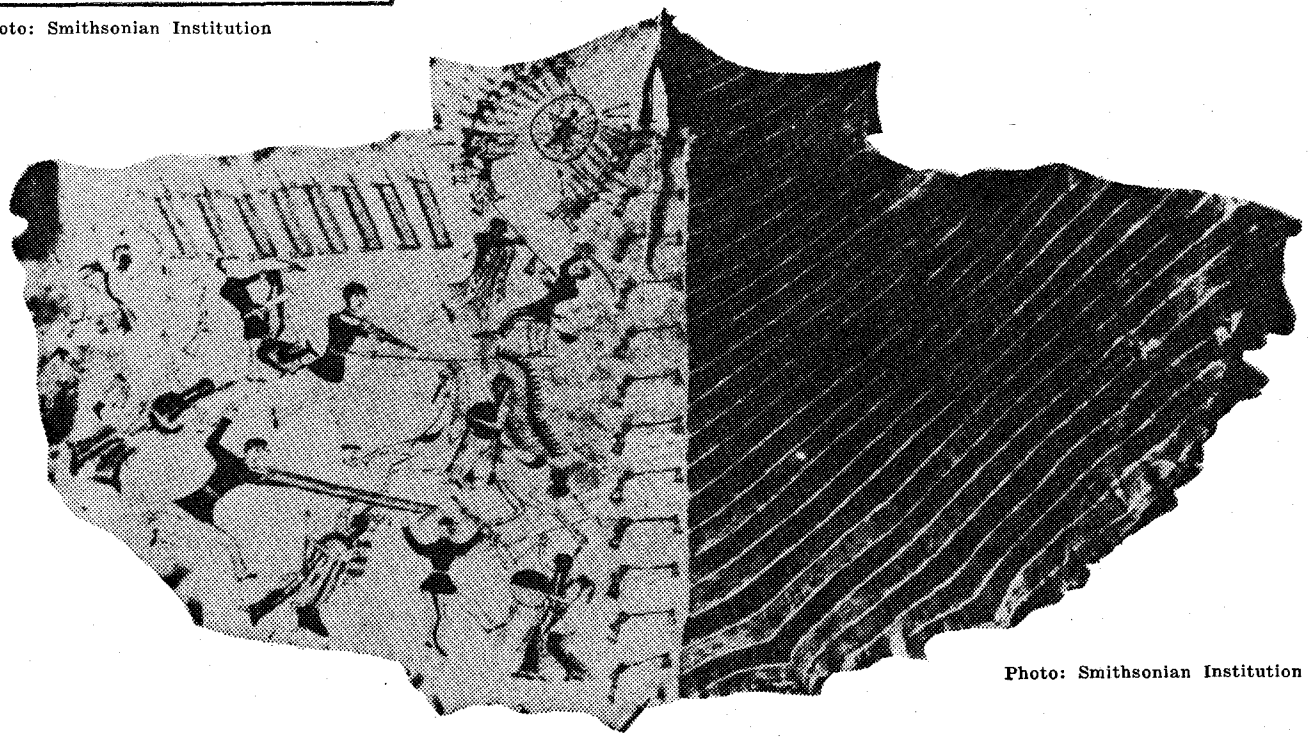

Photo: Smithsonian Institution

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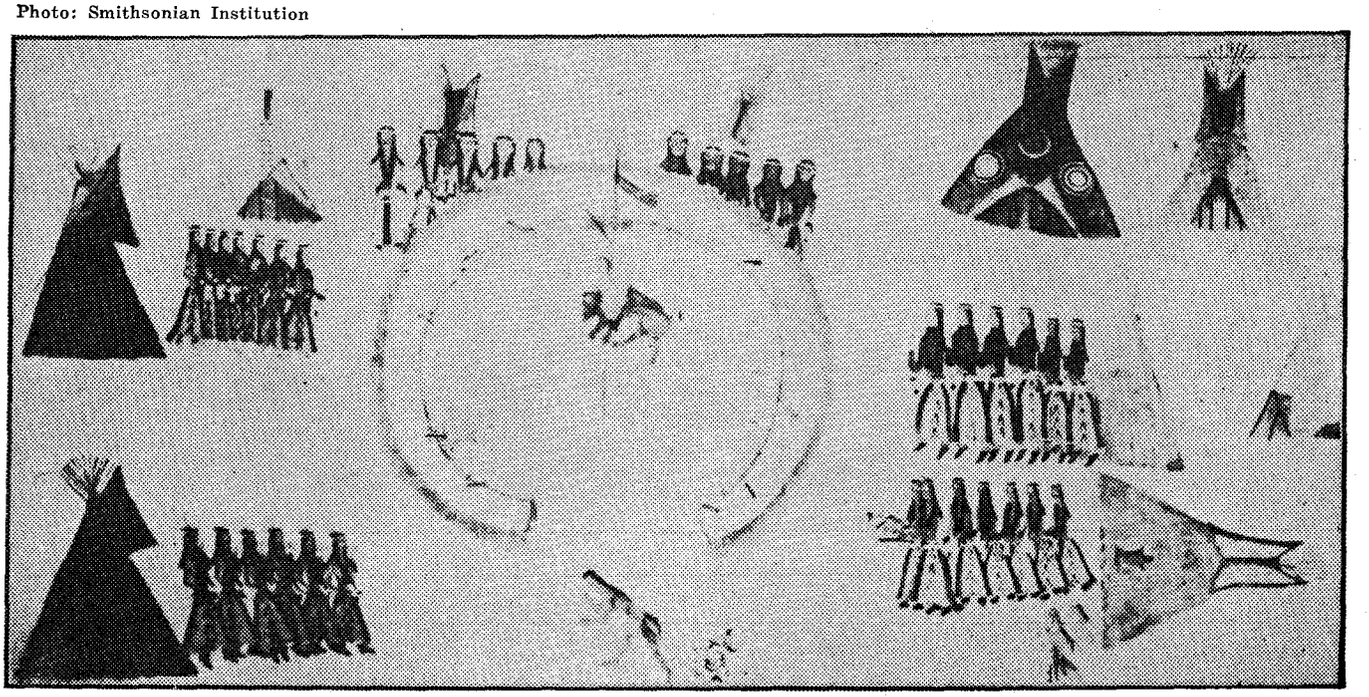
Photo: Oklahoma State Historical Society

The above skin painting, done by Naiche, Apache chief, shows problems that faced Indians as artists. Naiche, like all Indians, had to get vegetable dyes for paints, which wasn't easy, and his brush was a soft buffalo bone. He painted the scared girl's puberty ceremony. Below is the Sun Dance painted by Short Bull, Oglala Sioux.

Photo: Smithsonian Institution



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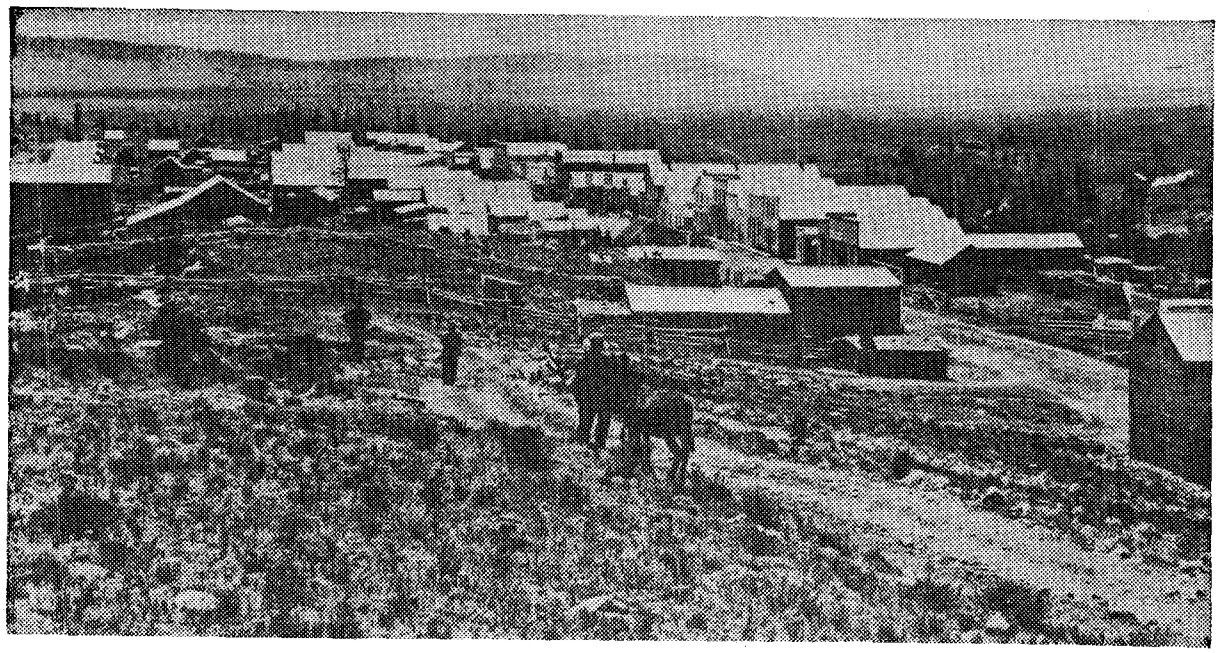
MYSTERY OF THE BEAUTIFUL SILVER HEELS



Town of Fairplay in the year Silver Heels cared for smallpox victims and suffered the horrors of the disease.

She was young and beautiful, when she sacrificed her beauty to aid the stricken miners, she became a legend.

by Rick Krepela

THE men of Fairplay, Colorado — especially the older ones — pressed for details. "You sure it was Silver Heels you seen?"

The two miners were sure. Who else would go to the old cemetery and weep among the graves except Silver Heels? They had watched the heavily veiled woman ride through the saloon lined streets. Had watched as her black-clad figure walked hesitantly, stopping at first one headstone and then another. It was fifteen minutes before one of them dug up a twenty year memory.

"It's Silver Heels. I'll be damned if it ain't," he whispered.

But it was too late. The woman had jumped back into her rented buggy and was off on the Leadville pike before anyone could stop her.

It was useless to follow. Every other attempt to trace this woman had led to a dead end and the men knew it was hopeless.

"Seen a beautiful woman in here?" one of them would ask in some strange mining camp. But she wasn't beautiful anymore when they were searching the Colorado frontier for her without any success at all.

"What's her name?" a friendly barkeep would ask. And that too was the trouble. Not one of the dozens of men who searched had ever called her anything but Silver Heels.

The brief appearance of a woman in mourning-garb on that bright spring day in 1880 is the only recorded hint of what happened to an uncommonly beautiful woman who had once been Queen of the Fairplay dance halls. What happened after — as well as what happened during the intervening 20 years — is a mystery that will never be solved. But those who were there that day have no doubt that Silver Heels had come back, if only for the day.

"At least she's still alive," one of them said.

"Been an awful long time," said another.

The hazy memories of when Fairplay was at the peak of its boom took shape. The boisterous days of the frontier were gone by 1880, but the old men who were there remembered, and some of them wept openly.

(Continued on Page 65)

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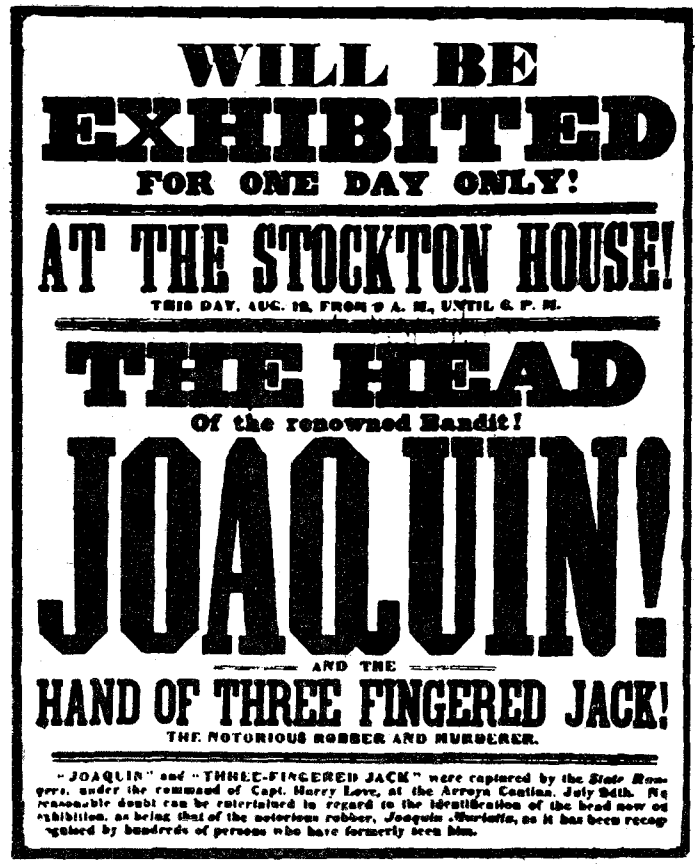
WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!
AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!
THIS DAY, AUG. 18, FROM 9 A. M., UNTIL 6 P. M.
THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!
AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!
THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.
"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the State Rangers, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroyo Cantina, July 25th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition, as being that of the notorious robber, Joaquin Murietta, as it has been recognized by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.

Photo: University of Illinois Library.

THEY HUNG UP MURIETTA'S HEAD

Much has been written about the famous Murietta, but here are additional facts about this evil outlaw.

by Bob Young

JUST before he reached Mokelumne Hill, a handsome young rider reined up and slipped down from his horse. He quickly changed from his silver-embroidered jacket and donned a miner's typical red checkered shirt. He pushed his sombrero into a saddle pack and put on a crushed felt, then pasted a sparse, scraggly beard along his lean Mexican jowls, and, satisfied with the disguise, continued his slow ride into Mok Hill, as the miners called the wild mining camp.

There was good reason for the rider's precaution. All along the Mother Lode country, and nearly everywhere else for that matter, posters shouted:

"$5,000 reward will be paid for Joaquin Murietta, Dead or Alive."

With such a prize to be taken by the first man with enough sand, or enough guns at his back, there was reason for caution, even by the man who came to be known as California's Brigand Chief.

Murietta looped his horse to the hitching rail in front of a saloon and pushed through the bar wing doors into the smoky interior. He ordered a bottle and leaned back against the bar, idly watching a fast-moving poker game in front of him. Murietta had no interest in the game, only in savoring the eye-watering whiskey and the peace of just being left alone. But he wasn't allowed to enjoy either long. He heard one of the players mention his name, then minutes later, boast:

"That Joaquin Murietta is a phony," the poker player scoffed. "I'd shoot him like a rattlesnake, and not even bother to claim the reward. It would be a pleasure to kill him."

The challenge was more than the impulsive, hot-blood-

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ed bandit could resist. He leaped upon the poker table, threw off his disguise and smiled as he shouted:

"I am Murietta." Murietta slid two pistols from their holsters and waved them about the room. His challenge was followed by a grim silence, punctuated only by shuffling feet as men tried to avoid the stare of the obsidian-bright eyes of Murietta. It was evident that no one would accept the gauntlet and Murietta jumped from the table and walked out of the saloon without a hand being raised, despite the $5,000 reward offered for him dead or alive.

Murietta climbed aboard his palomino and reined south in the direction of Hornitos, a haven for every type of cutthroat, stage robber, and criminal known to the entire West. Along the way Murietta saw one of the "wanted" posters announcing the price on his head as $5,000. Looking at it for a moment, he made a motion as though to tear it down, then he hesitated, drew a stubby pencil from a pocket and scrawled on the bottom of the flyer:

"I WILL GIVE $10,000. JOAQUIN MURIETTA."

HORNITOS welcomed its most famous son though in a modest way, since lawmen, heavily armed, occasionally came into the rowdy camp and attempted to capture some of the citizens which had taken refuge there. The fact is that even the feared Murietta had to occasionally, hastily depart through an old tunnel, (still evident in the village and called Murietta's Tunnel).

He would disappear into its depths from a recess in one of the fandango halls, and reappear in one of the many other escape recesses, most of which were used by the fleeing, wanted Mexicans, Chinese and other foreigners who congregated at this remote boom camp.

Hornitos was established simply because the American miners voted the Mexicans and Chinese out of Quartzburg, located several miles to the north. When the Quartzburg veins thinned and the competition became too keen, the foreign element there was given a choice. They could move on, seeking richer diggings. Or they could remain in Quartzburg, dangling from the end of a rope. There is no record of any reluctance about moving, once the choice had been made clear.

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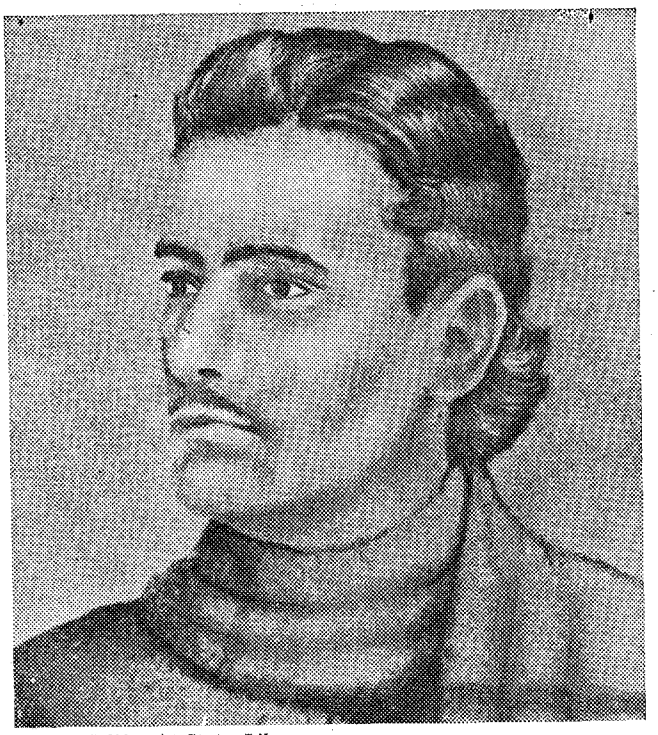
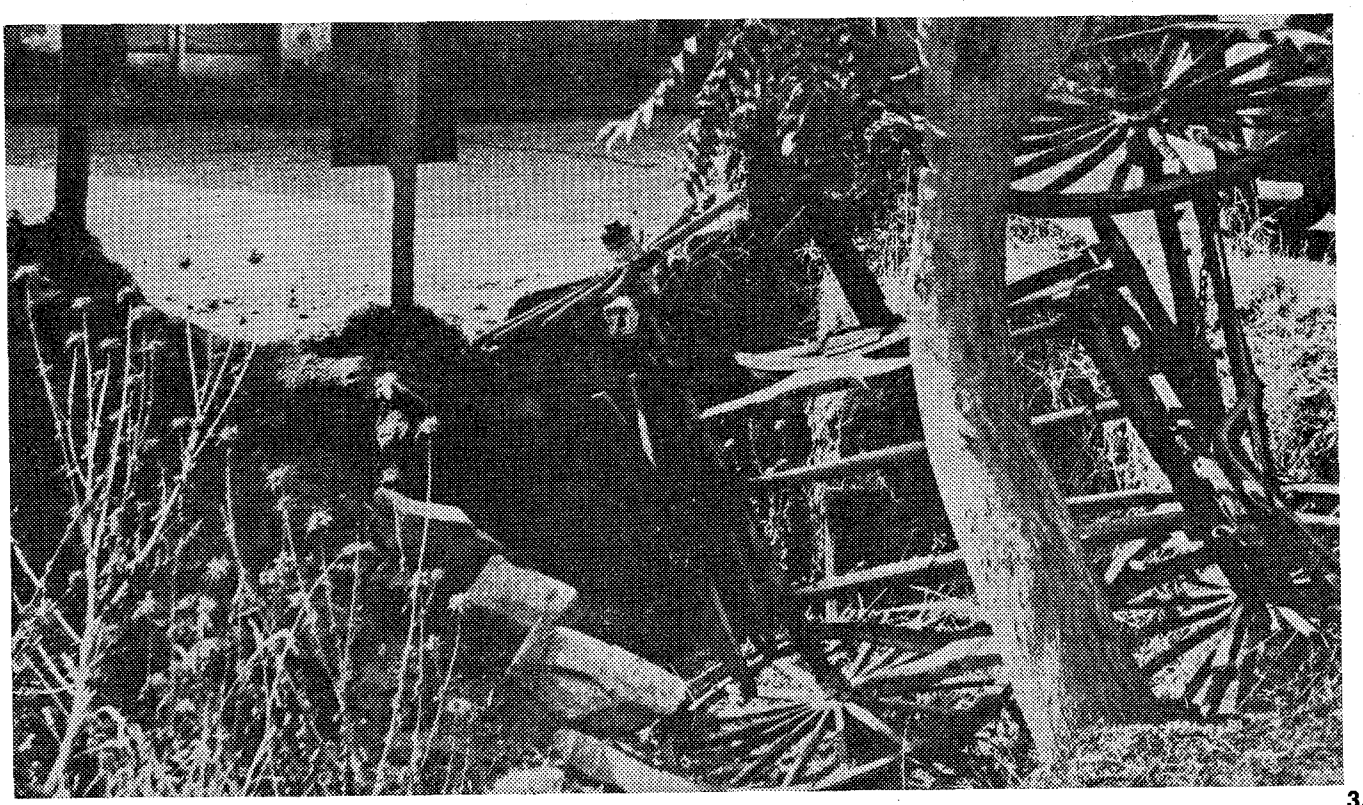


Photo: California State Library

Joaquin Murietta whose head caused much excitement.

Famous tunnel of escape for Murietta in town of Hornitos now blocked from sight by an old wagon and other debris.



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LONNIE'S MAGIC GUN

Photo: Ellison Photo Company, Austin, Texas

Big Foot Wallace taught Lonnie the art of Indian fighting.

Here we have the story of Lonnie and his famous Daniel Boone rifle and how it brought him fame and added to the greater glory of Texas and the Texas Rangers.

by Harold Preece

THE gun was probably the oldest weapon ever fired in that harsh wilderness of mountain and cactus stretching for leagues southwestward to Mexico. The boy was of the very first native-born generation in the ebullient young and vast country of Texas.

Boy and gun were a famous combination in the Lone Star State where good marksmanship was a touchstone of manhood. The Dan'l Boone Rifle, that's what Texans named the venerable flintlock, after Old Dan'l who passed it from one frontier to still another that would be conquered by his kin. Alonzo Moore, the boy was christened in that community of Medina River homesteaders where he was born during the year 1844. But Texas legendry recalls him lustily and familiarly as "Little Lonnie."

He was qualified to carry the gun because he came of thoroughbred fighting stock. His father, Daniel Boone Moore, was namesake and first cousin to Old Dan'l. His mother counted, in her family connection, Jim Bowie, who had introduced that celebrated gut ripper, the bowie knife, before going down from Mexican bullets at the Alamo.

By the time he was seven, Lonnie could handle anything that shot or cut. Guns and knives came his way through trades and giveaways while he was growing up. But more than anything else, the boy coveted the treasured weapon which Dan Moore had received from Old

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Dan'l back in Kentucky. Its caliber was .45 and it had been forged by another cousin, Sam Boone, who'd been a celebrated maker of Kentucky Long Rifles.

"When you're as big as the gun, you can have it," so Dan Moore had promised his son. On his fourteenth birthday, Lonnie topped the required height by four inches and claimed his prize. He was busy ramrodding a lead ball into the rifle's firepiece when a company of Texas Rangers, commanded by the Samsonesque Big Foot Wallace, rode up to the Moore ranch.

Big Foot showed the family a souvenir of a recent visit paid the Medina by a Comanche chief whose name is remembered as Eagle Claw. That memento of frontier warfare was an arrow pulled from the bleeding corpse of a settler named Rob Drake.

Lonnie gazed at the arrow, measuring the lightness of its shaft against the heft of his gun. Arrow seemed to challenge rifle as Comanche challenged Texan. He ran his fingers between the gun's many notches carved there by Old Dan'l to commemorate so many hostile warriors slain in Kentucky. Now the flintlock seemed to quiver in the hands of its new owner as if begging to do its part in taming the wild tribes of Texas.

When the Rangers started to leave, Lonnie mounted his pony, shouldered the Dan'l Boone Rifle, and announced that he was joining them in the campaign against Eagle Claw. The company broke into a laugh. Big Foot Wallace smiled and shook his head. For crotchety Governor Pease in Austin had issued strict orders forbidding the enlistment of boys under eighteen.

Lonnie kept insisting and his father nodded consent. One Ranger, sporting a new Springfield breech loader began taunting the boy about his outdated old rifle.

"Son," the Ranger jibed, "maybe old Dan'l Boone did own that gun because it sure ain't been used since his time. I'll bet a year's pay you can't hit the broad side of a barn with it."

For answer, Lonnie lifted the Boone rifle above his head and aimed it at a chicken hawk scouting the Moore hen yard. The hawk's head, neatly severed from its carcass, fell square across the pommel of Big Foot's saddle.

Such good shooting caused the Ranger captain to waive a rule. "All right, son," Big Foot said, "if you're willing to take a chance on Eagle Claw, I reckon I can take one on Lish Pease. Raise your hand and repeat this oath after me."

LITTLE Lonnie became the youngest recruit ever to sign the roster of the Texas Rangers. By that same token, he was the youngest lawman remembered in the traditions of the Old West. He braved a man's risks and undertook a man's responsibilities before his face ever felt the touch of a razor. No Ranger, before or since, eclipsed his record for age and few have equalled his reputation for valor.

It was perhaps symbolic that Lonnie's first chase should have been after one of the wiliest Indians who ever rode the warpath. For Eagle Claw had the cunning and the reckless courage of Geronimo and Red Cloud at their best. He had sworn in the Comanche councils to exterminate every white settler west of San Antonio. Now he was redeeming his pledge by merciless warfare against the scattered ranches on the Medina. The Rangers tracked him by more scalped corpses and the myriad hoofprints of stolen horses down the Hondo Valley.

It was a gruelling ride under a scorching sun. Twice, the company sergeant suggested tactfully to Little Lonnie that he turn back for home. Each time, the boy shook his head and doggedly sank spurs into his pony. He was determined to match the pace of his comrades and determined that his gun would hold its own with their modern firearms when shooting began.

At night, by the campfire, he poured oakum in the splintered butt of the Dan'l Boone Rifle and polished its barrel to a gleaming brightness. When he spread out his blankets, the gun lay beside him. And, often, he would awaken from sleep to find his hand clutching it after some dream in which he had turned into Old Dan'l slaying Eagle Claw.

A setting sun glazed the earth a coppery red like the faces of Comanches, that fourth day, when the Rangers sighted the Comanche camp on the north side of Presi-

Lonnie was the youngest recruit ever to join the Texas Rangers and when they tried to kid him, he was a match for them.

Photo: Ellison Photo Company, Austin, Texas

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Photo: Ellison Photo Company, Austin, Texas

Typical Comanche warriors the Texas Rangers fought.

dio Crossing. As the Texans rounded a bend of the trail, the Indians saw them and jumped to their ponies. Twenty yards apart, the two sides faced each other, guns poised, eyes searching for living targets.

From the Comanche ranks, a massive, bronzed man rode forth on a Spanish charger to stare insolently at his unbidden callers. A helmet of beaded deerskin with curved steer horns branching from either side denoted his rank. A necklace of eagle talons, loosely suspended and reaching down over his huge shoulders, identified him by name. Many a settler had, to his sorrow, beheld that Goliath among Comanches. But Little Lonnie, for the first time, was seeing Chief Eagle Claw.

The chief's eyes roved over the Rangers till they rested on Lonnie. Then his big sides began shaking with laughter.

"So," he wheezed in the Comanche tongue that Lonnie had learned, along with some fragments of Apache and Spanish on the Texas frontier, "The whites, having but few brave men, send children to fight me."

Lonnie raised the Dan'l Boone Rifle. The dying sun glistened on the long barrel, giving it the weird beauty of lethal ugliness. The gun seemed to leap and quiver in his hands as he drew a straight bead on the chief. Or, maybe it was the impatience of a boy's hands wanting a man's share of battle — the impatience that caused the bullet to miss the Chief by a six-inch margin and bury itself instead in the heart of a gaudily painted Comanche warrior.

AS the brave tumbled from his pony, the other Comanches charged. The Texans met the onslaught with a blast of rifle fire then spurred forward to breast the tide of zooming arrows and spattering bullets. Standing up in his stirrups, the Dan'l Boone Rifle aimed at his foes, Little Lonnie maneuvered his horse into the very center of battle. Shouting, milling braves circled him and two other Rangers. One Texan went down before a tomahawk cleaving his skull as the lead in the Dan'l Boone rifle in Lonnie's hands pierced the brain of a sub-chief.

Twice a barrage of zooming arrows swept past the boy's head. Twice he rapidly reloaded the old rifle, and two bullets accounted for two more Comanches. Then the stolen horses stampeded. Suddenly Lonnie found himself detached from his fellow Rangers, and alone in the middle of the maddened herd.

By adroit bridle work, he managed to keep himself from being swept down into the melee of hoofs. Three times, the horse lunged and stumbled. Each time, Lonnie pulled tightly on the reins in a life-or-death grip to steady the pony and keep it afoot. He was trying to ma-

The Medina River country where young Lonnie operated with his Daniel Boone rifle and won his first battles.

Photo: Ellison Photo Company, Austin, Texas

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Photo: Smithsonian Institution

Eagle Claw Comanche camp where Eagle wanted to take Lonnie as his son, but Lonnie had different ideas.

nuver his way into a clear space when he heard a shrieking yell that sounded weirdly across the snorts of the crazed horses and the strident bark of guns.

The boy saw Eagle Claw crashing through the stampede. In his hand, the Chief flourished a huge silver-handled quirt. With it, he was lashing left and right at snorting, fleeing horses. His Spanish charger was hurtling through the pack of smaller mustangs, scattering them as if they had been so many wisps of straw. Lonnie aimed the Dan'l Boone Rifle, intending not to miss Eagle Claw for the second time in one fight.

But the trigger responded only with a dull click. Lonnie's fingers strayed to his ammunition bag. Then his face turned pale as he realized that he had shot his last ball.

The last of the stolen ponies were fleeing across the valley. The noise of gunfire was now more distant as the Rangers pursued the retreating braves in running combat.

Lonnie half-turned his horse, hoping to outrun Eagle Claw in a quick dash and rejoin his company. Then courage and pride stayed his flight. He had heard that the Chief boasted of all the whites who'd run before him. For once, a white intended that the Comanche warlord should meet the exception.

The boy wheeled the pony to its original stance. Rifle laid across his saddle, his right hand clutching the bowie knife in his belt, Lonnie held the pony still and watched warily as Eagle Claw approached. Seeing that Lonnie sat motionless, the Comanche slowed his horse to a slow pace as he rode forward eyeing the lad.

Ten feet away, the chief raised his arm, the palm of his hand open, in the Indian sign of peace. Cautiously, the boy lifted an arm to return the signal. The distance between the two narrowed to a few feet — till their horses could almost nudge noses.

"How," the chief saluted the young Ranger. Then in English that sounded chopped and painful on his tongue, "You brave boy. Me no want to kill you. My squaw — she no give me son — only many daughters." His lips puckered in disgust, the chief held up his fingers and counted off seven. "Come. Me take you home. You be my son, and I teach you to be mighty warrior."

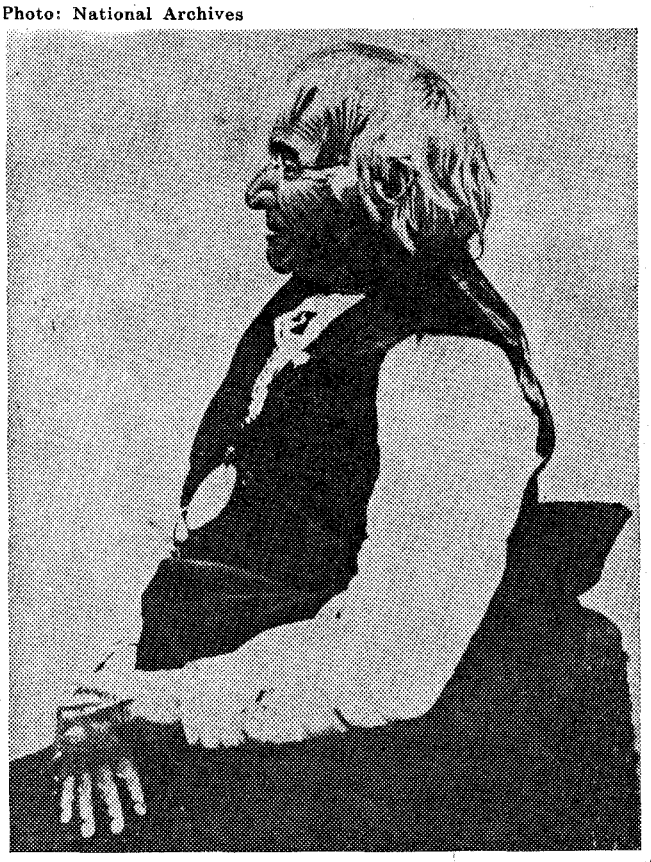
THERE was something pathetic about the chief's invitation. So desperate for a son that he was willing to adopt a male child from a race that he had vowed to exterminate. Lonnie shook his head and managed a smile, trying to be polite about the refusal.

But Eagle Claw was not a man to be put off easily. "You go with me," he coaxed. "Me treat you good. You be chief after I die."

(Continued on Page 68)

Ten Bears urged tribes to make peace with white man.

Photo: National Archives



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STRANGE MORAL CODE FOR INDIAN WIVES

The moral code for the Indian wife was a strange one as can be seen in this brilliant article by the famous Colonel Dodge.

by Colonel Richard I. Dodge

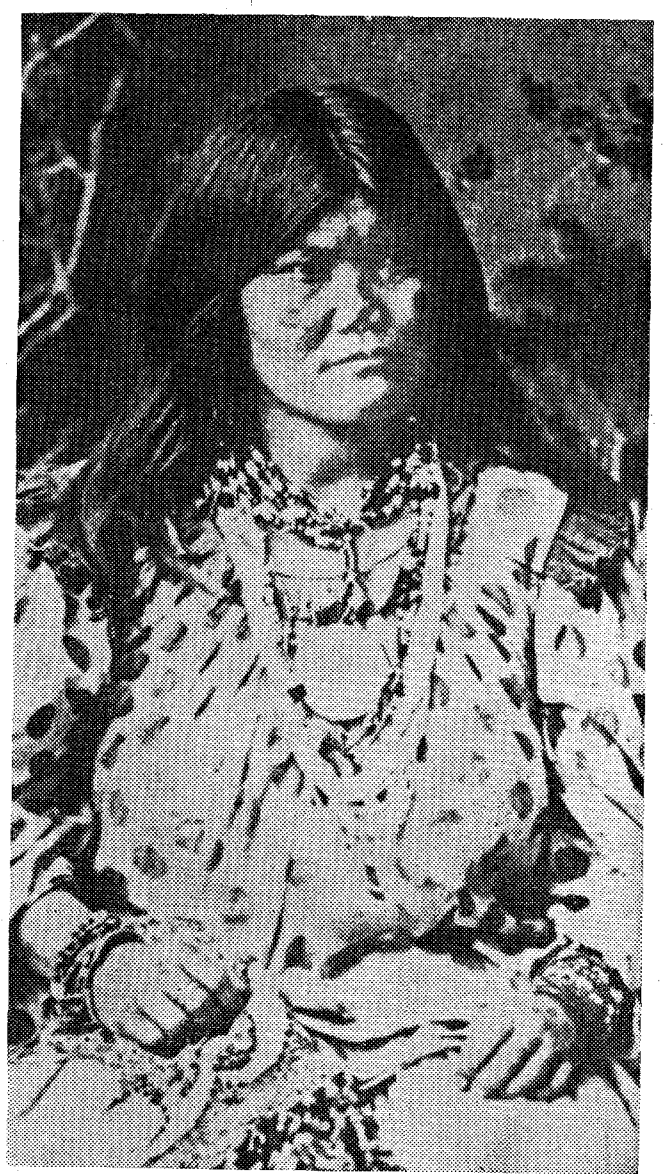

Photo: U.S. Department of the Interior

Cutting off nose was penalty paid by unfaithful wife.

THE life of an Indian woman is a round of wearisome labor. Her marriage is only an exchange of masters, and an exchange for the worse, for the duties of a girl in the parental lodge are generally of the lightest kind. She may be required to assist in the cooking, in making or repairing the lodge, to make and mend clothing, and most of the elaborate ornamental bead and feather work comes from her hand.

All her labors, however, are in or near the family lodge, and where she is immediately under the eyes of her parents. For an unmarried girl to be found away from her lodge alone is to invite outrage, consequently she is never sent out to cut and bring wood, nor to take care of the stock. She may sometimes be required to go with her mother on these errands and duties, or to work with her in the fields, but as a rule all the hard out-door work is done by the married women.

The pride of the good wife is in permitting her husband to do nothing for himself. She cooks his food, makes and mends his lodge and his clothing, dresses skins, butchers the game, dries the meat, goes after and saddles his horse.

When making a journey she strikes the lodge, packs the animals, cares for all the babies, and superintends the march, her lord and master, who left camp long before her, being far off in front or flank looking for game.

On arriving at the camping-place, she unpacks the animals, pitches the lodge, makes the beds, brings wood and water, and does everything that is to be done, and when her husband returns from his hunt, is ready to take and unsaddle his horse.

What she gets in exchange for all this devotion is impossible to say, but whether from ignorance of any better fate, or from constant occupation, it is absolutely certain that a happier, more light-hearted, more contented woman cannot be found.

The husband owns his wife entirely. He may abuse her, beat her, even kill her without question. She is more absolutely a slave than any negro before the war of the rebellion, for even her person may be sold or given away by her husband at his pleasure and without her consent.

In spite of all this the women are not without their weight and influence, not only in their own household,

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but in all the affairs of the trible, and though not permitted even to enter the council lodge, they are frequently "the power behind the throne," directing and guiding almost without knowing it themselves.

The custom in the Plains tribes which makes every man in the tribe a possible suitor for the hand of every woman, though either or both may be already married, is so at variance with all established ideas of what savages regard as "the rights of woman;" is so entirely unparalleled among other savage races of mankind, that I have devoted unusual time and care to its study, more especially since the custom is not mentioned, so far as I know, by any other writer on the North American Indians.

This custom gives to every married woman of the tribe the absolute right to leave her husband and become the wife of any other man, the sole condition being that the new husband must have the means to pay for her.

He, the savage Indian with his utter lack of any sense of justice to woman, his mere slave, could have permitted such an act to grow into a custom, is one of the curiosities of mental progression.

We may naturally suppose that it arose at first from the tendency of the chiefs to take to their bosoms the handsome wives of the commoners of the tribes. They probably paid for them liberally, and the bereaved husband was obliged to be satisfied. The new wives did not lose, but gained standing and position.

The example of chiefs was followed, and thus, what at first were mere acts of rapine, became firmly engrafted on the tribes by custom.

However it may have originated, it is certain that this custom exerts a most beneficial influence in ameliorating the condition of the women. Abject slave as the wife is, she has, if moderately good-looking or having a fair reputation as a worker, a sure remedy against all conjugal ills, in being able to leave her husband for any other man who will take her and pay for her.

The transfer of devotion and allegiance of women to other men than their rightful owners, is not as unusual occurrence among the Plains Indians. It may come from ill treatment on the part of the husband, or from what our civilization would term "an affinity," an ordinary love affair.

A woman is ill treated by, or lives unhappily with her husband. She secures the services of some friendly and cautious old woman of the tribe, secrecy being most essential, the husband having a perfect right to kill the wife should he suspect what is going on. The old woman sounds the warriors, and finding one willing to take and pay for the woman, the affair is accomplished.

Or a man has taken a fancy to another man's wife. He makes his advances, is met by encouragement, and, after a siege more or less protracted, wins her.

In either case, the husband wakes up some morning to find his wife gone. He searches for her through the encampment and finds her in another man's lodge, doing the ordinary work as if she belonged there, and he is informed that she has become the wife of that man.

ETIQUETTE and custom prevent his saying a word to the new husband, or to upbraid or injure the woman. He has but one recourse. He immediately proceeds to the chief and states his grievance. One or two prominent old warriors are summoned. They and the chief examine into the case and assess the damages, somewhat in accordance with the actual market value of the woman, but more usually by simply considering the relative wealth of the two men. If a rich man takes a poor man's wife he would probably be heavily assessed; while the poor man who took the rich man's wife would get off with a comparatively small bill of costs.

Photo: Smithsonian Institution

Indian wives had to work in fields and do housework.

There is no appeal from the decision, and whatever forfeit is declared must be paid at once. This done, the affair is over. There is no wrangling or fighting, and in every case, forfeit or none, the woman has the right to remain with the man of her choice.

Should the wife of a chief change her allegiance, nothing, as a rule, is said or done about it. The chief is too great a man, too high and mighty, too far removed from

(Continued on Page 43)

Despite hard work Indian wives could be very pretty.

Photo: U.S. Department of the Interior

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A Real West Short Story

DEATH OF A CHIEF

by Bob Jan

TOM Peasley jumped from his chair and strode toward the bar. His face chalky, Peasley grabbed a young man idling against the mahogany, pulled him around and decked him with a right to the chin. Martin Barnhart slid to the floor, his face bleeding, his expression dazed and confused. Watching the young man's surprise, Preasley knew he had made a mistake and hit the wrong man for a slighting remark which Peasley thought had been directed at him.

Peasley dropped to his knee and helped the groggy young man to his feet. "I'm sorry," Peasley said. "I realize I shouldn't have hit. Please accept my apologies."

For a moment, Martin Barnhart stared stupidly at Peasley, then anger replaced the confusion and he angrily shook off Peasley's hand. "Let me alone," Barnhart snapped, his face grim and unrelenting. He walked unsteadily from the Carson City saloon into the night.

Peasley watched the young man leave, shrugged then resumed his seat at the card table. After all, he had done all any man could under such circumstances. And he had killed enough men to be considered a "chief." Peasley's reputation as a killer — a name easy to acquire but difficult to lose — started when he had killed a man in self defense in a Virginia City barroom. From them on, newcomers seeking to establish a gun fighter's name picked quarrels with Peasley and his reputation flourished in direct proportion to the new arrivals on boothill. Despite the onus of being a chief, Peasley sought respectability. He founded the famed Sazerac Saloon in Virginia City, was foreman of two fire companies, Sheriff in 1862 and, because of his enormous popularity, he obtained the post of sergeant-at-arms of the Senate of the newly-admitted state of Nevada. But his fondest wish now was that he wouldn't be forced to fight and kill Martin Barnhart because of his error.

A week after the fracas Peasley met Barnhart as he walked down Main Street with a most handsome young woman. Peasley walked in front of Barnhart and offered his hand but Barnhart pushed on by. The girl stopped, her face troubled and eyes hinting of tears.

"I am Martin's sister, Suzanne," she said timidly. "Martin is still out of sorts about that affair but I am sure he will forget it in time. Can you understand, Mr. Peasley?"

Peasley's stern face relaxed into a broad smile, as he tipped his broad-brimmed hat. "Yes, indeed, Miss Barnhart. I've tried to apologize for my error but I'm afraid the attempts haven't been very successful."

Their conversation continued on very pleasant terms until her brother returned and forced Suzanne to leave. In the weeks that followed, a gnawing fury grew within Martin and a secret love sprang up between Suzanne and Tom Peasley. They met when they could safely, never allowing the brooding Martin to know of their mutual affection. But they both realized they were walking the razor's edge.

It was autumn of 1865 when Peasley walked into the Ormsby House in Carson City to find that Barnhart had left a challenge for Peasley, demanding they meet outside of town that day. Peasley looked at the note, realizing the Hobson's Choice he faced. Refuse the challenge and be laughed out of Nevada? Or meet Barnhart, kill him and lose the woman he loved? Peasley was still studying the sweat-stained note when lovely Suzanne walked into the Ormsby House. Quickly he told her of the situation.

"There is only one solution," she said with surprising resoluation. "We'll leave at once, get married on the way and go to San Francisco. In a few months, Martin will cool off and forget this whole silly thing."

Tom Peasley hesitated only a moment, then said, "Sure, darling, that's about all we can do. And I'll be mighty pleased to marry you."

Tom and Suzanne lived happily in San Francisco for almost a year, though Tom yearned to be back among his friends on the Comstock Lode. Suzanne wrote regularly to her brother, each time suggesting a reconciliation as Suzanne was Martin's only living relative. At last Martin wrote saying that he had been wrong and urged them to come back as soon as they could. Both Tom and Suzanne were pleased, and quickly wound up their affairs in San Francisco. Reaching Carson City by stagecoach, they registered at the Ormby House then sent a message to Martin, saying they would meet him in the lobby. The note was dated February 2, 1866.

IT was after suppertime when Martin finally arrived, his gait unsteady and his face flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Susanne ran to him, throwing her arms about her brother's neck. Martin roughly pushed her away. Tom was walking toward Martin, offering his hand as Suanne fell away. Before Peasley could do anything, Martin had drawn his pistol and fired twice into Peasley's chest. Peasley staggered with the force of the bullets but moved to take the pistol away from the enraged youth. But Martin reversed his gun, then beat Peasley on the head until the stock splintered.

With incredible endurance Peasley withstood the savage beating and mortal wounds, then drew his own gun. Martin, after looking at the useless weapon in his hand, threw it down, then turned to run. Peasley squeezed off a shot which caught Martin between the shoulder blades, then another shot punctured his heart and he dropped to the rug, dead before he hit the floor.

Suzanne cradled Tom's head in her arms, pleading with him not to die. She looked at the gaping chest and head wounds and tried to stanch the flow of blood. Tom looked at her lovingly then pointed to his boots, which a bystander pulled from his feet. Always ashamed of the title of "chief," Peasley wanted to die with his boots off.

"It was all so foolish," Tom Peasley said, just before he died.

RW

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STRANGE MORAL CODE FOR INDIAN WIVES

(Continued from Page 41)

the common feelings of humanity, to waste a moment's time or thought on so insignificant a thing as a woman.

His runaway wife may be in the same camp in the very next lodge; he may pass her every day, or even chat with her when she comes to his lodge to see her children, but no look or word from him will ever show that he is aware that she has changed her allegiance.

With a custom giving her the absolute right to change her husband at will, and with the temptation arising from the constant approaches of all other Indian men, — who, animal like, approach a female only to make love to her, — it is very remarkable that so many are chaste, and that these exchanges of husbands are the exception and not the rule. The concession of the right to change takes from most of them the temptation to avail themselves of it.

The new husband must be prepared to pay at once for the runaway woman whatever price is assessed by the chief and old men. This rule is imperative, and a failure to comply with this sole condition may lead to most disastrous consequence, the abandoned husband having the right to inflict death on the absconding wife.

A young girl had become the third or fourth wife of a man at least fifty years old. As was perhaps natural, she became enamoured of a young warrior who, not having the means to pay for her, persuaded her to run away.

The elopement was successfully accomplished and the young couple arrived at the encampment of another band of the same tribe, where they set up housekeeping as man and wife.

Some five or six months after the whole tribe was called together for the "Medicine Dance." The old man found his runaway wife and demanded either that he be paid for her or that she be turned over to him for punishment. The young man could pay nothing and the girl was, by order of the chief, delivered to her first husband. Seating her on the ground he crossed her feet so that the instep of one was directly over that of the other, and deliberately fired a rifle ball through the two. He then formally presented her to the young man, grimly remarking, —

"You need not fear that she will run away with any other man."

CUSTOM has given to the unmarried girls of the tribes a somewhat similar right of self-protection against arbitrary sale by their fathers. The girl is sold. If, after two or three days, the husband's entreaties have failed to make her his, she may return to her father's lodge, who in this case, however, is obliged to return to the purchaser the price he paid for her.

I have known but few such cases, the reward given the girl by her father in the shape of a most outrageous whipping having the effect to discourage such perverseness. Besides this, she knows that after marriage she can leave her husband almost at will, and it ministers to her vanity to know that her father got an exceptionally good price for her.

I have been at pains to show that the Indian has not only no moral code, but that he has not the faintest conception of an idea of moral obligations. This is exemplified not only in their general custom, but in their individual every-day life.

For the man there is no such word, no such idea, as continence. He has as little control over his passions as any wild beast, and is held to as little accountability for their indiscriminate gratification. Of all the tribes that I know of, Indian men are the same.

No tribe visits any punishment on her lover. Every man's right is to importune, to win, if possible; and the attempt of one on the virtue of another's wife is not at all incompatible with the closest and most intimate friendship between the men. And what is more singular, the friend may make the most violent love to the wife, with every protestation of passion, and every promise of love, devotion, constancy, and kind treatment, in the immediate presence and hearing of the husband, who, whatever he may feel, is debarred by custom from noticing it in any way.

There is no single point in which tribes differ so greatly as in the average chastity of their women. The Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes occupy the same territory, live together in the same camps, and are constantly and intimately associated. The men of the two tribes are identical in their habits of personal incontinence, but differ entirely in their ideas of family government, and in the management of their women.

Among the Arapahos infidelities are not specially reprobated, even by the husband. Among the Cheyennes a discovery of such conduct would entail most serious consquences, possibly death to the woman.

The result is remarkable. The Cheyenne women are retiring and modest, and for chastity will compare favorably with the women of any nation or people.

Under tribal government the Plains tribes differed very greatly in the punishment meted out to unfaithful wives, that is those who entered into a "liaison" while yet living with the husband, or those who by neglect of some rule became culpable. In all tribes the husband absolutely owns the wife, and may put her to death, which, as before stated, was sometimes, though rarely, done by the Cheyennes. The Comanches split their noses, while the Apaches and Navahoes frequently cut that organ off entirely.

Photo: U.S. Department of the Interior

This Hopi wife rebelled against rules.

SINCE the almost utter improverishment of the tribes by the benignant action of the government, punishment of the women for infidelity is extremely rare. The bereaved husband, whatever may be his feelings, cannot afford the loss of so much valuable property. He, therefore, sends the wife back to her father, and gathers in from the lover whatever spoil he can lay his hands on, the interference of the chief to assess damages not in this case being necessary. The woman, though living in her father's lodge, is now the property of the lover, and though he may not take her to wife, she is obliged by custom to remain faithful to him. He, therefore, keeps a close watch on her, and should he discover her in a liaison with another man, he proceeds to levy damages from that man equal to those taken from himself by the rightful husband. The ownership of the woman and duty of watching her now devolve on the latest lover. I have known several instances where a loose but good-

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looking woman has thus passed through half a dozen different ownerships, though all the time living in the lodge of her father.

It must be understood that the women here spoken of are those who enter into liaisons while yet living with and presumably faithful to their husbands. It is rare that the successful lover takes such a one to wife, he naturally fearing that one lapse from fidelity may be followed by another.

The exchange of husbands, as heretofore described, is in no sense a violation of the rules of the strictest chastity. It is cusomary, legitimate, and proper. It is the woman's protection against tyranny. The Cheyenne woman, being of a spirited, highstrung race, is quick to resent the ill treatment or neglect of one husband by taking another.

The Cheyennes and Arapahos have a curious custom which also obtains, though to a limited extent, among other of the Plains tribes. No unmarried woman considers herself dressed to meet her beau at night, to go to a dance, or other gathering, unless she has tied her lower limbs with a rope, in such a way, however, as not to interfere with her powers of locomotion; and every married woman does the same before going to bed when her husband is absent. Custom has made this an almost perfect protection against the brutality of the men. Without it, an unmarried girl is not safe if found alone, away from the immediate protection of her lodge.

A Cheyenne woman, either married or single, is never seen alone. Though any man has the right to assault her, she is required to protect herself, and this can only be done by always having some one with her.

The sale of a wife is not unusual, though becoming less so every year. The Indians are very fond of children, and anxious to have as many as possible. Should the wife not bear a child in a reasonable time, she is liable to be sold, and very likely with her own full consent.

Should a husband sell a wife, by whom he has children, which is now extremely rare, he generally keeps the children, though I have heard of cases where wife and children were sold together. The possibility of separation from her children helps to keep the wife in proper subjection, though neither her sale, nor her voluntary abandonment of her husband for another, as already described, prevents her visiting or receiving visits from her children at pleasure.

IT is regarded as effeminate in a man to show any special affection for his wife in public. A very notable exception to their habit in this particular is "Power Face," a prominent chief of the Arapahos, a desperate and dangerous man, covered with scars, and celebrated for the number of scalps he has taken, and the risks he has run. His wife is a woman of average good looks, and of some thirty years of age. They have been married about fifteen years, and have no children. In spite of this, no two people could be more devoted and apparently happy. Contrary to custom he has but one wife, and she goes with him everywhere, his most devoted and willing slave. He will sit for hours before his lodge door combing her hair, painting her face, petting and fondling her; conduct which would disgrace a less determined or well-known warrior.

"Powder Face" has some other peculiarities somewhat inconsistent with Indian custom. When talking to him one day about the Indian habit of making love to each other's wives, I asked, "What would you do if another Indian made love to your wife?" He made no answer in words, but putting his hands to his belt he seized the sheath of his knife, and turned the handle towards me, putting on at the same time a scowl of malignant determination that completed the pantomime, and assured me that it would be very unhealthy for any Indian to devote himself to that woman.

Indians are gregarious, even the chief preferring to have one or more families, besides his own, in his lodge. These are generally relatives, or poor dependents.

The ordinary estimate of the inhabitants of an Indian village is three fighting men, or from twelve to fifteen individuals to the lodge. When it is recollected that even the very largest lodge is scarcely over more than eighteen feet in diameter, and contains but one room, some idea may be formed, not only of its crowded conditions, but of the utter lack of privacy of the inmates, and consequently their entire lack of modesty, either in word or act.

With all the rough work and unfair moral code for the Indian wives, they were artists when it came to weaving.

Photo: Smithsonian Institution

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The husband of one wife brings home another and another. Each wife has a bed, in which she sleeps with her smaller children, the husband generally keeping the latest favorite to himself. I have never heard of any serious difficulty or trouble between the wives on that account, and the sentiment of jealously seems to be nearly wanting in the woman. The devotion of a man to a new wife, or his infidelity to them all, seems not to awaken the slightest feeling or idea of resistance to so universal a custom. In their sexual and marital relations, the Indians are scarcely above the beasts of the field. They marry very young; the youth as soon as he is fortunate enough to steal horses enough to pay for a wife, or can persuade his father to buy one for him.

About a year previous to this writing, the seventeen year old son of a prominent and wealthy chief having been initiated as warrior, informed his father that he wished to marry.

The fond and proud father immediately presented him with quite a number of ponies, and told him to look around and choose his wife. He went directly to the father of a pretty girl to whom he had already been paying his addresses, after Indian fashion.

After some haggling, the price of the girl was agreed upon, the youngster, however, making the unusual condition that the affair must be kept a profound secret until a certain day, when he would bring the ponies, and take away the girl. He then went to the father of another girl and closed a bargain with him. A third bargain was also consummated, all on the same terms.

The parents of the youth were informed that he would be married on a certain day, but were kept in profound ignorance as to the intended wife. However, a new and large teepee was provided by his loving mother, and all arrangements made for a grand marriage feast.

The day arrived. The precocious young rascal drove up his herd of ponies, and proceeding to the teepee of one of the fathers with whom he had bargained, paid over a number of them and carried off the girl. Then going to the teepee of the second and the third he paid their prices, and returned to his bridal teepee, minus ponies, but bringing with him the three prettiest girls in the village.

THIS affair caused the greatest sensation, all applauding his ingenuity and cunning. He became the hero of the hour, and the old father was so tickled that he gave him another supply of ponies, to enable him to begin his married life in style suitable to his birth and talents.

Girls generally marry very soon after the age of puberty, the father as a rule being anxious to realize her value, and the girl, with true feminine instinct in these matters, wishing to be a woman and have a husband as soon as possible.

Sometime a father gets "hard up" and has to sell his girls while they are yet mere children. These are brought up cheap by well-to-do bucks, who give them, even while mere children, all the rights and privileges of wives.

San-a-co, a Commanche chief, and the best Indian from our standpoint I have ever known, had as wife a pretty little maid of ten years, of whom he was very fond.

In March, 1880, "Red Pipe," a Cheyenne, sold his little unformed daughter of eleven years, to be the wife of a man old enough to be her grandfather; and I have known several other warriors who have mere children as their third or fourth wives.

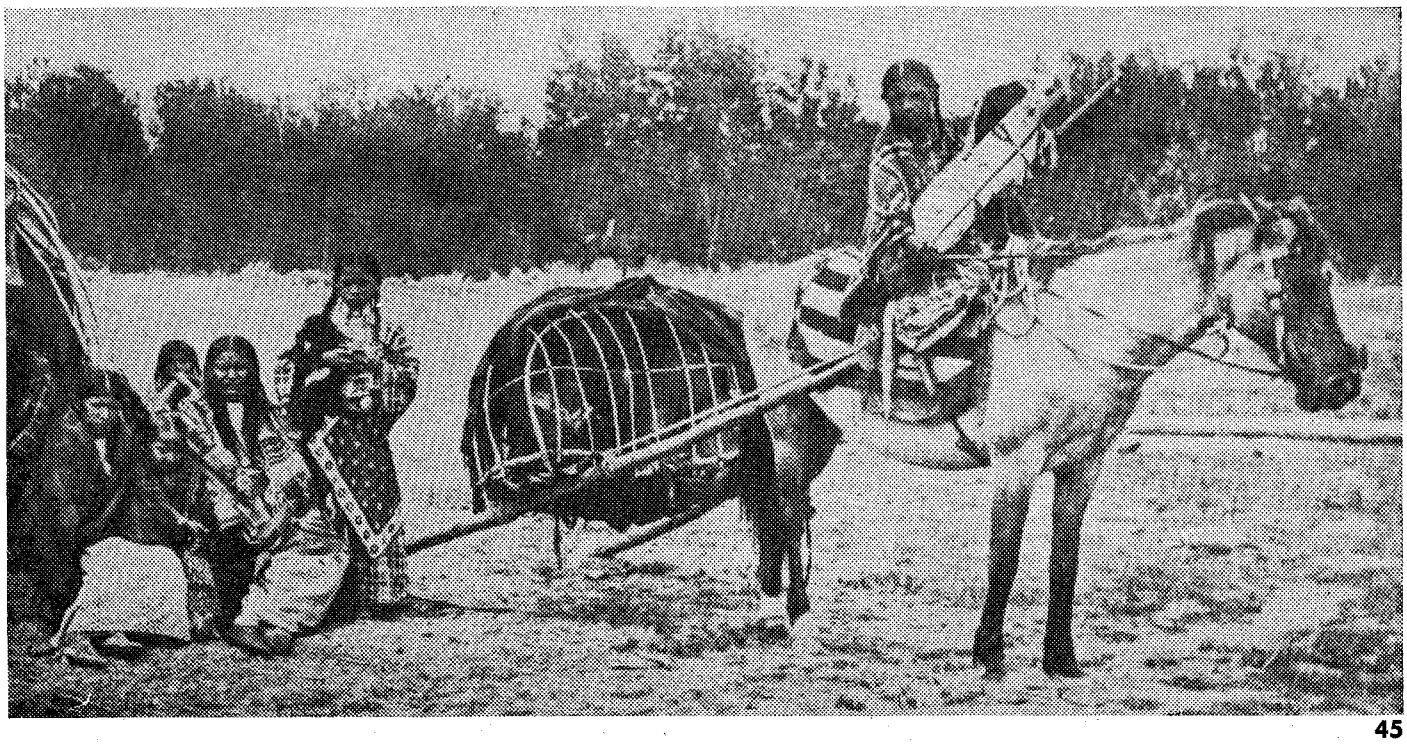
Either from lack of suitable food, or the constant drudgery of her hard life, the Indian woman, though perfectly healthy, is not prolific. The mother of even four children is very rare, and many women are barren. The average in most bands is scarcely more than two children to each woman; while some lodges, even where there are several wives, are childless.

Among the Plain tribes a woman, on the death of her husband, becomes not only herself free, but the owner of her female children as property, provided that no man has gained a lien on them by marrying the oldest daughter. The sons are independent, but are obliged to support the mother and sisters, if old enough or if they have no families of their own.

The widows are like their white sisters in their aversion to the sweets of single blessedness, and, if at all young and good-looking, are soon married again. The old and ugly, who have no sons to support them, not infrequently

When it came time for the tribe to travel, the wives handled packing and all work of traveling to a new camp.

Photo: Balser Collection.



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purchase for themselves a husband by giving over to him the ownership of their daughters, not as wives, but as so much saleable property. The life of an Indian woman, who has a husband to provide for and take care of her, is so much more secure from insult and outrage, so much freer from the chance of hunger and want, that every woman greatly prefers even the annoyance of a bad husband to the precarious hazards of widowhood.

A grave trouble to the Indians, and one of which I have heard many complaints, is the number of widows and orphans left on their hands by white men. The Indians have this whole matter in their own hands, having but to prohibit their women from marrying white men. But this is not at all to their taste. A father can get for his daughter possibly twice as much from a white man as an Indian would pay and he sells at the highest price. To prohibit his selling his own property would be regarded as an invasion of his most sacred and vested rights. Having sold and got his price, he feels himself relieved of all responsibility regarding her. She should henceforth be supported by the husband; and the father regards it as a hardship, an outrage, a real cause of complaint, to be obliged, even partially, to assist in the support of a woman, his own daughter, sacrificed by his cupidity to a man whom he knew would abandon her sooner or later.

In looking for a wife the man is careful to select one who has no blood relationship to himself. A man who would marry a whole lodge full of sisters will not think for an instant of marrying his own cousin, even though twice removed. The relationship of first cousin is regarded as almost the same as brother and sister, and the affection of these close relationships is very warm and tender.

It is a very remarkable fact, as showing the utter want of chivalrous feeling among Indians, that though the brother may love his sister most tenderly, he never, under any circumstances, interferes to protect her from insult, or to avenge her outrage by other bucks.

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RW

'GYPSY', THE DEATH "ANGEL".

She lived in Julesburg, Colorado, during her short and dramatic career: one of the several weird characters that populated that three-times-founded town. (Each time set on a slightly different location.) Probably she was acquainted with the terrible Jules Beni, who started the first of the Julesburg towns. He was a French-Canadian, with much of the looks and all the bad manners of a sore-tailed bear; and with the equally awful Joseph Slade, who supplanted Beni as station-master in Julesburg, after the former hombre had been found in cahoots with stagecoach bandits. The two men fought to the death, and if Gypsy was there to see, she could have told which one was to die!

This was indeed Gypsy's terrible "talent": she could see the mark of coming death written invisibly (to all but her) on the doomed man or woman. No one wanted to look into her sad eyes; all turned away when they beheld her small, quiet figure coming toward them. And gradually she acquired a somber look, the death-angel look, folks said. No doubt, Gypsy suffered under the burden of her strange gift, but she just couldn't help but practice it, or so it seemed. — "Oh, my love!" she would cry, weeping floods of tears, "you are too young and pretty to die!"

At last the time came when the strange girl foretold her own demise. The legend goes that she came into a saloon in Julesburg one night and said she must make merry, for tomorrow she would not see the sunrise. Her companions were repelled by her now, but a few souls, callous or pitying, helped her make merry. Then Gypsy went to her bed and died before the sunrise, peacefully enough.

Evidently, she herself believed in her gift, and if such a vision came to her, she might have died from sheer resignation. Or perhaps someone took the opportunity to slip a fatal dose into her glass? Gyspy was not a comfortable person to have around. She was worse than Jules Beni or Joseph Slade, or the wild Indians, the cowpunchers on the prod, the stagecoach bandits — all of whom troubled the frontier town. But she was the most uncomfortable to have around.

Doris E. Pogue

CHOCTAW LAW OF DEATH

(Continued from Page 19)

you fail to return for execution, your parents will be forever disgraced."

The judge's decision caused more than a little excitement among the Choctaws. Yet, they all believed Harjo would return. He *did* come back on the appointed day and met his executor bravely. The tribe was so impressed by the custom, they adopted it, and agreed all condemned men would henceforth be treated the same.

It was true, if a Choctaw murderer escaped *before* his sentence, there was little chance of recapturing him. But once tried and convicted, he was turned loose and allowed to go wherever he chose alone.

EXECUTION was usually set for six months following trial as a reprieve. A condemned Choctaw was sure to die on the day appointed. After Harjo's bizarre trial in 1850, the Indians frequently had occasion to put the new custom into practice. Two or three times a year someone was executed.

In 1890 the law changed and appeals were taken. A number of men were free for as long as two years pending a final hearing. As a rule, they deserted the Indian nation and went to live among the whites. Perhaps they were attempting to conceal the heavy cloud hanging over them. But invariably they returned to die. Albert Red Bird and Walla Tonka were two such men.

In 1885, the Union Agency at Muskogee Indian Territory needed a Choctaw clerk to assist in revising census rolls. A request was sent to the chief asking for an educated man from the tribe Red Bird appeared to fill the post. He was quarter-blood, immaculately dressed, tall, lithe and handsome. He was also a graduate of the Indian College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The agent, quick to recognize the Choctaw as an intelligent man of business, offered the young Indian a permanent position. Red Bird accepted. But only with the understanding he could resign at very short notice.

He quickly became a social favorite among the wives and daughters of the military men at nearby Fort Gibson. Soon it was rumoured he was engaged to a young girl at the Fort. Events progressed until the grand ball of the season held in early August. Every member of the local society was present to celebrate. In the early dawn, as the last strains of music faded, Red Bird turned suddenly from his fiancee.

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Photo: Farfair Collection

Albert Red Bird proved true to oath.

He called to the disappearing crowd.

"Friends, hear me." Everyone stopped instantly. There was a moment of intense silence. Red Bird, his dark skin a trifle pale, continued.

"When I came among you, you accepted me. Believed in me. Now, I feel like a thief for having deceived you. But I *must* tell my story now. One year ago I was sentenced under Indian law for committing a murder. This morning I must leave because tomorrow I pay for my crime. I cannot forget the honor of my people."

He turned and gave his hand briefly to the stricken girl. "I go alone," he told her simply and strode from among the clamoring crowd. Every effort was made to follow him and ask him to remain. He soon baffled his pursuers in the brush.

Precisely at three o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed day, Albert Red Bird was shot to death. A monument in his memory was erected in the cemetery at Fort Gibson.

Walla Tonka was the only Choctaw baseball player. His case became so celebrated as to bring letters of sympathy from as far as England. He was a half-blood, twenty eight years of age, six feet of sinew and muscle and straight as an arrow. Tonka was well known among the tribes for his fleetness of foot and accurate marksmanship.

His first offense was to fall in love with a white girl, Tookah Ingamore. Although she consented to marry Tonka, another man, Coulter, claimed much of her attention too. He was as skillful with a gun as Tonka and as determined to succeed with the girl.

In the month of May the Indians held their green corn dance at Eufaula, Oklahoma. Tookah Ingamore was late arriving. Coulter came in the door directly behind her. As Tonka strode defaintly to meet the girl, Coulter stepped from behind her and drew his gun. Two shots were fired in close succession. Coulter was dead.

The next day council sentenced Tonka to die. The date was set for November; the usual six months period. Immediately following the death decree, he and Tookah were married. It was then too Tonka received an offer from a baseball club to tour the United States. As other condemned men had done, he left the tribe and his wife. No guard accompained him.

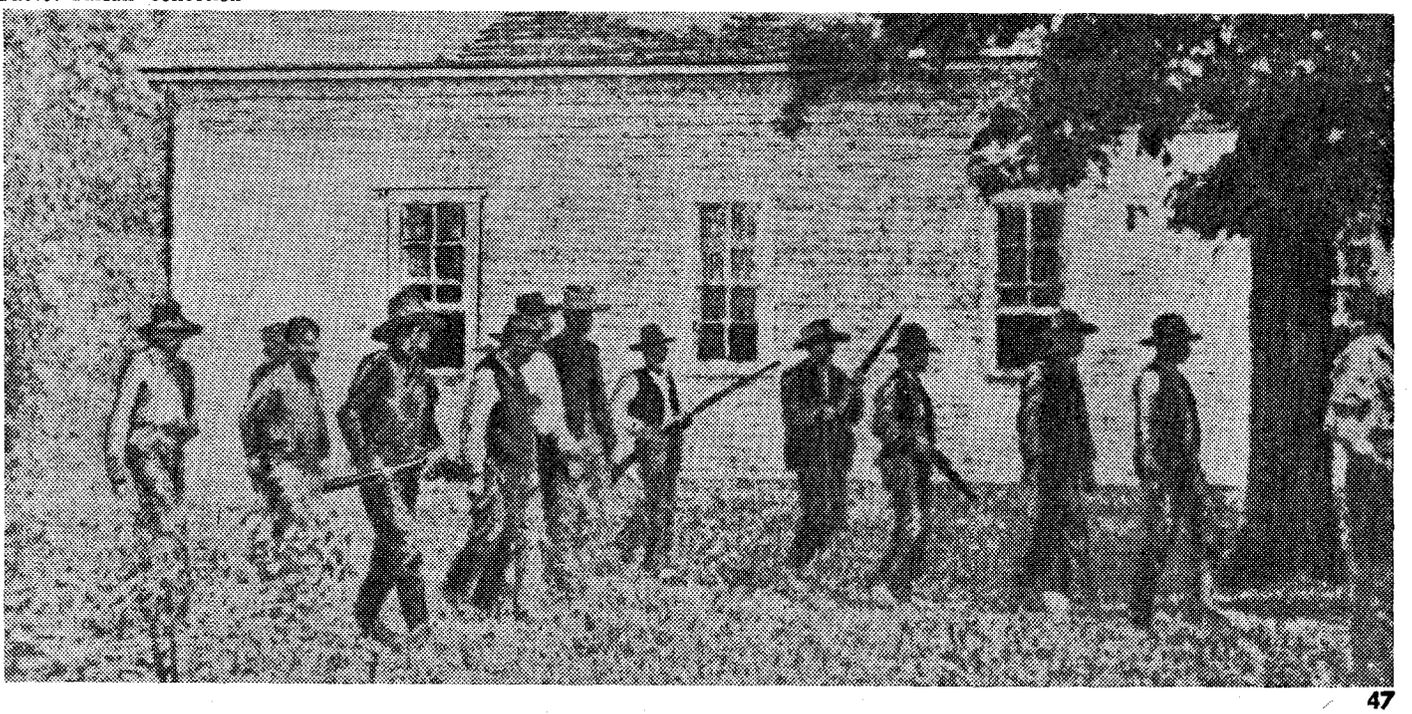
Photo: Farfair Collection

Walla Tonka was famous for baseball.

Walla Tonka's story preceded him wherever he played. Naturally he became an outstanding feature. Thousands flocked to see the amazing Indian. His

Victim being marched to execution by firing squad with guard house in background where he spent the night.

Photo: Farfair Collection



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stoicism regarding his impending fate and his enthusiaum in playing ball were in striking contrast.

HE played with the team to within a week of execution day. Then he returned to his bride. They spent his few remaining days together in their little hut; alone and unmolested by the tribe. On the morning of execution, Tonka bade his wife goodbye and went alone to the council house. Although it was forty miles inland and whites were forbidden to attend, several hundred went to see the shooting of the brave and honorable man. After his death, his wife received many proposals of marriage. She refused them all and continued to live among her husband's people until her own death.

The final execution to take place in the Indian nation was the shooting of William Going. Though he was sentenced to die in 1896 for the killing of his uncle, a deputy sheriff, he was granted a reprieve. One which would allow him three more years of freedom until July, 1899.

After the Maine disaster at Havana, the condemned man went to Cuba to join the insurgents under Garcia. At the end of the war, he married a Cuban girl and settled on a lucrative plantation. There he remained until a friend wrote to say July 1 was the day he was to die.

He left his wife and his wealth and returned to the Indian nation. He sought Sheriff Watson, the Choctaw already responsible for the legal shooting of thirty two men. Together they went to the Alikchi court house to await execution day.

The hour of Going's death was set for two p. m. Shortly before time, two tribal ministers visited his room. A prayer service was held. He joined the singing in a clear, strong voice. Then a guard of twenty four deputies formed, lined on each side of the doorway. The condemned man, supported by friends, stepped out. As he passed the crowd, he spoke to those he recognized. He sat on a blanket spread on the ground. His eyes were bandaged and a piece of white paper pinned over his heart. The sheriff stepped back a few paces, rested his Winchester on a box and fired. William Going had returned to death.

Ironically, there was no actual necessity for the throwing away of his life. The old tribal law had been abolished on June 7, 1897 when the United States assumed charge of the Choctaw courts. Going died two years later merely because he was a Choctaw who must fulfill a sacred oath.

Among every class of men are the traitors. Only once is it recorded a Choctaw broke his word. Going Snake whose parents died by their own hand to preserve the tribal code.

The Choctaws were known to steal and murder. They were sometimes indolent and lazy, but they were scrupulously honest. They kept a promise though it cost them their lives; a strange and incredible custom bound forever in the truths of history.

Research References:
The information on executions among the Choctaws was gathered in 1899 by William Draper of the Kansas City Star. He lived with the Choctaws during the tribal laws and familiarized himself with executions. As he was a white man and not allowed to witness any executions, he engaged an Indian official, J. N. White to report on what took place and to take pictures. Draper wrote what he had learned in an article for the Wide World Magazine, February 1900, and the information for my article was taken from this with added information from the Smithsonian Institute and the Oklahoma Historical Society.

RW

THE DAY BILLY-THE-KID DIED

(Continued from Page 16)

Pat Garrett, the terror of all evil-doers in this lower country, planted a ball with his unerring deadly aim in the heart of "Billy, the Kid" last night about midnight. Pat had come up to Sumner on account of so many rumors reaching him that the "Kid" was lurking in that place or vicinity. About the hour mentioned, he rode up near the town and in company with John W. Poe and T.M. McKinney, started on an exploring expedition. Pat went into Mr. Pete Maxwell's room to get what news he could of the "Kid," and he had not been there two minutes before the "Kid," in his stocking feet, entered the room and walking up to the bed (on the edge of which Pat was sitting talking to Maxwell), with a pistol (self-cocker) in one hand and a big butcher-knife in the other. Pat reached behind him for his pistol and at the action "Kid" dropped his pistol on him and asked in Spanish "Quien es! Quien es!" This delay in firing on the "Kid's" part gave Pat all the time he needed, and the words were barely uttered before Pat's dauntless courage had driven a ball through the centre of the "Kid's" heart. He died in a moment, almost without a groan.

The belief is that the "Kid" received intelligence of Pat's presence and was searching for him at the time, or that he had gone to murder Maxwell in his bed.

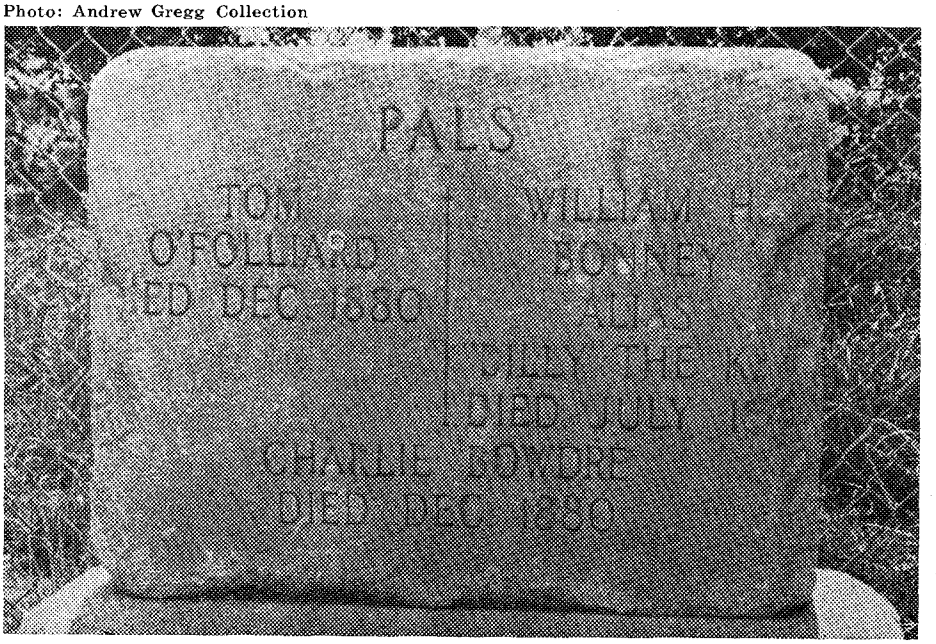
An inquest was held on his body today and the verdict of the jury was "justifiable homicide, and that Pat Garrett ought to receive the thanks of the whole community for his indomitable courage and energy in ridding the country of this desperado, and that he is truly worthy of a handsome reward."

A SOLDIER'S STORY

George Miller, colored sergeant, Company G, Ninth Cavalry, en route from Fort Stanton to Santa Fe, arrived in Las Vegas last evening and confirms

This gravestone for Kid and his friends replaced one destroyed by tourists.

Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection



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the death of the young desperado. On Thursday night July 14, he stopped at the hotel in Fort Sumner, and about 12:30 o'clock that night, his peaceful slumber was disturbed by two pistol shots fired in rapid succession. The sounds proceeded from the house of Pete Maxwell, distant about 25 yards, and soon the startling information, "Billy, the Kid is killed," was the theme of every tongue. The wild inquiry, "Who killed him?" was soon answered by the facts which soon became known to all. Pat Garrett had done it with his trusty revolver backed up by cool judgment and undaunted courage. It appears that Sheriff Pat Garret had ascertained from a sheep herder that "Billy" was prowling around in the vicinity of Fort Sumner, and, acting upon this intelligence, he concluded to visit that place and see if he could effect the arrest of the desperado. In company with two plucky men, Garrett rode into Sumner about mid-night and ascertained that "Billy" was stopping at the house of a Mexican named Juan Chavez. Not deeming it best to swoop down upon him as he was undoubtedly on the alert for danger, the sheriff and his two followers, proceeded to the house of Pete Maxwell, the two latter remaining upon the outside, and made inquiries in regard to the whereabouts of "The Kid." His presence was confirmed by Maxwell and, as the words escaped from his lips, a man in his stocking feet, with a bowie knife in one hand, a drawn revolver in the other, and a silk handkerchief around his neck, entered the room, in which there was no light, and asked for some meat. Almost in the same breath he inquired in Spanish who the men were upon the outside. Not receiving an immediate reply, he made the inquiry in English, his voice was recognized by Garrett who was standing in a rear part of the room, and in the least possible time imaginable, almost, the fatal bullet from Garrett's revolver had entered "The Kid's" heart. Another shot was fired in quick order, but it missed its mark, the form of the desperado having fallen in the icy embrace of death. On Friday morning a coroner's inquest was held and, in the afternoon, his mortal remains were interred in the cemetery at Fort Sumner.

A TALK WITH PAT GARRETT

Sheriff Pat Garrett, Lincoln county, arrived in the city to-day in company with Pete Maxwell, at whose home "Billy, the Kid" was shot, and, soon after, he was corralled by an OPTIC reporter. Pat, as is well known, has no desire to parade his experiences before the public, consequently he had very little to say about the affair of which he is the hero. However, he stated to eager listeners that the first definite information he received that "Kid" was at Fort Sumner was contained in a letter written to him by Mr. Brazil. Immediately upon receiving the news, he set out for that place, taking with him John Poe and Kit McKinney. Arriving in town, they went to the house of Pete Maxwell, where Pat advanced and entered, leaving his companions at the door, and, in a low tone of voice, asked Pete if "Billy, the Kid," were on his premises. He was told that he was not, but not far off. The conversation between the two men had not lasted two minutes when a man in his stocking feet, heavily-armed and with a stealthy step pushed the open door noiselessly aside and entered. Maxwell took in the situation at a glance and whispered in scarcely audible tones "That's him." Pat knew what that meant, but had not time to prepare himself for action until the outlaw approached the bed on which Maxwell was reclining and near which sat Garrett, and seeing a third party in the room, demanded of him "Who are you?" The second time the question was asked and, as he came nearer with a pointed revolver in his hand, aimed at a man he little thought was Garrett, the latter who had taken

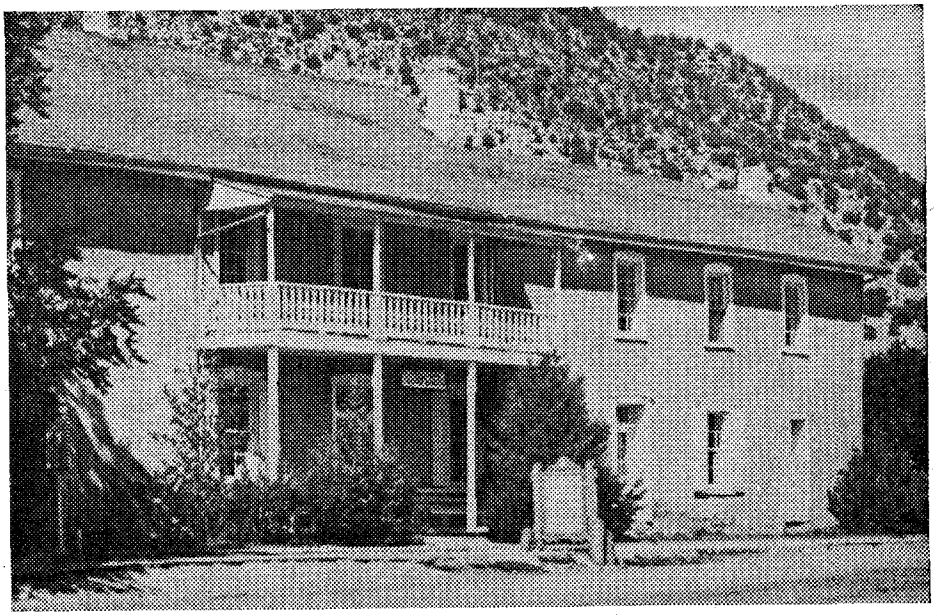
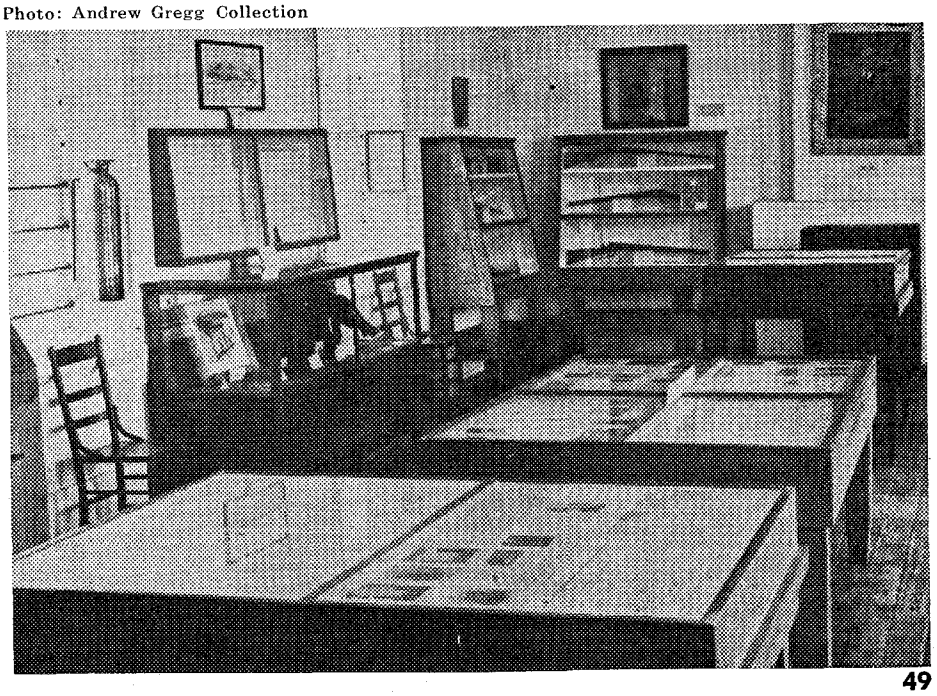


Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection

Lincoln County courthouse where Billy the Kid escaped after killing two men.

Museum of bloody Lincoln County war days on first floor of the courthouse.

Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection



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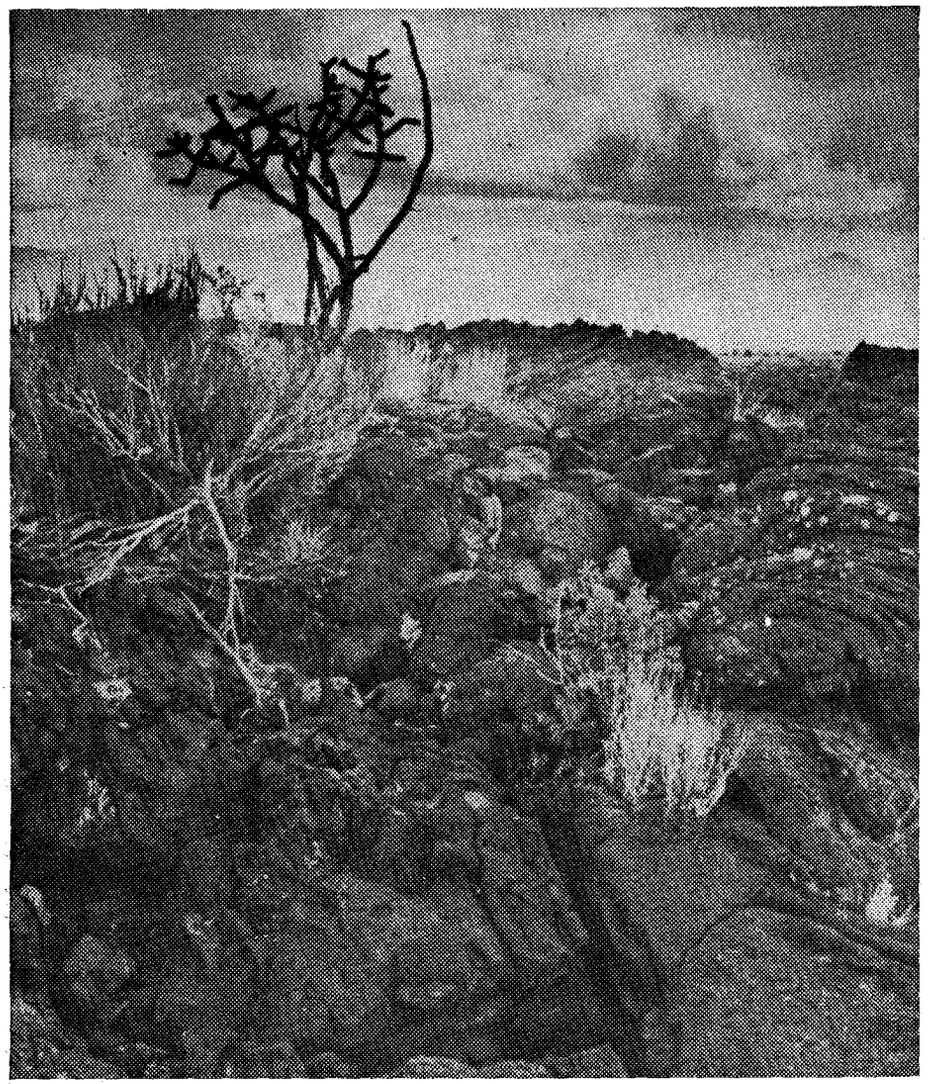

Photo: Andrew Gregg Collection

The twisted, tortured Malpais lava beds offered good hideout for Billy the Kid.

advantage of the dim, uncertain light to get his weapon ready for use, brought it to bear upon the "Kid," shooting him through the heart at the first pull of the trigger. He died in two minutes without effect.

As will be seen from the above thoroughly reliable sources, "Billy, the Kid," the terror not only of Lincoln county, but of the whole Territory, a young desperado who has long been noted as a bold thief, a cold-blooded murderer, having perhaps killed more men than any man of his age in the world, has at last received his just dues. All mankind rejoices and the newspapers will now have something else to talk about. It is now in order for Pat Garrett to be well rewarded for his services in ridding the Territory of this desperado. He is in very moderate circumstances, but has spent many dollars in his pursuit of the "Kid." Already, we understand, a subscription paper is circulating for this purpose. It should be signed by all and other counties who alike breathe easier because the "Kid" is dead, should join in and make a substantial showing of their appreciation of the cool, brave conduct of Pat Garrett.

THE copy of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* for July 21st was in the files and it gives some interesting aftermaths of the killing of Billy-the-Kid.

Garrett Exonerates Maxwell

There is a disposition on the part of a good many people to censure Pete Maxwell for harboring Billy the Kid, the finding and killing of the desperado in Maxwell's house having given rise to much talk on the subject. In view of this state of affairs a reporter of the NEW MEXICAN had a talk with Sheriff Garrett yesterday afternoon knowing that he would be more likely to know and more likely to tell the true state of things than almost anyone who could be found. Garrett does not think that Maxwell was in with the Kid at all or that he deserves to be held responsible for the presence of the cut throat in his house on the night upon which Billy met his death. He says that Pete was intimidated and was afraid to speak above a whisper when the Kid was around, otherwise he would have given notice of his whereabouts. Garrett knows Maxwell well and knows that this is in keeping with his disposition. He says that Pete acknowledged that fear kept him from informing on the Kid, and told him that if he could have found any safe way of letting Garrett know that his man was there he would have done so.

"How did the Kid happen to stop at Maxwell's house?" asked the reporter.

"He didn't stop there," replied Garrett. "He had only made three visits to Sumner since his escape and just came in unexpectedly while I was there. You see I went in to see Maxwell and ask him where the Kid was. I asked him as soon as I got in whether Kid was in the country and he became very much agitated, but answered that he was. Just then a man came in at the door and spoke to my men outside in Spanish, supposing them to be Mexicans. I didn't recognize him. He then came in and approached the bed, and after speaking to Maxwell, asked who were those outside. I had not had time to fix my revolver, and had not expected to see him there. I therefore reached around and adjusted it, and Maxwell started in the bed. The Kid pulled down on me, and asked "Who is it?" He must have then recognized me, as I had him, for he went backward with a catlike movement, and I jerked my gun and fired. The flash of the pistol blinded me, and I fired in the same direction again; and I was ready to shoot the third time, but I heard him groan and knew that he was struck. All this, however, has been told. What I want you to say, is, that Maxwell is not guilty of harboring the Kid."

"I shall do that but I also want to ask you a few questions first. How do you account for the Kid not shooting when he first recognized you?"

"I think he was surprised and thrown off guard. Almost any man would have been. Kid was as cool under trying circumstances as any man I ever saw. But he was so surprised and startled, that for a second he could not collect himself. Some men cannot recover their faculties for some time after such a shock. I think Kid would have done so in a second more, if he had had time."

"It is said by some people that Kid was cowardly, and never gave a man a chance."

"No, he was game. I saw him give a man one once. I have seen him tried. He would fight any way. I've known him to turn loose in a crowd of Mexicans, and get away with them. He

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would lick Mexicans that would weigh twenty-five or fifty pounds more than he did. He was quick as a flash."

"Was he a good shot?"

"Yes, but he was no better than the majority of men who are constantly handling and using six-shooters. He shot well, though, and he shot well under all circumstances whether in danger or not."

"Why do you suppose he hung around Lincoln County, instead of leaving the country?"

"Oh, he thought that was his safest plan. In fact, he said so. He said he was safer on the plains, and could always get something to eat among the sheep herders. So he decided to take his chances out there where he was hard to get at."

After some conversation, into which Mr. Garrett entered more freely than is his wont, and another reference to the Maxwell affair, the reporter left.

From the statements of all who knew Pete Maxwell, it would appear that Garrett's idea is the correct one, and that he is guilty of nothing except of being abjectly afraid of the Kid.

Research References:
All research material specified in article.

RW

THE MODOCS FOUGHT BACK

(Continued from Page 25)

end the Modocs would be defeated. It was the constant taunting of Captain Jack by the other leaders of the Modocs that caused him to agree to the plan.

NO matter what Captain Jack's hesitation might have been, he was the leader of the ghastly mass murder that was to follow. Captain Jack agreed to negotiations. The Modocs met General Canby and his team of negotiators in a small tent, called the peace tent, in an open space at the foot of a high cliff, at the edge of the pedregal. With General Canby were A. B. Meacham, L. Dyer, Rev. Edward Thomas, and G. M. Riddle, an interpreter.

With Captain Jack were John Schonchin, Ellen's Man, Black Jack, Hooker Jim, and Shack-Hasty Jim. Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, two Modocs, had arrived with General Canby's party. The tragic irony of what happened was that General Canby and all the men with him had been ardent friends of the Indians and had fought for their rights.

The conference started with General Canby passing cigars to the Indians and then the speech-making began. The Modocs were insolent in their behavior and extravagant in their demands. After nearly an hour's conference the demands of the Indians culminated in a request for the immediate removal of the soldiers in the vicinity.

"I cannot and will not withdraw the troops!" Canby replied tersely.

At that, two armed Indians crept out of the rocks. *"At-tui!"* cried Captain Jack in Modoc. Every warrior at the council fire marked down his previously appointed victim and whipped out his revolver.

Captain Jack levelled his gun at General Canby and pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked-a misfire. The General started toward the Modoc, but Jack recocked the pistol with the barrel almost touching the old soldier and pulled the trigger once more. The bullet struck Canby under the eye.

Reverend Thomas had been on his knees making a fervent appeal for peace when the Indians drew their guns. Boston Charley deliberately shot him through the chest. The wounded man, unable to move, raised himself on one arm and put out his hand in faint protest, exclaiming, "Don't shoot again, Charley! I am a dead man already." Boston Charley shot the dying man again and again until life was gone.

Three other commissioners, Meacham, Dyer, and Riddle, ran for their lives with lead whistling past them. The last two escaped, Dyer holding off pursuit with his derringer. Meacham fired and wounded a pursuer but dropped unconscious with five bullets in his body. Boston Charley bent over

Capt. Jack's family were bothered by the government after Capt. Jack was hung.

Photo: National Archives

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Photo: Chafield Collection

Col. Davis led troops against Modocs.

him and had half scalped him when the valiant squaw Toby cried out that soldiers were coming and frightened the Indians into a hasty retreat. Meacham, saved, miraculously recovered.

While this was going on another band of Indians had approached the camp of Colonel Mason, which was somewhat to the east, and had requested a parley with him. The officer of the day, Lt. Walter Sherwood, met them with Lt. W. H. Boyle. The Indians opened fire upon them at once, mortally wounding Sherwood. Boyle escaped by the skin of his teeth.

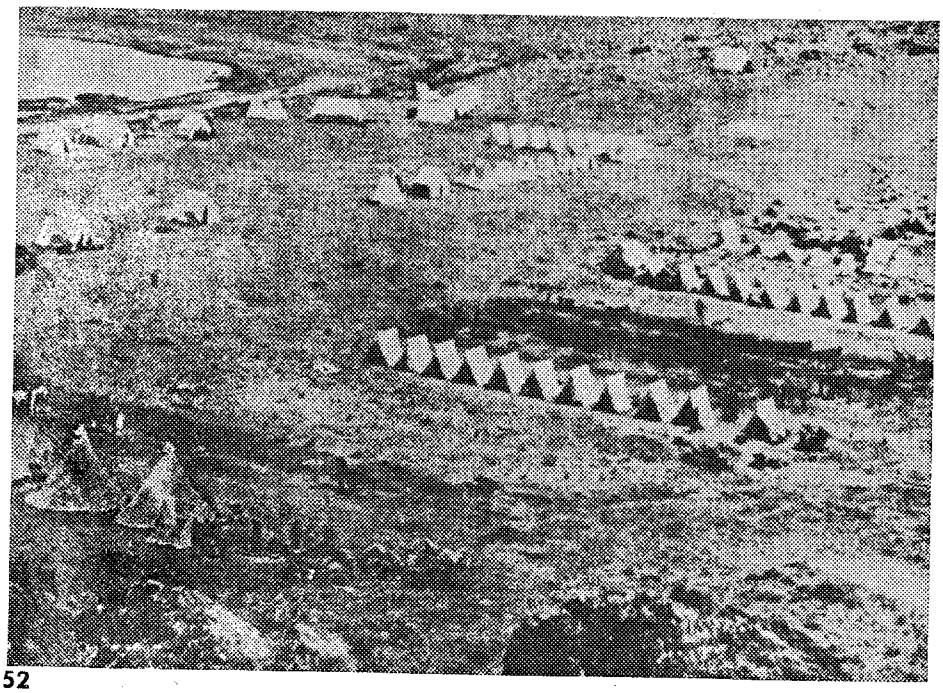
The attack on Lieutenant Sherwood was signaled from Mason's camp to a station on a nearby bluff. The soldiers, without orders, sprang to arms and dashed out on the double. But, the Modocs disappeared into the vastness of the Lava Beds.

AFTER the murders of Canby, Thomas and Sherwood it was all out war against the Modocs. On April 14, 1873 two columns of troops, one commanded by Colonel A. C. Gillem, the other, by Major Mason, pushed into the Lava Beds. This time the soldiers were reinforced by several mortars, which finally got the range of Jack's stronghold and threw shell after shell into it. After three days of furious fighting Jack became convinced that his lair had become untenable on account of the artillery. Cut off from the lake which was his only water supply, he withdrew.

Having surrounded the place, the soldiers moved forward to the final attack on the 17th. There was some skirmishing by a rear-guard of Modocs, but the soldiers at last rushed the ridges that had been so gallantly defended against such heavy odds. They found the place deserted. An underground passage connected with the distant ravines had afforded the Modocs a way of escape. They were still somewhere in the maze of the Lava-Beds, but just where no one knew. The troops had lost eight killed and seventeen wounded. They found the bodies of three men and eight women in the Modoc stronghold.

U.S. army camp south of Tule Lake proved a serious military mistake in battle.

Photo: National Archives



On the 21st of April it was decided to make a reconnaissance into the Lava-Beds in an effort to locate the Indians. A party of soldiers with fifteen Warm Spring Indians, under the command of Captain Evan Thomas, was sent to the Lava-Beds for this purpose. They were instructed to proceed cautiously and to avoid an engagement. These soldiers were from the Twelfth Infantry and the Fourth Artillery, the latter being used as infantry in the Lava-Beds and sometimes as cavalry in the open country, in this campaign.

The command entered the Lava-Beds around eight a.m. A fog hung over the terrain, so dense that nothing was visible, while about the camp on the bluffs all was clear. To see the column disappear from view was an uncanny experience for those watching from the top of the bluffs. It might have suggested the words of Dante's "Inferno" — "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The soldiers proceeded carefully with skirmishers thrown out on both sides, the Warm Spring Indians far on the flanks. By this time the soldiers had conceived a wholesome respect for their enemy which almost amounted to fear. The ground was admirably adapted for surprise, and it was with difficulty that the flanking parties could be kept to their proper distance. They were constantly shrinking in toward the main party. They were not molested in their advance, however, and at noon halted for dinner. The fog which had covered the Lava-Beds in the morning, had now lifted.

The soldiers had stopped at the base of a sand-hill in comparatively open ground and were quietly eating when a rifle-shot from one of the ravines gave the alarm. This shot was followed by a volley from the hidden enemy and several men fell. The officers and some of the veteran privates ran to cover some of the pits and ridges which were nearby and returned the fire. The sand-hill in front was charged by a detachment which occupied it, only to find that it was commanded by another hill to which the unseen enemy had retired. The place was a regular death-trap, and the Modocs got on both sides of the soldiers and shot them down.

Some of the men panicked, a panic remembered with shame by the Army for many years. Half of them turned and fled headlong, abandoning their officers and their comrades who refused to flee. Every officer was killed or mortally wounded except the surgeon. The total loss was twenty-two killed and eighteen wounded. The cowards who fled reached the camp in safety.

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THE Warm Spring Indians, who were scouting at the time, were mistaken for Modocs by the troops and they were unable to rescue them. These friendly Indians all escaped. Fortunately for the wounded who remained on the field, the nature of the ground was such that the Modocs could not come at them. They were found still alive by a rescuing party which reached them late in the evening. The Modocs had but twenty-one men in the field and none of them was hit.

Meanwhile, Col. Jefferson C. Davis, a brilliant old soldier with a distinguished Civil War record, was appointed to the command with the instructions to carry on the campaign vigorously until it was closed. He restored Colonel Wheaton to his place at once. He also set about restoring the somewhat shattered morale of the soldiers. He reorganized the troops, brought up supplies and reinforcements, and prepared to force the fighting.

The Indians finally separated into two bands. A portion remained with Captain Jack and the rest under Hooker Jim. General Davis, by a series of scientific and gradual approaches, occupied the Lava-Beds and constantly tightened the cordon around the Modocs. The situation of the Indians became exceedingly difficult. They had been forced away from their water supply, their provisions and ammunition were running low, and they were practically surrounded with little hope of escape. Dissensions arose and finally the Modocs decided to leave the Lava-Beds.

On the morning of May 10th, Captain Jack, clad in General Canby's uniform, led a company of thirty-three Modocs in a charge against Col. H. C. Hasbrouck's command which was encamped on Sorass Lake on the west side of the Lava-Beds. These soldiers represented two troops of the Fourth Cavalry and one battery of the Fourth Artillery, mounted as cavalry. The horses were stampeded by the first volley and Indian yells and ran through the camp in every direction. For a time things looked serious.

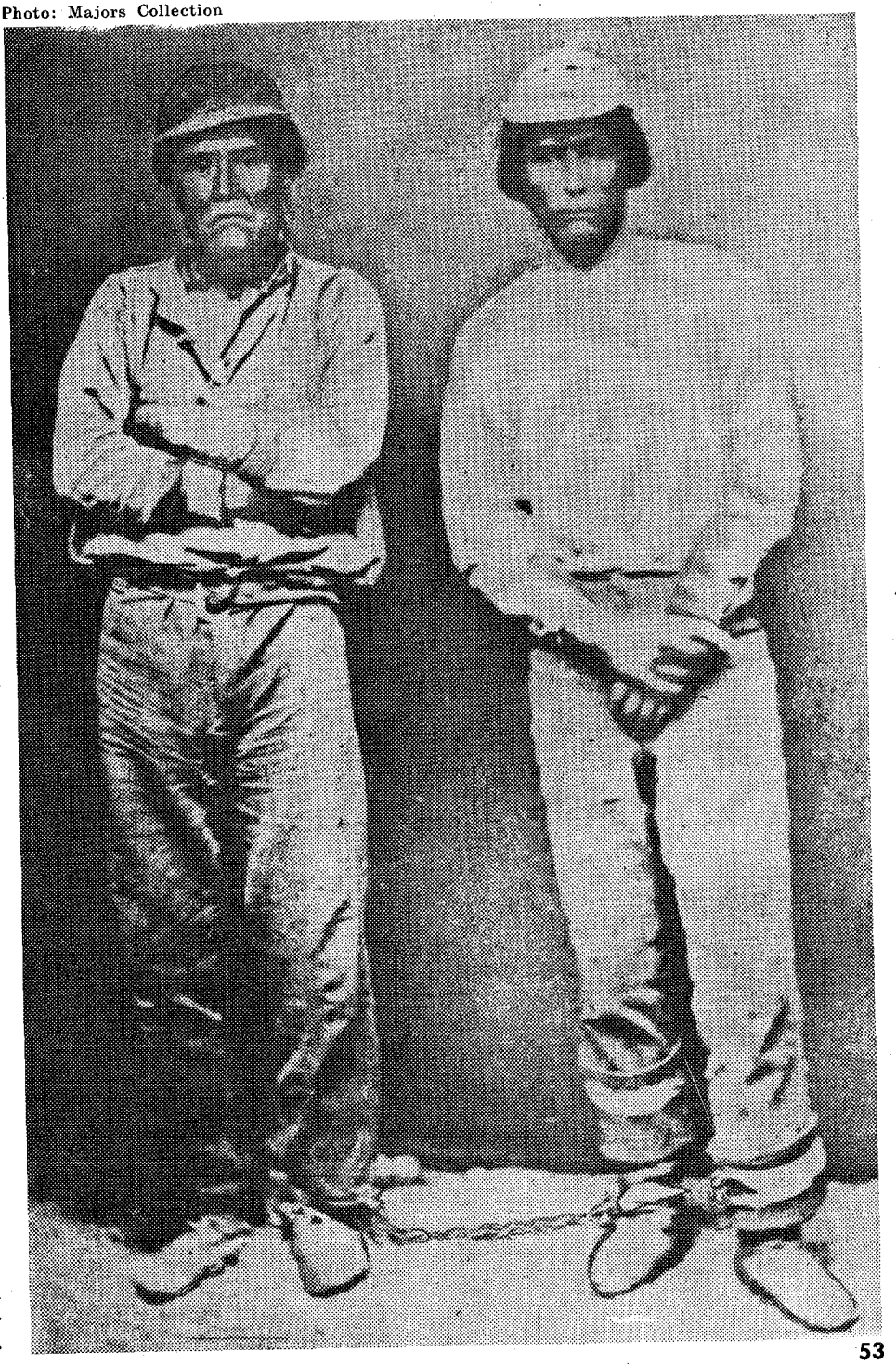
Col. Hasbrouck rallied his men, checked the advance, and ordered a charge against the lines the Modocs had established in the surrounding hills. The nearer line of bluffs was quickly carried and after a short pause the high bluffs were carried and the Modocs were pursued with as much rapidity as possible for about four miles, when further pursuit was abandoned. The Indians left one warrior dead on the field and lost twenty-four pack-animals which carried most of their ammunition. The troops suffered but two dead and seven wounded. This was the first clean-cut defeat the Modocs had sustained.

After this the differences between the two parties of Modocs became permanent. They separated and left the vicinity of the Lava-Beds. A vigorous advance by the soldiers all along the line disclosed the fact that the Indians had abandoned their stronghold and were at last in the open. A hot pursuit was started in every direction. On the 22nd of May a large party of Indians was captured by the troops near Fairchild's Ranch after a brief skirmish. Captain Jack and his immediate following, however, were still in the field.

COLONEL Davis decided to use the leaders of the first party to effect the capture of the remainder. These Modocs, knowing the game was up, were willing to save their own lives by betraying the others. Guided by the traitors, the soldiers continued their persistent pursuit until the remaining Modocs were gathered up in little bunches here and here. Finally, on the first of June, 1873, Jack was captured in Willow Creek Canyon by the troops of Captain David Perry. He had been literally run to earth by the cavalrymen.

Schonchin and Captain Jack in chains just before Captain Jack was executed.

Photo: Majors Collection



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TREASURE OF THE VALVERDES

■ *The origin of the tale of the Valverdes and their treasure goes back into the past of the Southwest over two hundred years. The story has all the elements of fiction but, to my mind, the Valverdes did live and left behind them a rich treasure which today is still hidden in the vast regions that once comprised the Pimeria Alta or Upper Pima lands of the old Spanish colonizers of Mexico.*

Prior to 1730 little was known of this vast region that lay between the Altar river of Sonora Mexico, northward to the Gila river in today's Arizona. Spanish explorers went out to seek the wealth that the unknown land might hold and along with these explorers went the men of the church. Among these priests was the one that became known as the Mission Builder. This man Padre Kino saw and was impressed by the land that he saw and in his reports told of the wide valleys and streams of water that would favor settlers. Shortly after the reports became public settlers made their way northward and among these first settlers were the Valverdes. The Valverdes selected a site and established their ranch and cleared farming land. Soon their cattle roamed the wide valleys and their horses raised clouds of dust on the surrounding hills.

With the ranch established the Valverdes took to the wilds in a search for mineral wealth. A rich gold mine was discovered and developed. With the aid of Indian labor the mine was sending each year a pack train southward into Mexico loaded with the wealth of this mine. The Valverdes prospered and to store the wealth of the mine until the gold could be sent to Mexico, The Valverdes constructed a stone vault under the main house of the ranch. In this vault was stored the gold bullion as well as other wealth belonging to the family.

Due to the harsh treatment by the Spanish, unrest was stirring among the Indians. This unrest caused little concern to the Spanish until it broke out in open rebellion in 1772. The Indians attacked and destroyed many ranches. Whole families were wiped out while others fled to Mexico carrying little but themselves.

Among the families that fled in terror were the Valverdes. They finally reached safety in Mexico. Wealthy from the gold sent to Mexico the Valverdes never returned to their holdings in Pimeria Alta. Left behind were their cattle and horses, the furnishings of the ranch and the proceeds for a year's production from the mine. All this inanimate wealth was stored in the stone vault.

The years drifted by and the walls of the buildings slowly crumbled and melted. The wind scattered the seeds of the Mezquite and Cottonwood over the mounds of the buildings. The storms and rains of many years helped to hide the scars left by the Valverdes. Today the site of the once prosperous ranch is hidden from the sight of man. The mounds of its buildings as one with hundreds of other mounds. The ever growing Mesquite covers the marks made by man.

Today, I believe, that the site of the ranch of the Valverdes still lies hidden under its blanket of Mesquite and still hidden from sight in its stone vault the treasure of the Valverdes still waits for a lucky finder.

As he came out of the canyon and surrendered his gun, he fell to the ground exhausted, with the remark that his legs had given out.

Colonel Davis was going to hang Jack and the other murderers of the commissioners out of hand, but he was stopped by an order from Washington. It was decided to try Captain Jack, Schonchin, and Boston Charley before a military commission. Hooker Jim and others turned State's evidence. The charge was attacking a peace commission under the cover of a flag of truce.

The verdict was guilty, and the punishment death by hanging. Peace societies and earnest and intelligent individuals pleaded with the government for a commutation of the sentence, calling attention to Capain Wright's massacre of the Modocs twenty years before. The Government declined to interfere and stood firm in the case of the greater culprits. However, it was shown that Barncho and Sloluck were merely tools of the others and President Grant commuted their sentences to life imprisonment. But, that was all and the sentences of the others were carried out to the letter on October 3, 1873.

It probably was justice, but the Indians wondered why their own should be hanged for a crime and Captain Wright, a white man, had been feted, honored, and granted a large bonus for the same bloody crime.

In the war the Modocs lost twelve killed, four executed, one a suicide-all warriors, and an unknown number of women and children. The total loss of the white settlers and soldiers was eighty-three killed and eighty-five wounded. The cost of the war was over a half million dollars. To put down these Modocs about twelve hundred men were employed. Each Modoc accounted for three men and cost the United States Government over ten thousand dollars before he was himself killed or captured — a fearful price, indeed.

The Modocs were insignificant people, but in their brief hour they managed to engrave their names on the pages of history.

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NANCY KELSEY WESTERN BETSY ROSS

(Continued from Page 21)

On October 18, 1841, just a month after her eighteenth birthday, Nancy had her first glimpse of California, as she stood beside Benjamin on the Sonora Pass summit and looked down into the hazy blue of the twisting mountain valley below them.

But the hardest part of the journey still lay ahead in the descent of the western slope of the Sierras. Four pack animals plummeted from a ledge, falling too far to recover the supply packs. They were now without food.

They turned to a diet of acorns and Nancy's husband was taken ill. The other men begged Nancy to leave him and press on to save her life and that of her child but Nancy refused.

She remained beside her husband. They killed a horse and the meat gave them new strength to continue. Next it was Nancy who faltered, unable to continue. Benjamin fixed a bed of pine needless for her and the child. Then some providence steadied his weakened hand long enough to shoot a deer. They were still in this camp when help reached them.

Andrew, who had pressed on ahead, had reached the ranch of Dr. John Marsh and sent back a rescue party.

THE tattered remnants of the Bartleson party were welcomed at the Marsh ranch. But it was Nancy who brought the most praise. "You are the first American woman in California. With your arrival we cease to be an outpost and become a settlement," Dr. Marsh said as he took her hand. But Nancy only shrank further into the curve of her husband's arm. It was not glory she had been looking for, but a home and safety for her husband and child.

Nancy and Benjamin remained at the Marsh ranch long enough to regain their strength. A home and job had been offered by Captain John Sutter at his fort in Sacramento. They arrived in Sutter's Fort for Christmas.

But Nancy's best Christmas present was the meeting with Mrs. Joel Walker, who with her husband had arrived at the fort from Oregon only a few days before.

It didn't matter to Nancy that Mrs. Walker was to contest her standing as the first American woman in California. They could divide the honors, for Mrs. Walker had come the northern route from Oregon and Nancy was the first to cross the plains. But that Christmas it was enough for Nancy just to talk to another woman again, planning their children's Christmas, and knowing the terrible journey across the plains was behind her.

But after only a few weeks work with Sutter, Benjamin struck out for himself as a trapper and hunter. Nancy went with him to Oregon, where their second daughter was born.

Then, joining up with the Kelsey brothers who had gone to Oregon, the whole family returned again to California. They settled together in the Napa Valley. And it was here, in July, 1846, when the Bear Flag revolt was organized, that the Kelsey boys were among the first to join the surge for independence.

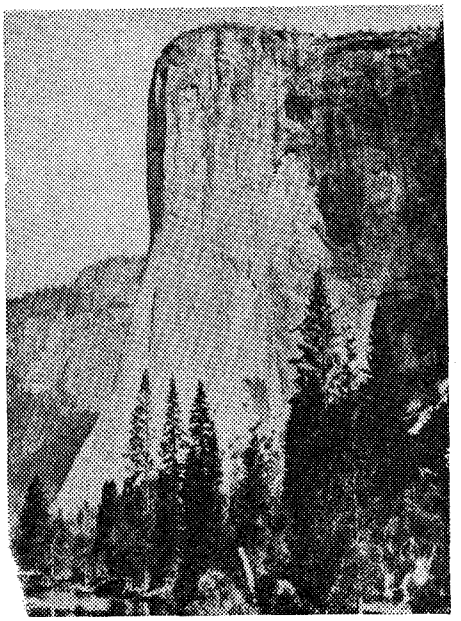
A flag was needed for the New Republic. It was Nancy Kelsey who dug down into her scanty household goods and found the five-foot, yard-wide strip of unbleached muslin. William Todd, a nephew of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, drew the design of the red star and crudely shaped grizzly bear, while Nancy, as California's Betsy Ross, applied the needlework.

But even with this new imprint upon California's history, Nancy still hadn't found the security and home she sought. Benjamin's wanderlust still drove him on and Nancy went with him. She watched her husband make and lose a fortune in the gold rush. They went once again to Oregon, then returned to New Mexico and Texas looking for new trapping grounds. Once they were besieged by Comanches, and Nancy saw one of her daughters scalped before her eyes. Miraculously, the girl survived and Nancy brought her back to California where she cared for her until her death six years later.

In February, 1888, Benjamin died in Los Angeles.

Skunk Rock was a dangerous landmark.

Photo: Missouri State Historical Society



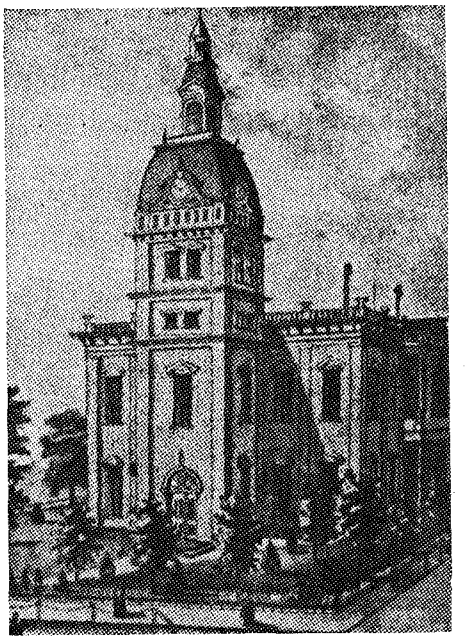


Photo: California State Library

Nancy left this town square for West.

ALMOST fifty years from the date when she had recited her vows in Independence, Missouri, Nancy's wanderings were over. But without Benjamin beside her that dream of a snug, warm little home seemed barren now. But Nancy, without Ben to lead her on, was content to rest now. She retired to a tiny homestead cabin in the Cuyama Mountains, not far from Santa Barbara. There she lived the rest of her life in almost obscurity. But perhaps that is the way she would have wanted it, the Nancy Kelsey of Independence, Missouri, who never asked to be a part of history, but only a loving and devoted wife.

At the age of seventy-three she died alone at the cabin. she was buried in Cottonwood Canyon, close beside her cabin. At one side of her grave is that of her daughter Nancy; on the other, that of an unidentified baby. Above her grave is a simple memorial, raised several years later by the Native Daughters of Taft in hope that her place in California history will not be completely forgotten. But even that brief testimonial has the same modesy that marked the long and active life of Nancy Kelsey:

"Kelsey — 1823-1896 — First White Woman to Cross Plains to California."

Research References:
Material for this article obtained from files of the Bancroft Library and the California State Historical Society.

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LOST GOLD AT LAMPASAS RIVER

(Continued from Page 17)

without trying as it was possible for a man to do at that time. One day young Urvin decided to visit his father at Bertram. In traveling from the Turnbo's where he was employed at the time, young Urvin cut across the McBride settlement, crossing the Lampasas. After crossing the river, he sat down upon a "rock" to wring out his socks which were wet from the river crossing.

The place upon which he had sat down appeared strange to him, round on top, as though man-made. He examined it. It was the top portion of an old stone jar. Prying loose the lid he peered within. It was filled to the brim with gold coins of many sizes and description, some dating back to 1671. Urvin became sly, afraid for his great wealth, and he took a pocketful of the gold coins and covered the jar with earth and brush.

That evening, while at his father's house, a neighbor named John Harte of near Florence who was visiting in the neighborhood, discovered Urvin counting and inspecting the coins. Urvin told Harte that he had won the gold playing poker. But Harte disbelieved him, and he told a Mr. Stanley of his disbelief. Soon, many in the Burnet County area knew that young Urvin had a pocketful of gold coins, and the talk grew.

YOUNG Urvin and a brother, who was at his father's home at that time, returned to the jar, leading a saddle horse with two morrals, or nosebags, thrown over the back of the saddle. These they filled half-way with the remaining gold coins, then covered the jar again with earth and brush. When they returned to Bertram, they told a Eugene Gahn and a man named McDonald of their find. These men spread the story.

At Belton, the story did not go far until it reached the ears of Moses Whitsitt. He went immediately to the *Belton Journal,* telling the editor that young Urvin was wanted for theft. He told that a merchant named Atkinson of Florence, who had been a rare coin collector, was robbed of his collection. He further made the claim that young Urvin's *alias* was Maxwell, or *vice versa.*

How did the matter turn out? This writer has no idea. The story reached him while he was researching other fields. He has no interest what-so-ever in buried treasure, especially where the treasure is said to be gold. This much may be added to aid those who do search for buried treasure. And it will assure them of the fundamental reasons to search for the two mariner's chests containing the cargo of gold the Mexican *marineros* sought in the long ago.

In the *Georgetown* (Tex.) *Sun,* Thursday, August 13, 1885, appeared a letter from Holland, Texas. It was in response to an article which had appeared earlier in *The Sun,* on Thursday, July, 28 1885, which described the discovery of the gold coins by Urvin. It read:

> Dear Sirs:
>
> I found $11,300.00 in Old Spanish coin and have it now in U.S. money. As to my name it is A.C. Urvin. I have both father and mother and two brothers to prove my connections . . . I am now living in the neighborhood of Holland with G.T. Smith. I am no thief or robber. I will be in Belton this week and see you. I can prove as good as character, from my childhood down to this time, as any man in Texas.
>
> Yours truly etc etc
> A.C. Urvin

But what about the seamen's chests and the gold *cargemento de navio?* Did Urvin return and make the greater discovery, one of which he was most certainly unaware when he found the original stone jar and its treasure? Or did the stories of the metal chests of gold start *after* Urvin's initial discovery of Spanish Gold coins?

These questions we must leave to those who study the matter further and pursue the treasure trail. They are only the most sketchy, fundamental facts about the lost gold jar on the Lampassas. They are all that is known to this writer. The two newspaper stories are the only factual material, the balance of the story was gleaned from old timers who contributed bits of fancy and folk lore. So please do not write me asking for information. If you do, I will only shrug my shoulders and reply, with the Mexican *marineros* who once sought the gold, *"Quien sabe?"*

Research References:
All research scources named in article.

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LIEUTENANT CASEY'S JOURNEY TO DEATH

(Continued from Page 13)

valry came to their rescue. On the Fifth there was another skirmish between patrols and hostiles on Wounded Knee Creek. Two days of suspense followed the passing of the storm. No one knew what was going on.

Casey and Getty discussed the situation. The clash on Wounded Knee wiped out Bigfoot's band of ghost dancers, destroyed the cult's faith in the Messiah's Coming, and debunked the magic shirts. Confidence in council talks, had to be restored to prevent the next vengeance clash. In Casey's opinion the old chiefs should set the example for the young firebrands to follow. The old chiefs included Little Wound, Man Afraid, Hump, Two Strike, and the famous Red Cloud.

Casey had put the young Indian, who wanted to win glory by killing a white chief, out of his mind. Out of uniform he would look like any young Indian who'd had some schooling and a hair cut. Ghost dancers would be in hiding. Perhaps they were gathered at the stronghold in the Badlands to await the Army's search for them or the council that would bring a promise of amnesty. This was good logic, but there were other fanatics who hid in villages and posed as neutrals, and one of these frustrated individuals was Plenty Horses, the Brule tribesman.

On January 7th Casey told Getty he was riding up White Clay to call on Red Cloud. Casey had never seen the chief's village or had he ever met Red Cloud. He said by way of explanation, "Someone has to make a move to break this stalemate. The old Chief being blind, it is up to me to approach him with tobacco for a peace smoke."

Casey mounted the saddled, brown horse in front of his headquarters tent, and followed by White Moon and Rock Road headed up the creek on his unauthorized peace mission.

It was, as old Indians used to say, "a good day to die."

The January sunshine put diamond dazzle on the white bedded prairie. On the eastern edge of the world a mass of scudding clouds were trailing after the departed storm. There was growing warmth in the crisp air. Indians were emerging from storm hibernation. Squaws were gathering wood, boys moved horses to storm bared grasslands. Children and dogs romped in the snow.

At sight of three blue coated riders coming up the creek, there was staring but no act of resistance. One fat squaw pulled two youngsters back into a hut. Two old Indians hunkered on the sunny side of the cabin, wrapped in shoulder robes, eyed the passing three with no reply to Casey's greeting, "How-kola." Nor did Casey resent it. Silence was an Indian's prerogative.

The ride with death at its end was a slow operation.

DRIFTS and snow leveled gullies were detoured to avoid mount exhaustion. It left a snaky trail behind them. After four hours of this plodding gait Casey saw a whispy smudge of smoke that lifted from a village beyond

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a snowy ridge. That would be Red Cloud's village in a storm protected hollow.

Two plodding Indians came over the rise. One carried a rifle that gleamed in the sunlight. They were food hunters. The bowman broke trail for the rifle carrier behind. When Casey was a hundred yards from them the rifleman stopped. He, a nondescript figure, wore a red blanket that was hooded over head and shoulders. He stood like a mummy stuck upright in a snowdrift, watching the bowman as he lumbered, with one hand raised in sign of friendliness, toward the three riders. The young Indian's shout and sign indicated he wanted to talk. Casey pulled rein on his mount. The scouts did likewise. White Moon moved up to interpret for Casey.

"He is Skybone," White Moon said. "Him want that we wait here. Him go tell Chief Red Cloud you come. Better we wait."

Casey accepted the suggestion.

Sybone, an Oglala, hurried back over the trail he had made, pausing to tell the rifle carrier to await his return, and disappeared over the rise toward the village of many smokes.

Casey and the scouts dismounted to rest the horses. Casey gave the shoulder hunched mummy only casual attention as he smoked a cigar given him at the Christmas eve party. As he puffed, Casey reflected on the presuasive argument he would use to soften Red Cloud's attitude, Casey assuming that the Bigfoot tragedy had turned his neutrality to resentment. Casey had negotiated terms under similar conditions before. Another look showed that the rifle carrier, who preferred to keep aloof, had turned his back to face the warming sun.

"He come," White Moon announced at the sight of two men hastening over the rise.

Skybone brought a spokesman for Red Cloud, a relative named Pete Richards, who could speak English.

Richards protested before he had even shaken hands with Casey, "You must go back. You must not visit Red Cloud's village. The people are in mourning for the dead friends and relatives killed at Wounded Knee. There is much bitter feeling. It is dangerous even to be seen this close to our village. You must go back. Right away."

Skybone left the two in conference and returned to his waiting associate to resume the hunt. Both young Indians now stood watching the riders, awaiting the outcome of Pete Richard's pleas.

Casey smiled at the alarm. He touched his fur cap in a hand salute, saying, "Present my compliments to Chief Red Cloud, Mr. Richards. I won't enter the village. I just want to top the rise and have a look at the camp." He started to ride foreward, followed in single file by his two scouts, and Pete Richards' pleadings and words of alarm were ignored.

The shot came like a clap of thunder on that bright day. Lieutenant Casey took the bullet meant for him and toppled to the snow. The brown horse came to a stop. It turned its head to look at its master laying on the red blotched snow. The two scouts, expecting a like attack, were in full retreat down White Clay creek. There were no more shots.

Casey's ambush, as White Moon explained the incident to Lieutenant Getty, stunned the Cheyenne Scouts. Getty re-questioned White Moon and then wrote a brief report that stated Lieutenant Casey had been assassinated by a hostile while carrying out a peaceful reconnaissance on Red Cloud's village. The dispatch was forewarded to General Brooks. A wagon was made ready and the troop rode up White Clay to bring back the body of their beloved commander.

The killing incident had brought many Indians from the village. The area around the body was tramped down with moccasin tracks. Only a few Indians remained to face Getty and the scouts. "I warned him," Pete Richards said. "He would not listen. He didn't understand how full of hate and fear our people were."

Casey had not been scalped. His pistol and belt were missing. Some hostile had stolen it.

"Who did it?" Getty demanded grimly of Richards.

"He was just a war excited boy — you know how boys are. He was a Brule visiting — "

"His name, Richards?"

"Plenty Horses."

"Where can I find them?"

"I don't know. The boys ran back to the village. I haven't seen them since. I wouldn't advise going to our camp, Lieutenant. There is much bitterness there. By now many angry followers will come to his defense."

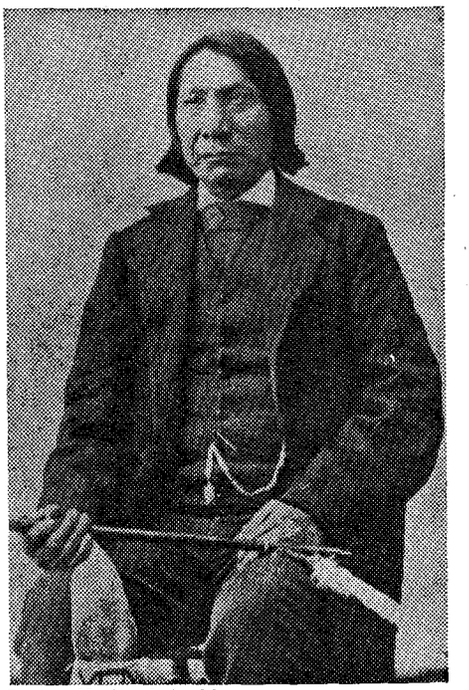


Photo: National Archives

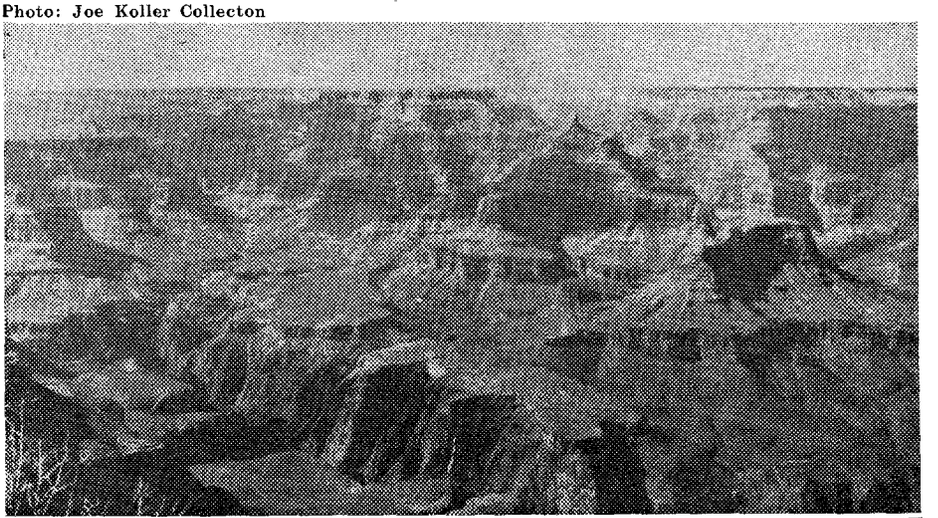
Red Cloud dressed to visit White Father.

GETTY supervised the loading of Casey's remains into the wagon. With his mount in the lead and the troop as an escort, the scouts hauled the remains to Pine Ridge agency. Later, his remains were shipped by train to relatives in Rhode Island. Casey was listed as an aftermath casualty while plans for council talks were pressured from headquarters.

The assassination while on a peace mission made it a civil crime. Plenty Horses was charged with murder. The agent ordered the Indian police to bring him in.

Badlands of the Dakota Territory gave the Indians safety from the U.S. Army.

Photo: Joe Koller Collecton



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The tribesmen called the Indian police, dog-soldiers, who did the white agent's dirty work. The uniformed force were held in contempt by the fanatics. The Wounded Knee tragedy had aroused the hate of even the neutrals. It was dangerous for policemen to enter some villages to arrest anyone, especially a fanatic charged with murder. The military had long before this learned that an Indian would surrender to an overwhelming force for then his standing as a brave man would not lose face, whereas to be captured by a small detail was a reflection on his pride and dignity as an important individual. The police ignored such psychology. Their captain detailed Ben Janis, Charley Provo, and White Wolf to arrest Plenty Horses.

Tension was apparant as the three policemen rode into Red Cloud's village, leading a mule on a rope. They talked to Pete Richards and heard the story of Casey's warning which he ignored. Pete had heard the shot. He saw Casey fall off the horse. When he turned toward the two hunters, a hundred yards away, he saw the rifle in the hands of Plenty Horses. A whisp of smoke was still visable. Skybone was on the ground, in the snow. Richards said he hastened into camp to tell Chief Red Cloud what happened. Red Cloud was angried at the incident. Richards did not know where the two hunters could be found.

TO the shrill keening of squaws, in the lodges, for the victims of Wounded Knee, was added the vociferous protests of Indians who resented the home invasion search for Plenty Horses. A breed told Ben Janis where the two were in hiding. A scolding grandmother was pushed aside and the pair were brought into the open. They were disarmed. Skybone remained sullen and apprehensive. Plenty Horses, praised by fanatics, swelled with bravado. The killing of the white chief had brought him glory.

Ben Janis drew answers from Skybone who had nothing to fear. Skybone related that when he rejoined Plenty Horses the hunter was seething with desire to kill the white chief. They had seen Casey start his horse with intention to visit the village whether Red Cloud liked it or not. That decided Plenty Horses. He lifted the rifle to shoot. Skybone had knocked the rifle down. Then the hunter clubbed him with the barrel of the gun, knocking him to the snow half stunned and dazed. Before he could scramble to his feet to offer further interference Plenty Horses had shot the white chief.

"You are under arrest," Ben Janis told Plenty Horses. "You are coming with us."

"I am not coming to the agency with you," Plenty Horses defined. "And you can't take me."

Indians had gathered around the group. There was a chorus of angry muttering to bolster the killer's resistance. The refusal brought decisive action. Provo and Wolf turned on the crowd with pistols in hand. At the same time Janis made a step forward and smashed a fist into Plenty Horses' jaw. The Indian was knocked headlong

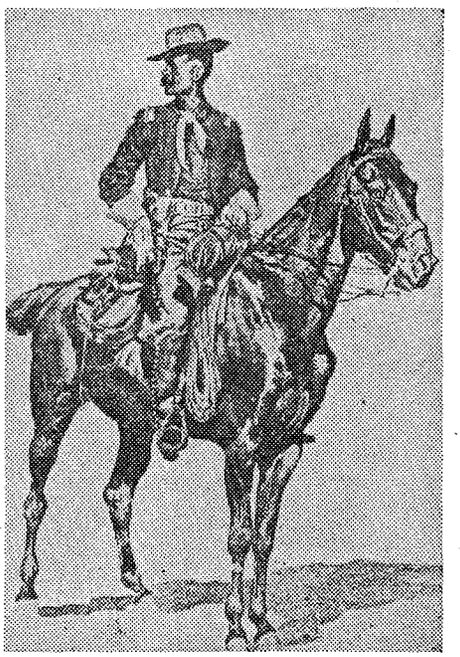

Photo: Joe Koller Collection

Drawing of Lieutenant Casey by friend.

by the blow. Before he regained consciousness he was tied on the mule and the police rode out of camp followed by the jeering shouts of frustrated sympathizers.

At the agency the prisoner was transfered to a train of supply wagons heading out. Eventually reaching Fort Meade Plenty Horses was lodged in the guardhouse. All attention now was centered on the General's peace council that took place on January 12th.

The problem in Dakota evaporated although prejudism was sustained by the coming trial of Plenty Horses for the murder of Lieutanent Casey. The case was to be heard in U.S. Federal Court at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in the spring.

The Indians, being wards of the goverment, the service of two able attornies, Sowers and Noch, were engaged to defend Plenty Horses. U.S. Attorney Sterling, aided by C. E. Howard of Redfield, pressed the prosecution. News interest, public opinion, and trial attendance was at a high level.

Sowers and Noch based their defense on the rights of every American to protect home and country from illegal, armed invasion. The Indians went to war to repel that invasion, to practice freedom of religion, and Casey's death was merged with these acts of war.

The Law called it murder.

Judge Shiras ruled that reservation Indians were dependent people, not citizens, and as such had no right to make war on the government. Because of schooling advantages that permitted the defendent to talk and understand English Plenty Horses was denied an interpreter. Plenty Horses assumed a pose of injured dignity and refused to answer questions.

The defendent's old father attended the trial and created a commotion lamenting that his son was being convicted by prejudism. This received newspaper exploitation.

On April 30th, 1891, a jury deadlocked on a six to six decision. The jury was discharged. A new trial date was set for May 25th.

Over 75 persons were summoned before a new jury was picked. Both the defense and the prosecution were inspired by the hung jury. The attorneys used every angle and advantage they could muster to help their cause. The deciding factor was this: Was the Army's action on the reservation a policing operation or warfare? The testimony of Captain Baldwin, a military expert, convinced the jury that a state of war had existed on the reservation at the time of Casey's death. The slaying of the white chief was not murder. Plenty Horses was acquitted.

Historians and researchers are of the belief that Lieutanent Casey was the last soldier killed in the three hundred year war between the U.S. Army and the Indians of America. Casey was killed January 7th 1891.

Nor were the chief agitators of the Messiah's Coming craze ever punished. Instead, having become famous, One Bull, and Kicking Bear, went on tour with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

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THEY HUNG UP MURIETTA'S HEAD

(Continued from Page 35)

The Mexican and Chinese moved through the low rolling foothills, finally selecting a level meadow area through which Burns Creek cut a tortuous course. Gold values were evident everywhere and even jack-knife mining, arrastras and the most primitive mining methods, provided the claim owner with enough gold dust for tequilla, a woman and perhaps a fling at the high stake gambling which immediately became commonplace with those who, a short time before, barely had enough money to buy a doe skin pouch in which to carry any gold.

WITH such wealth at the grass roots, the boom camp which no one even bothered to name, soon bulged with 15,000 people. And, as there always is, there were brothels, saloons with bonifaces and gamblers, supplies for every type of need, but nowhere is there a record of an early church, a service of which most of these rascals stood in dire need.

Even when a person died, from one cause or another, there was scant time to be taken from thieving, drinking, dancing, gambling and even honest pursuits, to properly lay away a departed brother or sister. Besides, the ground was rocky and harder than a banker's smile, so a minimal effort was expended in grave digging. They simply boxed up the dead, piled rocks high on all sides to resemble a rounded mound, and called it a grave. It was from this practice that the town eventually got its name. Someone observed that the local graveyard looked like a scattering of small bakers' ovens, in which bread was baked in those days. Thus someone translated it into Hornitos, meaning "Little Ovens," and it was a name to conjure with in the lore of the West, in an era and an area where a life meant considerably less than a laugh or a word of love.

Murietta figured largely in an affair was probably one of the bloodiest in the annals of the West. Two of the red-gartered girls sought Murietta's exclusive affection. He was a cool gato, indicating that he wanted first this one, then the other.

Latin tempers mounted as handsome Joaquin refused to choose between the women. Finally, he suggested: "You like me, si?" he asked. "You say you are willing to give your life for me, si?" Both of the women nodded. "Than why not make it decisive? Fight it out — Apache style."

Both women appeared stunned but neither would back off and arrangements were made for the fight. The dance hall girls wrapped their left arms with shaws, selected daggers for their weapons, then grasped the ends of a kerchief between their teeth, which held the women about 18 inches apart. They circled about for minutes, neither striking a blow, then both slashed. One struck at the face leaving a bloody gap across the features and a streak which led to the neck and the vital carotid artery. But before the victim slumped to the floor, her knife had sundered most of the female and vital lower organs of her antagonist. Both women died on the sawdust floor, professing their love for Murietta and cursing each other. Murietta simply smiled, watched them expire, then turned his back to them and resumed his drinking.

BUT not all of Hornitos' crimes were of such a bloody nature. John M. Corcoran, later to make an outstanding record for himself in California judicial circles, was an enterprising young lawyer and was called in to defend a Chinaman who had barely escaped lynching at the hands of a mob which accused him of robbing sluice boxes and stealing revolvers.

With persuasive oratory, Corcoran was able to arrange an impromptu trail and got his client acquitted with the plea that the Chinaman hadn't really been night-roaming with any evil intent, nor upon a sluice-robbing mission even though he had been captured with a night light. He was on the lonely, sad journey to place a lighted punk on the grave of his beautiful young wife who had just died, leaving him desolate and quite alone.

With his client freed, Corcoran walked back to the Chinaman's shack, expressing sympathy on the death of his wife. But the accused simply smiled.

"You good, I don't die," he grinned. "I pay you. You want one gun, two gun, three gun?"

"Where in the world did you get all these guns?" the lawyer asked.

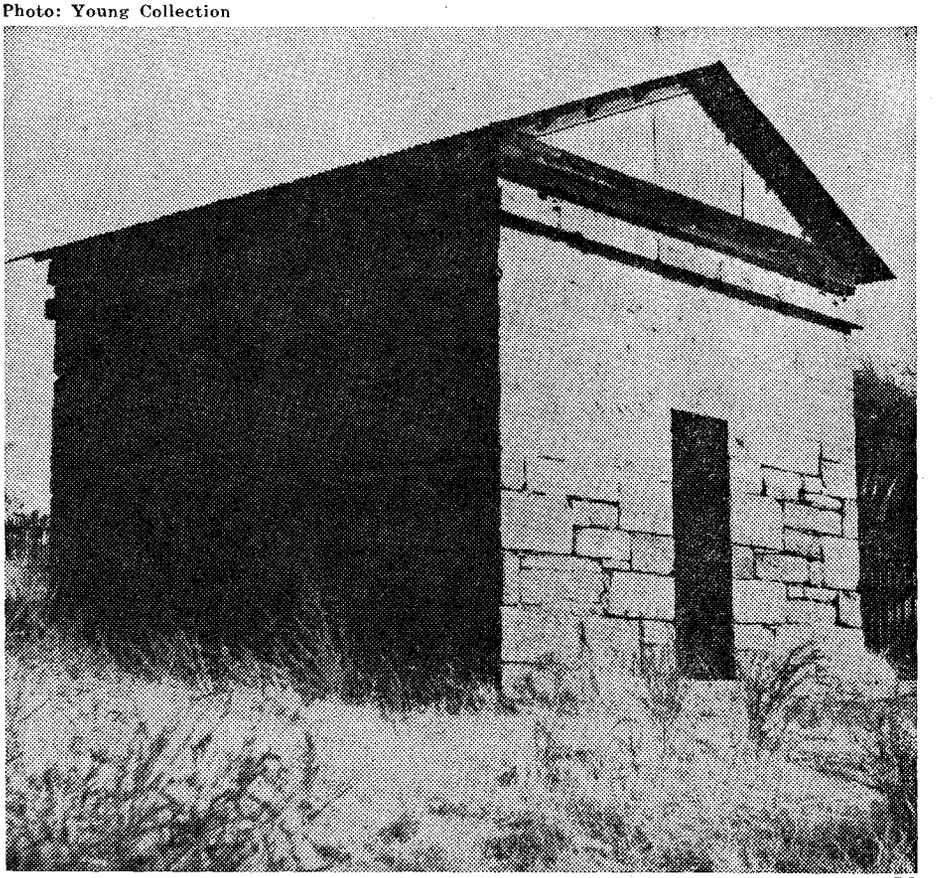
"I gettum one tent, two tent, everywhere," the Chinaman said. "Taken from Mexican, Melican, Mick. Don't care. Take gun, then get sluice gold."

An ethical lawyer, Corcoran didn't feel he could turn even this scamp back to the tender mercies of the enraged mob, but he sternly ordered him from camp and warned him never to return to the Hornitos area under penalty of being exposed for the thief that he truly was.

Another Oriental wasn't quite so fortunate. Fong had been busy working

Fong, the Chinaman, was lured to his brutal death by garrote in this jail.

Photo: Young Collection



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his small claim, taking a minimum amount of gold dust out each day. The Chinese were held in contempt, by even the Mexican children, a few of whom plagued Fong as he worked. They called names and shied small rocks at the sweating Fong until at last even his Oriental calm was exhausted. He picked up his pistol and fired a shot in the opposite direction from the kids. But the bullet ricocheted and hit one of the youngsters in the leg, inflicting a nasty but minor wound. Some miners, working nearby claims, heard the youngsters' screams and when they heard his story grabbed Fong and carted him off to the stone jail so they could decide when to hang him. But as time passed a few of the more emotional miners decided they didn't want to wait for a miners' court. They could deal with this fellow in their own manner.

Late that night a few Hornitos men quietly walked up to the small (one foot square) barred window in the rear of the jail. With the lure of a pipe and some opium to fill it, they lured Fong to the aperture to reach for the bait. When he did someone looped him with a rope and quickly fashioned a slip knot. With Fong securely tied they continued to pull and release him until his brains were a bloody splotch on the stone wall, a stain which some say they can still see on the walls of the jail, (which is still standing).

CURIOUSLY enough, many of the buildings in Hornitos still stand because of the Chinese. Hundreds of coolies were hired to quarry stone blocks then carry them into town on their backs where the stones were used as a part of the jail and many other structures.

While a good many of the buildings have fallen into disrepair through lack of attention, the ruins of the Ghirardelli building remain. (He was the Italian entrepreneur who later founded an immense fortune in chocolate products.)

The village, just as it began, was built around a small area, shaded with the oriental Trees of Heaven (ailanthus) and still persists. There is still a saloon and a few businesses for the small community, which is situated just off the southern end of Highway 49 in California. From time to time there has also been a resurgence of mining activity, though the fixed price of gold keeps this at a minimum. At peak times $40,000 a day was shipped out of Hornitos.

While there was a steady population of 15,000 or more during the 1850s and for many years later, the only real enduring resident was Joaquin Murietta, who repeatedly used the isolated camp as a refuge whenever he was in desperate trouble.

Murietta signed a blood oath to wreak horrible revenge on all Americans when he found the naked, blood-smeared body of his brother after a lynch mob had completed their work. Though only 19 years old at the time, he vowed to kill everyone of the lynch mob he could find and dusty records seem to indicate that he made good on his vow.

Along the way, aided by "Three-fingered Jack" who killed Chinese simply for the pleasure of hearing them scream just before he slit their throats, Murietta killed a great many men himself, sometimes, it seemed, just for the sheer delight of killing. As rewards mounted, Murietta had to be more furtive and use of the Hornitos escape tunnel was more frequent.

But as such situations are wont to do, the Murietta menace had to be extinguished and the menace made into a legend. Thus it was that Captain Love, with the blood-head money in sight, trapped Murietta and killed him, along with Three-fingered Jack. To assure himself of the reward, Love decapitated Murietta and amputated the mutilated hand of Three-fingered Jack. Both were immediately preserved in mescal and taken to Sacramento as evidence to support the reward claim.

All of those associated with the event died, sometimes after a series of misfortunes. A saloon keeper named King purchased the grisly objects and displayed them at $1 a head, but he went broke and the preserved objects were sold at auction to satisfy debts. When Deputy Sheriff Harrison was knocking down the head and hand to the highest bidder, a wild eyed woman dressed in flowing back robes decorated with zodiacal signs screamed: "A curse on you for selling a human head. Your luck will be no better than his."

Harrison killed himself a short time later, and the subsequent owner, a gunsmith named Natchez, was killed by the accidental discharge of a weapon.

Fortunately, the Horror of Hornitos was extinguished when the grisly exhibit was finally and permanently destroyed during the great earthquake and fire of 1906.

Hornitos, still not completely a ghost, whispers of the things that have happened there. And they say that the victims of the horror of Hornitos sleeping in the old cemetery sometimes moan all night long.

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THOSE AMAZING MASTERSONS

(Continued form Page 27)

Bat Masterson gave his brother his tribute, "History will make him one of the great marshals of this era." Bat Masterson is not alone in making this statement. Nyle Miller, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, and Joseph W. Snell of the Society, place Ed Masterson as one of the greatest in their book on the officers of the Kansas cowtowns.

(There seems to be considerable confusion among writers where Ed Masterson was buried. Most writers say he was buried in Boothill. In that year there was no Boothill Cemetery in Dodge City. There was the cemetery on the hill at the edge of the town, called Hill Cemetery. It was started some years before when a number of Buffalo hunters died in a smallpox epidemic. In 1878 it was the "Potters Field" for Dodge City. Those who died without friends or family were buried there. Later it was called, Boothill Cemetery.

Ed Masterson was buried in the Fort Dodge Cemetery. In 1879 the Prairie Grove Cemetery was started in Dodge City and many bodies in the Fort Dodge Cemetery, including the body of Ed Masterson, were removed to this new burial ground. The removal must have been carelessly done because when some years later the Prairie Grove Cemetery was converted into a residential area and the bodies removed to Maple Grove Cemetery, the body of Ed Masterson couldn't be identified. Nyle Miller and Joseph Snell write in their cowtown series that the Dodge City old timers told them Bat Masterson had come back to Dodge around 1900 to locate his brother's grave so he could erect a monument but the grave was never found.)

TWO months later, another Masterson, James, was on the Dodge City Police force. James was something of an enigma, a many sided individual. In the September issue of REAL WEST a short was run, explaining one side of his character. The information was correct but it didn't picture the other side of this Doctor-Jeykle individual.

James had neither the prankish humor of Bat or the kindliness of Ed. He had the dour disposition of a gunman, and possessed a surly and violent temper at times. Of all the peace officers that served in Dodge City he was by far the fastest man with a six-gun. Yet he wasn't a killer. No matter how violent was his temper, he never killed a man unless it was in self defense. He had a deep sense of loyalty, and in many ways was far more dependable than Bat.

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He was often the stabilizing influence for Bat, who sometimes went off on crazy tangents. When Bat neglected to go home to visit his parents, James would round him up and load him on the train for Wichita. And when Bat, because of his prankish humor, often got in embarrassing situations, it was James who got him out of them.

James Masterson was no stranger to Dodge. Up to the death of his brother Ed, James had shown no interest in police work. We can assume that the murder of Ed had a deep effect on him as Ed was his hero and family ties and obligations were strong to James Masterson.

Late in May 1878 Policeman Trask resigned from the force and the position was offered James Masterson and, in memory of his murdered brother, he accepted. Chas Bassett, called the "quiet Marshal," and one of the great peace officers of the West, was marshal. Wyatt Earp and his brothers, with Doc Holiday, had returned to Dodge in May of that year and Wyatt Earp accepted a position of policeman.

(No newspaper story or any other evidence has been found to substantiate the claim of Stuart Lake and others that Wyatt Earp was ever marshal of Dodge. The city records covering Earp's career as a police officer have not been located, giving some ground to the theory that the present day Dodge City, basking in TV fame of Wyatt Earp, is not interested in the real facts being known. This is denied by the city officials.)

On July 30th James Masterson was in the midst of a gun fight that still echoes down through history. As a gun fight, it was not unusual. Probably, it could hardly be classed as a gun battle, according to the standards of the old West, but it is so completely tied with the myth of Wyatt Earp, and has been so distorted, that today it is one of the major points of controversy among the pro and anti Wyatt Earp people.

While this event has been built to fantastic proportions by the pro Earp school here is exactly what happened taken from the July 30, 1878 issue of the Dodge City *Globe*. At three o'clock on the morning of July 26th several Texas cowboys, still drunk from the night's celebration, saddled their horses and started to ride the bridge across the Arkansas for their cow camps. As they passed the Comique Hall, a combination saloon, dance hall, and opera house, they gave vent to their exuberant spirits by sending a barrage of bullets into the building, aiming for the stage and the ceiling.

AT the time there were about 150 customers at the bar and on the dance floor. The roar of the six-guns sent them into a wild panic, some diving under the stage, some running out the front door, others leaped behind the bar, and many fled upstairs, although none of the bullets came within yards of any of the customers.

Policemen Earp and Masterson were patrolling the street near the Comique Hall. They saw the Texans ride for the bridge and took several shots at them. Several Dodge City citizens joined in the firing. None had any idea any of the Texans had been hit until the next morning when one Texas cowboy came riding back into Dodge City with George Hoyt, a 22 year old Texas cowboy, who had a bullet wound in his arm. (In some newspapers the name is spelled Hoy.)

Hoyt admitted he was with the Texas cowboys, but denied he had fired any of the shots at the Comique Hall. Pete Lane, the cowboy with him, backed him up in this claim. Doctor T. L. McCarty extracted the bullet from his arm and was certain then that it would heal quickly. It didn't. Gangrene had set in and on August 21, young George Hoyt died.

(The Earp version of this shooting accepted by the Wyatt Earp fans has the outlaws and Texans offering a large sum of money to anybody who would kill Earp. George Hoyt was not a 22 year old cowboy, but a paid killer sent up from Texas to kill Earp. He took a shot at Earp near the Comique Hall that night, and Earp had a running battle with Hoyt, finally sending a bullet through his heart. All this cannot be confirmed by any research.)

WHOSE bullet hit young Hoyt was never known. With the two officers and several citizens all firing at the same time, any one of them could have fired the bullet that hit Hoyt. The general impression in Dodge City at the time, judging from newspaper accounts, was that James Materson fired the fatal shot as he was by far the best man with a six-gun in Dodge at that time.

On the 6th Dodge City was treated to a demonstration of James Masterson's ability as a peace officer and his clever use of a six-gun without killing a man.

These cowboys were the type that carried on the fight against homesteaders.

Photo: Coronado Room, University of New Mexico

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The setting was the same Comique Hall. Big Jim Fallon, a burly Texan who was roaring drunk, decided that he would take over the bar. He conked the bartender over the head with his six-gun and then, leaping behind the bar, brought his other six-gun out and bellowed, "Now you yellow coyotes, I'm the bartender. Come and get it, if you reckon that way."

His two guns roared. Bullets clipped the floor at the feet of the startled customers, who had backed away. A couple of cattle men, angered at the actions of Pete, started for the bar. Bullets clipped the floor at their feet and they retreated. A call went out for the police. Brown and Earp came running in the saloon but they hesitated when they saw the two six-guns in the hands of Pete.

As they entered the front of the saloon, James Masterson came in a side door and walked, unseen by Pete, to the right and behind the bar. "Pete," he yelled. Pete turned quickly, but before he could make a move with his gun. Masterson's six-gun exploded. The bullet hit the gun in Pete's right hand, sending it flying into the air, and before Pete could get control of himself Masterson was on him and he, Earp and Brown escorted the drunken man to the jail.

Dodge City had great respect for James Masterson, but few knew him very well. His dour, sullen disposition made him difficult to know. Yet the few that knew him well, admired not only his courage but his integrity, too.

On October 5, 1878 there happened in Dodge City one of the most sensational murders in the old West. On that date James Kennedy, the son of the wealthy Texas cattle baron, Captain Mifflin Kennedy, partner of the famous Richard King of the King Ranch, rode into Dodge. James Kennedy was a spoiled rich man's son, arrogant, sadistic, and obnoxious in every way. That evening at the Alhambra he lost heavily, screamed he had been cheated, and was thrown bodily out of the saloon and gambling house by the tough mayor, Dog Kelley, part owner of the establishment.

At around four that morning James Masterson, while on duty, saw young Kennedy ride away from the livery stable and take a sudden turn off Second Avenue, then head South of the railroad tracks toward a shack at the rear of the Western House. Suddenly the stillness of that early morning was broken by two shots fired at the rear of the Western House.

Hardly had the echo of those shots died away when the screams of a woman woke many sleeping residents. James Masterson ran for the frame house where these screams were coming from. He found Fannie Garretson, an actress, screaming hysterically, and on a bed he saw the lifeless body of another actress, Dora Hand, known to the theatrical world as Fannie Keenan.

THE house was owned by Dog Kelley, and it was obvious that young Kennedy had figured Dog Kelley was asleep in the house and had fired into the bedroom to kill him but had killed the actress Dora Hand instead. The dead girl has been the victim of one of the most vile and unfair stories ever written about a Western woman. Nobody knows what wild-eyed Dime Novel writer started the legend, but it has Dora Hand pictured as a beautiful sister of Sin, who plied her trade at night in the brothels south of the tracks and in the day time, dressed in black, would cross Front Street to be an angel of mercy to the sick and needy.

Dora Hand was a highly respected and successful actress. The management of the Comique brought her to Dodge City, July 30th, from St. Louis where she had had a successful stage run. At the Comique she had a star billing and her unusual histrionic ability and pleasing personality made many friends who, if alive today, would be shocked to read that absurd legend about her.

Wyatt Earp, who was on duty that night, joined Masterson at the house where Dora Hand lay dead. Both officers surmised quickly that Kennedy had ridden out of town. Sheriff Bat Masterson, Marshal Chas Bassett, deputy sheriff Bill Tilgham, deputy Bill Duffy, and policeman Wyatt Earp formed a posse and started after the murderer, while James Masterson headed a posse to search the town for the youth on the theory he might have doubled back to Dodge City to hide.

The posse under Sheriff Bat Masterson caught up with the fleeing youth at a ranch near Meade City, 75 miles southwest of Dodge City. Kennedy put up a fight, but a bullet from Bill Tilgham's rifle hit him in the shoulder and knocked him off his horse. When told his bullets had killed a woman, he said, "Killed a woman? My God, why don't you kill me."

Feeling against the killer of Dora Hand in Dodge City was near the lynching point when young Kennedy was brought back to that town. However, all this fury came to nothing and the end of this case is clothed in mystery as this story in the October 29, 1878 issue of the Dodge City *Globe* shows:

FREE AS THE AIR

> Kennedy, the man who was arrested for the murder of Dora Hand, was examined last week before Judge R. G. Cook and acquitted. His trial took place in the sheriff's office which was too small to admit spectators. We do not know what the evidence was, or upon what grounds he was acquitted. But he is free to go on his way rejoicing whenever he gets ready.

One finds a number of hints in the newspapers that there was another man involved in the shooting, but he is never named and apparently was forgotten. It was generally believed in Dodge City that the vast wealth of Kennedy's father had much to do with the astounding acquittal of his son.

With the end of the cattle trade in the fall of 1879, the city fathers, faced with financial difficulties, reduced the salaries of James Masterson and Wyatt Earp to $50.00 a month, but Marshal

The band under Chuck Beeson was the pride of all citizens of Dodge City.

Photo: Kansas State Historical Society

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Bassett's salary remained at $100.00. James Masterson made up the cut in salary by acting as a deputy sheriff to Bat Masterson. As a deputy James Masterson played an important part in the capture of the Cheyennes who left the reservation to commit atrocities in Kansas. The Dodge City *Times,* January 11, 1879 had high praise for his work as a deputy sheriff, commending him for his vigilance and prompt action in arresting offenders of the law.

THE newspapers for the year 1879 indicate that Dodge City was quiet compared to the previous years. The cattle trade had fallen off some, but credit for law and order was given to Chas Bassett, one of the great marshals of those cowtowns, and the help he got from James Masterson.

In September Wyatt Earp, his brother, and Doc Holiday left Dodge City for the West, and one month later Chas Bassett resigned as marshal. James Masterson was promoted to Marshal and Neil Brown was his assistant. Each got a salary of $100.00 a month.

(Reading the Dodge City newspapers over the two periods Wyatt Earp served as policeman and assistant marshal one is struck by two things about Earp. No matter what the residents of Wichita or Tombstone thought of him, the Dodge City newspaper had only praise and indicated he was well liked. However, the newspapers do not list any of the gun battles writers have credited to Wyatt Earp and there is little in any of the newspapers about his work as a policeman aside from the Dora Hand case. The newspapers do refer to him as the part owner of one of the high class saloons and gambling houses and a very astute business man who left the West worth over a half million dollars.)

James Masterson and Neil Brown kept a firm hand on the Texas cowboys and the years passed with a reduction in crime. 1881 was the same, but James Masterson and Brown were caught in the jaws of political strife, as was the case of Ed Masterson. Dog Kelley and his council ruled with an iron hand, and when Mayor Kelley had his henchmen take Mr. Ruby, the agent for the Adams Express Company, to the railroad water tank and duck him a hundred times for writing an article for an Iowa newspaper discrediting the Mayor, the town rebelled and at the city election in April 1881, Mayor Kelley and his entire City Council were badly defeated.

The new administration promptly fired James Masterson and Neil Brown from the police force, and two days after this dismissal, on April 6th, James Masterson got mixed in the personal quarrel which most writers have used to discredit not only him personally but his career as a peace officer.

At the time James Masterson owned the Lady Gay saloon with A. J. Peacock. What caused the ill feeling between James Masterson and Peacock has never been explained, but Al Updegraff, the bartender, figured in the quarrel, with Updegraff taking the side of Peacock. James Masterson's hot temper exploded and he and Peacock exchanged shots.

The trouble might have been adjusted had not Bat Masterson arrived in Dodge City from Trinidad, Colorado, to take the part of his brother. Bat met Updegraff and Peacock on Front Street and the shooting started. Updegraff got a bullet through his chest, which wasn't fatal, and a number of buildings got perforated before Mayor Webster and Sheriff Fred Singer, with a group of citizens, surrounded Bat and stopped the shooting.

Bat was fined $8.00 for disturbing the peace and ordered to leave Dodge and never return. Bat left, but he returned to Dodge many times after that. The feeling was also bitter against James because of Bat's actions, and James, with Charley Ronan, pulled up stakes and went West. The Dodge City *Times,* April 21, 1881, had this comment on James' departure, "James Masterson and Charley Ronan have gone West to grow up with the country."

Yet as the years passed and the emotions died down, the prominent citizens of Dodge City, on the death of James Masterson, issued a written memorial to his memory for his magnificent work as police officer and marshal at Dodge City.

JAMES Masterson joined Bat in Trinidad where Bat was serving as a peace officer. Trinidad was a quiet town and there was little need for a policeman. Across the divide in Colfax county, New Mexico, there was trouble with squatters and homesteaders. James Masterson was hired by the land company to protect the homesteaders and squatters and he was made a deputy sheriff of Colfax County.

Here we run into contradictory evidence about the part James Masterson played in this war of the homesteaders. His enemies in New Mexico claimed he sold out to the ranchers, filled the militia sent to Colfax with false statements, and tried to kill off all the homesteaders.

There is the other side of the story, fairly well confirmed by newspaper accounts and letters from James Masterson to Bat. Heading the homesteaders was Bill Dunn, a grocery man. James Masterson took a pronounced dislike to him and when James took such a dislike to anybody, he could be nasty and difficult.

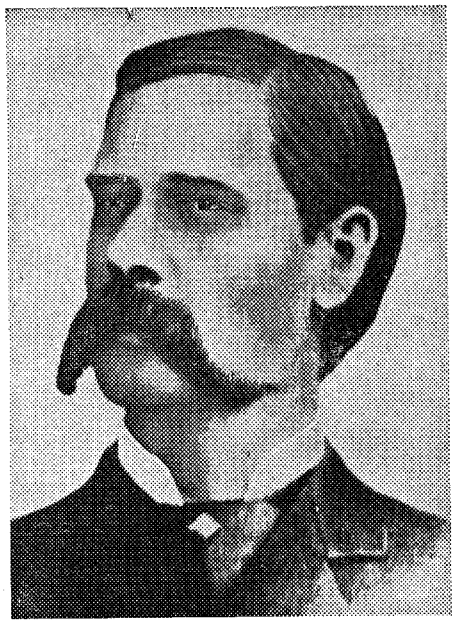

Photo: Dept. of Public Relations, Colorado

Earp was never marshal in Dodge.

Dunn wanted to bring in paid gunmen to fight the ranchers. James Masterson answered, that would only bring bloodshed. The feeling between the two men reached a climax when James Masterson gave Dunn a gun whipping in his store that laid him up for weeks.

This left a bad taste in everybody's mouth. Friends of Dunn, and they were many, organized a vigilante committee and ordered James Masterson to leave New Mexico. By this time James was sick of New Mexico and his job as deputy sheriff anyway and he left.

Bill Doolin was friend of Bat Masterson.

Photo: Oklahoma State Historical Society

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IN January 1889 he was back in Kansas, in Gray County, with Bill Tilghman, who had been called to Ingalls by Sheriff Henry Bell to get the county records from the town of Cimarron This was the climax to the bloody county seat war between Ingalls and Cimarron, with Ingalls winning out in the election. But the citizens of Cimarron refused to give up the county records and stood ready with shotguns to back up their claim.

Bill Tilghman brought an impressive array of deputies with him from Dodge — former sheriff Fred Singer, James Masterson, Neil Brown, Ed Brooks and Ben Daniels.

(Many writers have Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp at Cimarron with Bill Tilghman. This mistake is probably due to the publication of one news story about the Cimarron battle which merely said a Masterson accompanied Tilghman. But the Dodge City *Times*, January 17, 1889 and the Cimarron *Jacksonian*, January 18 1889 (Kansas Historical Quarterly Autumn 1962) names James Masterson as being at Cimarron and not Bat. Bat himself wrote that placing him in that town at that date was a mistake. There is no record that Wyatt Earp was there.)

Tilghman and his deputies entered Cimarron lying on the bottom of a wagon. They got to the building which had been used as a court house and inside where A. T. Riley, County Clerk had the records. He took one look at the Winchesters in the hands of the deputies and let them take the records away. When they asked him to sign a receipt, he told them, "Go to Hell."

The deputies got to the street with the records, but by this time word had spread that they were in town, and most of the male citizens were racing for the building used as a court house, armed with shotguns, Winchester rifles, and six-guns. Bullets from these guns were spraying the ground around the wagon where Tilghman and his deputies were dumping the records.

James Masterson may have proved a failure in New Mexico, but in Cimarron on that day, he was the outstanding hero. He yelled to Tilghman, "Ride out of town. I'll hold the crowd back." His six-guns sprayed the crowd. Three men went down. This brought the others to a halt. Ex-sheriff Fred Singer and Bill Ainsworth stood with James Masterson. Tilghman and his deputies were in the wagon and the team was racing for Ingalls. James, Singer, and Ainsworth had no chance to escape The crowd was closing in on them. They made a dash for the door of the courthouse building, got inside as bullets broke windows and crashed against the door. The crowd attempted to batter the door down. James Masterson stopped this by shooting two men behind the battering ram.

Sheriff Bell returned to Cimarron with a number of responsible citizens. They held a conference with the crowd, and the three lawmen were allowed to leave Cimarron. The battle cost the life of K. W. English of Cimarron. Jack Bliss, Lee Fairhurst, and John Harrington of Cimarron were wounded. Two other Cimarron citizens were wounded, but their names weren't given. For the deputies, Ed Brooks got a bullet in the back and two in the legs, but he recovered.

Photo Kansas State Historical Society

The much maligned Dora Hand, the victim of a cruel story about her moral life.

On April 22, 1889 Oklahoma was opened to white settlers and Bill Tilghman, and James Masterson went to Oklahoma where they became Deputy United States Marshals under U.S. Marshal Ed Nix. Bill Tilghman's record in Oklahoma is historic. James Masterson never received much publicity there. United States Marshal, Edward Nix, had this to say about James Masterson, "He was the bravest man I ever knew, and with this bravery a superior intelligence. What he contributed to law and order in Oklahoma merit much more notice than he has received. He was one of my finest deputies."

JAMES Masterson's greatest feat came on September 1st 1893 at the famous battle of Ingalls. Ingalls was the outlaw town that harbored Bill Doolin and his gang. Deputies had managed to get into the town that morning riding under the hay of a hayrack, but once in the town, which was quite a trick, they found things too hot for them.

Arkansas Tom was in the attic of the Mary Pierce Hotel and his rifle was picking off the deputies as fast as they showed themselves. Deputies Dick Speed, Tom Houston, and Lafe Spandley were dead within a half hour after the 14 member posse of Deputies arrived. Arkansas Tom's rifle was doing the greatest damage.

Suddenly James Masterson stepped out from behind a tree. He was holding two sticks of dynamite in his right hand. A bullet from Arkansas Tom's rifle hit him in the left shoulder, but he kept on walking, as he got near the frame hotel building, he lit the fuse to the dynamite.

"All right, Arkansas Tom," he yelled, "You can kill me, but I'll blow you and that building to hell at the same time."

Arkansas Tom was convinced. He came out of the Mary Pierce Hotel with his arms above his head and James Masterson snuffed the burning fuse. Bill Doolin and all his men except Arkansas Tom and Bitter Creek Newcomb, who had been wounded, escaped through the rear of a livery barn on their fast horses.

But it was James Masterson's feat that brought an end to Ingalls as an outlaw town and aided materially in breaking up the Doolin gang.

In 1895 James Masterson died. Old Tom, the father, almost outlived all of his three famous sons, dying January 12, 1921 in Wichita, Kansas, only nine months before Bat died at his newspaper desk in New York City of a heart attack on October 25th, 1921.

It was truly one of the amazing families of tht old West.

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MYSTERY OF THE BEAUTIFUL SILVER HEELS

(Continued from Page 33)

Fairplay was a wild mining camp in the early days. New strikes brought in the miners and the miners brought in the saloon keepers and dance hall girls. In the fun-starved, woman-starved atmosphere of a roaring gold camp, any woman was an attraction. But Silver Heels would have attracted attention in the best San Francisco hotels. She came into town one day on the morning stage, put on silver encrusted dancing slippers and went to work at one of the halls for a dollar a dance.

"Call me Silver Heels," he had said with a pleasant laugh.

The name stuck and no one ever asked her another. Besides, when a beautiful woman turned up on the rough frontier to work in the dance halls it was assumed she had a past that needed no explanation or excuse.

Perhaps time and circumstances have softened the image of Silver Heels. Men with an ache in their hearts remember what they want. They tend to overlook the tawdry and focus on a vision of idyllic beauty.

For that is what the men of Fairplay remembered. A petite woman in her early twenties with sad, dark eyes and a coquettish lift to her tiny nose. This is how the men of Fairplay described her! "The most beautiful woman on the frontier." Maybe it was true, and maybe it was only the way they thought of her.

Winter came early to the Colorado Rockies in 1860. The first snows swept through the valleys from the cloud-covered peaks but there was time tomorrow to dig out from under the driving snow that was covering Fairplay. That particular night the tired miners forgot the snow, poured another round of drinks, jostled the fiddler so he wouldn't go to sleep and then had another go at trying to stomp out the floor. Occasionally a bright glint from a heel — a silver heel — would catch a yellow ray from a coal-oil lamp.

"Get that fiddler onto another tune," someone shouted.

"Got to keep moving to stay warm tonight," another voice called.

Hardly anyone noticed when several miners left early. "Feeling poorly," was all they said as they crept back to the barracks.

But two days later men began dying. Increasing numbers of them fell victim to a disease that a transient doctor soon diagnosed as smallpox.

Panic swept the Fairplay mining district.

Many persons left as quickly as they could, business in the saloons fell off, work at the mines was at a standstill; the dance halls closed when most of the girls scurried back to Leadville at the first hint of the epidemic.

Those who took sick and died were carried to the small cemetery overlooking the town while those who survived were to carry the disfiguring scars of the dread disease for life.

SILVER Heels elected to stay and help nurse the men back to health. There was little she — or anyone — could do to aid a stricken man. Smallpox in the 1860's simply ran its course. Either a victim lived, or he didn't.

Nevertheless, Silver Heels proved a tireless nurse. She pushed up her full-length sleeves, tied her flowing hair into a severe bun and ministered what comfort she could.

To cheer the ailing men she wore her dancing slippers — those with the bright silver heels. Often she would spin a quick step in the center of a dingy cabin for the benefit of a sick man. Old timers swear that several men died with a smile on their faces after watching Silver Heels perform.

Most of the men urged her to leave Fairplay before she too was struck with smallpox. But she refused, preferring instead to keep visiting, cheering, ministering until exhaustion forced a few hours of rest.

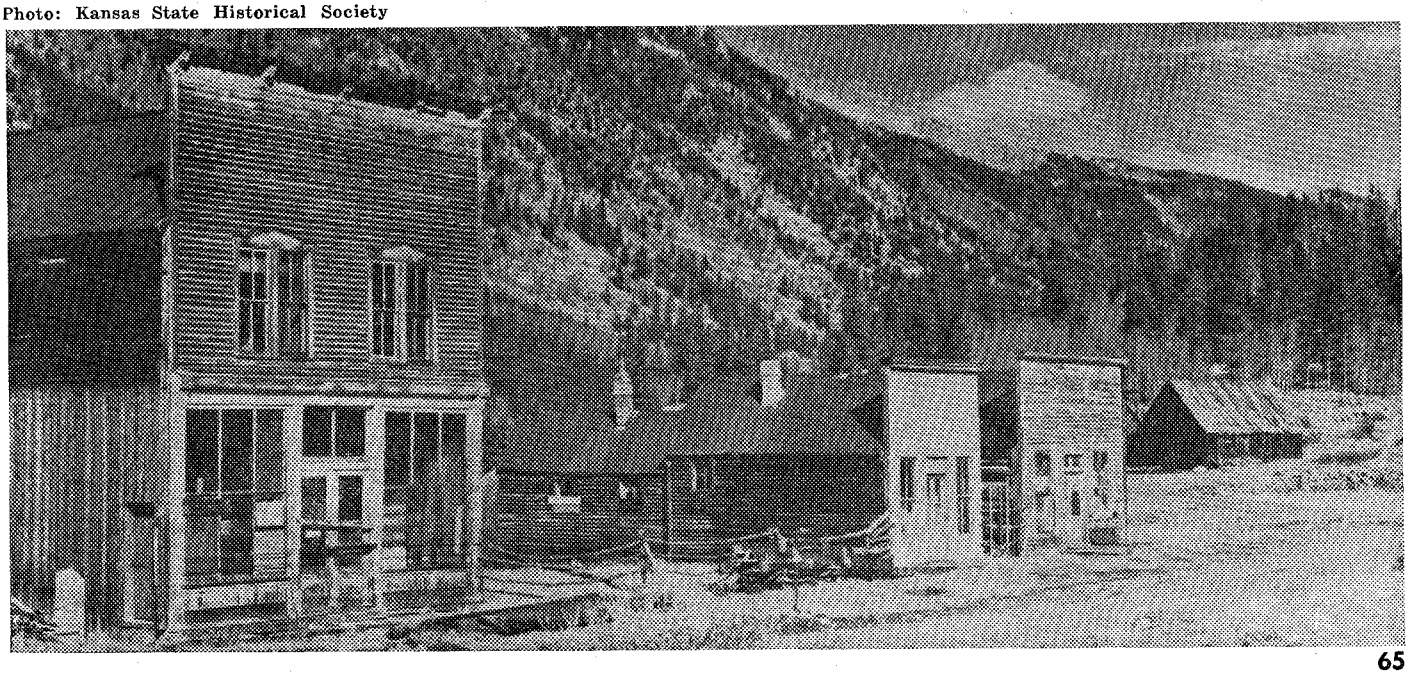
Silver Heels continued making her visits until — one day — she lay close to death with smallpox. The terrible suddenness of the onslaught of the disease stunned the miners and they gathered about in small groups. Burly, hard-as-rock men brushed their eyes dry when they heard the news.

A few men took turns sharing the ordeal of the siege. They comforted her through the long hours in the darkened cabin. They brought her food and reported, at last, to the rest of the camp that Silver Heels was out of danger.

In fact the worst was over for Fairplay. Gradually life returned to normal as the epidemic tapered off. But Silver Heels never appeared in public again. Those who had seen her shook their heads sadly as they told how the scars had marred her delicate beauty.

A typical ghost town in Colorado where in days past drama of Silver Heels was played in many of these towns.

Photo: Kansas State Historical Society



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"Reckon she wants us to remember her as she was," some said.

But others were just as certain. "We can't let that poor girl sit alone in her cabin the rest of her life," they said.

"She ought to be told she's got friends."

"If that girl hadn't stayed to help us she never would have taken sick."

Gradually the idea of a collection took hold. It was simple, a direct act of appreciation that anyone in that hard region could understand. The fund swelled to over five thousand dollars in a matter of minutes.

Not knowing quite how to phrase their presentation, the miners went to her cabin. A gentle knock on the door brought no response. A second, louder knock also went unanswered.

That was when the men first learned that Silver Heels had left Fairplay. They stood dazedly around the cabin for almost an hour; talked of organizing a search and racked their brains for clues.

Where to start? No one knew her name or where she had come from. Not one man of the forty or so milling about that cabin had even the slightest idea of where to begin.

She had taken everything she owned. Everything that is, except three things. Two ornately embroidered dance gowns lay crumpled in a corner atop a pair of silver-heeled slippers.

MINERS from Fairplay made inquiries wherever they went. But no trace of Silver Heels was ever found. "Can't help you if you don't know her name," was the blank wall that blocked every inquiry. After a few years even the inquiries stopped.

The heartsick men were determined, however, that the memory of Silver Heels would not disappear as easily as she herself had. An unnamed mountain that rose to alpine proportions was selected as a monument. With a minimum of self-conscious ceremony, the men christened it "Silver Heels Mountain" and sent offical pronouncements off to map-makers and government officials in Denver and Washington.

There is only one recorded incident — the woman in black who visited the cemetery in 1880 — that offers the flimsiest hint of what happened to the once lovely Silver Heels. Although the sentimental old men of Fairplay swore the woman was Silver Heels, no one really knows for sure.

And perhaps it is better that this woman remain a nameless legend. Were all the questions answered, there might be facts to detract from the tribute given her by a bunch of crusty miners. It might come out, for example, that a less than savory past forced Silver Heels into the mountains. A detailed study of her later life might detract attention from her one crowning moment of self-sacrifice. Then too, a harsh photographic look at her might betray that her famed beauty was largely the invention of lonely men.

It is best that she remain one of Colorado's most tantalizing enigmas. The dancing slippers have long since tarnished but her name has not. Mount Silver Heels still stands protectively over the old mining town of Fairplay.

Research References:

This article is based on letters and stories recorded at the Colorado State Historical Society.

RW

THE GENTLE BANDIT

(Continued from Page 9)

of the twelve thousand dollar haul to British Columbia, Canada.

THERE he took up ranching under an assumed name. The slightly built, gentle-mannered frontiersman was liked by all who met him.

Later, in the guise of hired men, three other outlaws arrived at his ranch — Thomas Dunn, Rufe Hammel, and Louis Colquhoun. Shortly afterwards, in May, 1904, there occurred the first train hold-up in Canada's history. The four bandits were soon richer by thousands of dollars from the train mail safe.

Eighteen months later a Great Northern train was held up by three masked bandits near Ballard, Washington.

The police felt sure that Miner was behind the crime. But where was he hiding? They had no clue to connect him with the rancher in British Columbia.

Miner kept everybody guessing until May 9th, 1906. On that night a Canadian Pacific express, westbound through the Rocky Mountains, was held up.

This time the bandits came away empty-handed. They eluded a police cordon, but two days later, almost sixty miles from the scene of the hold-up, a tracker found fresh, tell-tale signs. Presently he heard voices.

Through the bushes he saw three heavily-armed men sitting round a fire. They were still there when the tracker returned with a posse.

CHALLENGED, the bandits reached for their guns. But the only shot was fired by a lawman. It hit one of the robbers in the thigh. The two others surrendered.

The three were identified as Thomas Dunn, Louis Colquhoun and Bill Miner. Tried and found guilty, they were sentenced to life imprisonment.

As the prison gates clanged shut, the authorities heaved a sigh of relief, believing that they had at long last ended Miner's lawless career.

They were wrong again. Miner escaped in 1907 and remained at large for nearly four years. The police began to think — and hope — that he had died of old age.

But Bill Miner was very much alive! On February 11th., 1911, when a train halted at White Springs, Georgia, five armed and masked men appeared. Within a few minutes they had looted the express car and galloped away.

Tracks revealed that the robbers had separated. One distinct set of tracks led towards the hamlet of Gainesville, which was encircled and combed.

An elderly man was seen in the garden behind his cottage. A detective decided to question him — and recognized Bill Miner. A search of the cottage revealed part of the proceeds of the train robbery.

Again Miner was sentenced to life imprisonment. Again he escaped. His spirit remained as wild and lawless as ever, and in California he tried to hold up a train single-handed. It was his last effort, and his refusal to use his gun on the detective who caught him gained him even more public sympathy.

Finally, quiet and gentle to the last, Bill Miner died where he had spent so much of his life — in jail.

Mrs. Thomas Hurly, an elderly lady in Vancouver, British Columbia, still remembers Miner whom she knew as a teenage girl. She was shocked when she learned the truth about Miner, but she said to me, "Bill was wild and reckless, but always the gentleman. So please portray him as much."

Research References:
Provincial Archives, Parliament Building, Victoria B.C.
Old files of the B.C. Provinical Police.
Portland *Oregonian*, September 24th, and 25th, 1903.
Files of the old California newspapers in the California Historical Society.
Mrs. Hurly, wife of an eminent Vancouver lawyer, now in her late eighties, often went riding with him when she was a teenager and Miner posed as a rancher in Vancouver. Mrs. Hurly followed his career with intense interest and made extensive notes she allowed me to study.

RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

the defense of the Alamo a blunder. Sam Houston was so angry at Travis for making a defense there he hesitated in sending help. Yet if it was a blunder, it was a heroic blunder and probably did more to secure the independence of Texas than anything else. It united Texans and when the news of the Alamo spread over the United States volunteers by the hundreds journeyed to Texas to fight on the side of the Texans.

Q. Where did the Quarter Horse originate? Kim Scown, 987 Redwood Highway, Garberville, California.

A. The Texans claimed the Quarter Horse was developed in Texas by crossing a thoroughbred stallion with a black pony mare, but it has generally been accepted that the Quarter Horse originated in Virgina and the Carolinas in the Colonial days and was used as a race horse for the quarter mile, hence its name.

Q. Could you tell me the relationship between Temple Houston and Sam Houston? Diana Richman, 19 Porter Street, San Francisco 10, California.

A. This is one of the continuing arguments about the old West and we asked Harold Preece, the Texas authority, to give us the answer. His answer is that Temple Houston was the son of Sam Houston.

Q. Being a Texan away from home, I would like to know the origin of the Lone Star. Mrs. Adele Carruthes, Mission, Kansas.

A. There are several legends about the origin of the Lone Star. One has Henry Smith, the provisional governor of Texas when Texas declared her independence from Mexico, sealing his papers with a brass button from his coat which had a single star surrounded by an oak wreath. The second legend is that a Mrs. Vernon presented a flag with the Lone Star on it to a Texas regiment and the star was adopted as the first national standard of Texas.

Q. Can you give me the ballad of the Long Rider? John Burkman, Box 293, Westport Point, Massachusetts.

A. The Long Rider was an outlaw or a bad man. His ballad went:

"Long riding, she's an easy life!
A life that's full of fun.
The prairie is our lodging house,
The moon, it is our sun."

Q. Who was a "Long Hair" in the old West? Charles R. Roach, Watertown, New York.

A. A "Long Hair" was any man who wore his hair long, but long hair sometimes carried with it a certain disgrace. Cowboys were suspicious of any long haired man because horse thieves, who escaped the noose by having an ear cut off, wore their hair long to hide the missing ear. But Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickcok, and others wore their hair long through vanity. Yet if anybody had called them a "Long Hair" in the sense the cowboy meant it, it would have brought a swift bullet for the insult.

Q. My grandfather has a heavy percussion rifle wtih the name of the Maker so faint it is hard to make out, but I believe it is Dimick. Was there such a gunsmith in the old days? L. Powder, General Delivery, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A. Horace E. Dimick was one of the pioneer gunsmiths of the West. His shop was at 38 Main Street, St. Louis, which he established in 1849. As St. Louis was an outfitting town for the plains in that year, it was a good gun town. Dimick's heavy percussion "Plains" rifles were a favorite for many years. He also manufactured percussion revolvers and derringers. In 1860 the company name was changed to H.E. Dimick & Company and his factory was at 42 North Main, St. Louis. At that time he employed 26 gunsmiths. He died in 1874.

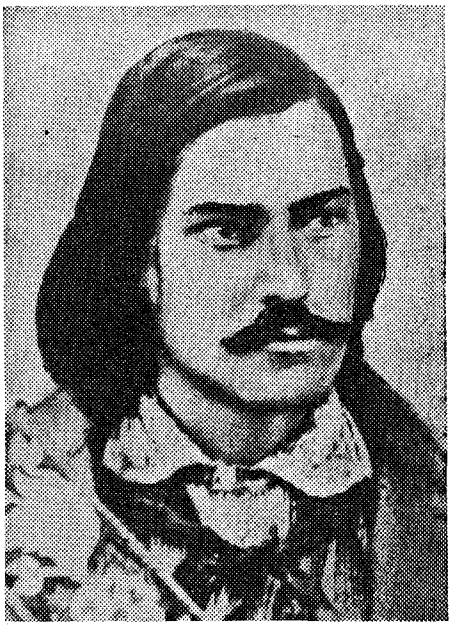
Q. Is it true that the Kiowas invented the Indian sign language? J. Qualey, 5 Weehawken Street, New York, N.Y.

A. Legend among the Plains Indians has it that the Kiowas, because they were the go-between for the north and south Indians, as well as the Mexicans, originated the Indian sign language, but few authorities accept this. They call attention to the fact the sign language was used in all parts of the country by the different Indian tribes, and the Kiowas never had contact with tribes outside of the Plains state. Also these authorities state that the sign language differed in many parts of the country, showing that each had a different origin.

Q. As we have read so much about the Big Bend in the Missouri River could you tell us where it is located? Mrs. Carlton Brown, Hotel Lassen, Wichita, Kansas.

A. The famous Big Bend in the Missouri River is located a few miles north of the present city of Chamberlain, South Dakota. Here the river flows in four directions. Time has changed it from the days of the Missouri River boats. Then it was twenty five miles around by water, but only a half mile across the neck. Passengers in these boats often would get off and walk across the bend to wait for the river boat.

Q. I would appreciate any information you can give about Luther Sage Kelly, known as Yellowstone Kelly. Chuck Nowak, Mesa Terrace, Route 3, Box 1F, Yuma, Arizona.



A. Luther Sage Kelly was born in Geneva, New York in 1849 and grew up along Seneca Lake which was deep in the Indian lore. By lying about his age he got in the Union army just before the surrender of the Confederacy. His regiment was ordered to Minnesota and later to the Dakota Territory. He was discharged in 1868 and remained in the West to become one of the most famous of all Indian scouts. He was the first man to explore the Yellowstone and thus got his name "Yellowstone Kelly." He was scout for General George A. Forsyth who was sent by the government to map the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone. Kelly spent the last twenty years of his life on his ranch near Paradise, California, dying December 17, 1928.

Q. What can you tell me about the Shoshonee Indians? Jon Flahiff, 1524 Herrin, Redondo Beach, California.

A. The Shoshonee stock included many of the tribes in the mountains of the Northwest. The Shoshonee, sometimes called the Snakes, lived in the Snake River south of the Salmon Mountains. The Bannocks and the Panocks lived on the same river, south of the Shoshonees. The various tribes of the Utahs lived in the Utah basin and at the head waters of the Colorado River. The Modocs lived in Southwestern Oregon. The Kiowas and the Comanches were also of the Shoshonee stock, but were separated from the other tribes by the mountains.

Q. How important was the spear or lance to the Plains Indians? George Mallory, 815 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

A. Next to the bow, it was the great offensive weapon for the Plains Indians. Unlike the lances of old, used by knights, the Indians preferred a limber and pliable pole. The Comanches and the Apaches often used the long dry stalks of the soap plant. The lightness of the spears made them effective in throwing, and all Indian warriors were experts with the spear or lance.

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LONNIE'S MAGIC GUN

(Continued from Page 39)

For a minute, Lonnie wavered. He recalled that there had been a Texan who'd let himself be adopted by the Comanches. "Bosque" John McLennan he was called. After he'd returned to his own people, he'd persuaded a raiding party to settle for some bushels of corn instead of scalps when it had threatened the pioneer communities along the Bosque River.

Lonnie saw himself as the first white chief of the Comanches — their foster-son who would lead them to new ways of getting along with whites. Once he succeeded Eagle Claw, the hatchet would be buried forever. Comanches would race horses and hunt antelope with settlers. Indians would no longer fight and scalp Rangers nor Rangers fight and scalp Indians. Men would speak of Lonnie Moore with even greater awe than they did of Bosque John. The rivers would run only with water and not with blood. All would be peace and happiness in Texas so that never again would the war whoop sound across her borders.

It was a pretty dream: as pretty as it was fleeting. Seeing the boy's hesitation, Eagle Claw edged closer.

"Me give you f i n e gifts," he said. "Me give you gun like this." He held aloft a handsome rifle with a half-silver stock which had come via some gun runner from Mexico. His eyes looked disdainfully at the Dan'l Boone Rifle. "You throw that thing away. Good only for squaws to punch fires with."

That broke the spell — the insult to Lonnie's beloved gun, which he'd waited so many years to possess. "Go to thunder," he blazed. "I don't want any of your guns. But I'll some day be meeting you again with this one — barrel end first."

He hoisted the empty rifle to his shoulder and began backing his horse away. Eagle Claw's arm shot out to grab for the boy. Lonnie ducked and his fingers closed around the bowie knife — that dependable gadget of Cousin Jim's. The chief lunged at him again, and the blade foiled the pass with a deep slash across the big paw of the Comanche.

The chief howled with pain, then spurred the charger in a swift lope toward some nearby hills. Lonnie watched him ride away, his good hand tight on his bridle rein, his wounded one held to his mouth as he sucked at the flowing blood. Once Eagle Claw looked back, his face stewing with rage. By that time, however, the fight was ended. As the chief disappeared from sight Lonnie rode out to meet his comrades returning to the crossing after routing the Comanches.

After he'd helped them round up the stolen horses for return to their owners, Lonnie sat down on a rock. He laid the Dan'l Boone Rifle across his knees. Afterwards, he took out his bowie knife and carved four notches in the hard metal. They looked fresh and shiny beside the rusty dull ones left by Old Dan'l seventy years before.

The Battle of Presidio Crossing was the first decisive victory scored by Big Foot Wallace's Ranger corps against one of the toughest Comanche bands that ever prowled Texas. Out of fifty braves in the war party, the Rangers had slain thirty. Shortly thereafter, Eagle Claw and the shattered remnant of his warriors beat a sullen retreat to Indian Territory.

Yet it was not the loss of manpower but the loss of face that hastened the chief's exodus. It had been a deep blow to his pride when a boy of the hated race had spurned his offer of adoption. But what rankled worse was the boy's capping the insult by drawing his blood.

Frontiersmen and friendly Indians cautioned Lonnie that Eagle Claw would never forget the blow to his pride. "Keep your gun loaded and your eyes open," Big Foot advised, "because you'll damn sure be meetin' up with that redskin again."

Lonnie shrugged his shoulders at all their warnings. If he ever thought of Eagle Claw, it was as a pest who had vanished. Now with the Comanche out of the way, he and the Dan'l Boone Rifle were free to pay their courtesies to other breeds of troublemakers.

Boy and rifle, they did their job. They helped start desperadoes, swarming into the Medina country from San Antonio, on their way to the gallows or Boot Hill. They did their share in stamping out evil syndicates whose merchandise was guns and whiskey peddled to Indians. At the end of a year, their praises were on everybody's lips — the boy who rode and fought like a man to uphold such law as existed in Texas, the gun that spoke so eloquently on a second frontier after having blazed out its own saga on the first.

LONNIE'S fifteenth birthday was also h i s first anniversary as a Ranger. During that year, he'd earned m o r e citations than any man in the company and had shot up to man height of five feet nine. He was remarking jokingly to a comrade that Ranger service had made him grow when Big Foot Wallace strode into camp and glumly handed him a piece of paper.

He could hardly believe what was written on the paper. But the document signed by the governor added up to his discharge from the Rangers because, the words said, he was "under minimum enlistment age of eighteen."

It was a sorry way of rewarding courage. But Lonnie accepted it without a whimper. Whatever the foolish action of some hidebound office-holder, he'd been a Ranger once and had made his mark as one. Just three years more, then he could enlist again with nobody daring to challenge his age as now nobody ventured to question his nerve.

For the next year, he busied himself with chores on his father's ranch. But his neighbors saw to it that his valor and experience were not wasted when

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a big ring of horse thieves began making off with their ponies.

They prevailed upon him to accept a deputy sheriff's commission and go after the gang. He became Texas' youngest deputy as he had been its youngest Ranger. One by one, he marched the horse thieves to justice at the business end of the Dan'l Boone Rifle. Then he primed the old gun to deal with sundry characters who regularly robbed the San Antonio-Del Rio stage. Boy and gun put so many of them out of business that the gang's few survivors abruptly ceased operations and departed to Mexico.

He was wearing a deputy's badge when Texas pulled out of the Union to join the ill-fated Confederacy. Thousands of men left home to join the Confederate armies, leaving the state's frontiers exposed to red warriors and white ruffians drifting in for pickings. Every able-bodied man was needed for one type of fighting or another.

Lonnie Moore was the first man to join an enlarged company under the command of Big Foot Wallace. By that time, he stood six feet in his socks. But still the Medina settlers spoke of him affectionately as Little Lonnie.

He felt that he was back where he belonged when, for the second time, he took the Ranger oath before Big Foot Wallace. 'Better put away your Dan'l Boone gun as a keepsake and let me give you one of these new Jennings repeaters," Big Foot advised. "I hear that your old chum, Eagle Claw, has slipped across Red River into Texas. He may be looking you up."

"Thanks," Lonnie laughed, patting the barrel of his venerable weapon. "This said howdy to Eagle Claw once. I reckon it'll give him a warm welcome if he pokes his nose around here again."

Four weeks after he'd rejoined the Rangers, a courier brought word that Eagle Claw had wiped out a ranch in the Palo Pinto Mountains, three hundred miles north of Medina County. The courier reported that the war band numbered fully a hundred braves. Two weeks more, and the Comanches struck at the tiny settlement of Barry's Gap, just a hundred and fifty miles away. Lonnie realized that the cunning old chief was proceeding in a straight line toward the Medina, taking his toll of life as he went along, thumbing his nose at outfits of rookie Rangers trying to stop him.

Due south, the tide of death kept moving. One hundred miles from the Medina, and a party of Mexican wagoners camped by a spring were the next victims of Eagle Claw. The wagons carrying merchandise to Laredo were pillaged, but one man was spared to carry a message to Lonnie Moore.

"He say that he coming to kill you, Senor Moore, because you make him feel bad by not being his son," the Mexican informed Lonnie in the Ranger camp on the Medina. "He say that he shoot all the whites and then he have back his hunting grounds. *Madre de Dios,* what a devil."

It was not concern for his own life but the threats made by Eagle Claw against the settlers which persuaded Lonnie that his Ranger company must take the offensive and head off the advancing horde. Even so, he had a hard time persuading Big Foot Wallace who preferred lying in ambush for Eagle Claw at Seco Creek on the County's edge.

"At the rate Eagle Claw is traveling, he may get to Seco Creek first and ambush us," Lonnie retorted. "I say we have to stop him before he hits the county."

They set out to scout a wide area after Big Foot had given in. For a week, they prowled thickets and creek bottoms to find the ashes of Indian camps but none of the warriors had kindled the fires. The Dan'l Boone Rifle looked as dejected as its owner when the Rangers rode back to Medina County.

Dan Moore was waiting at their camp when they got there. His face was taut and drawn. "Death in the family, son," he informed Lonnie. "Eagle Claw's bunch attacked Pete Ketchum's ranch while you were gone. Pete's dead — his scalp ripped from his head."

LONNIE stood there stunned, cursing himself for his foolishness. He had led the Rangers out of Medina County on that wild-goose chase which had profited them nothing. But during their absence, Eagle Claw and his Comanches had managed to slip into the county unchallenged by the men who should have been there to defend it. And it had suited the chief's purpose to draw the first blood from the family of the man he hated most — Pete Ketchum had been Lonnie's brother-in-law.

Now blood could only be revenged in blood. The Comanches must be driven forever from the Medina and Eagle Claw must die — die by the hand of Lonnie Moore.

Big Foot put him on detached assignment to round up settlers who might reinforce the company in the major tasks that lay ahead. But even as he went recruiting, Eagle Claw struck twice more in Medina County. The Comanches overtook a girl in the woods, and Rangers found her still alive after she had been scalped. A day later, the war band swept down on the Redus Ranch, burning all the buildings and killing a young puncher named Archie Hood.

Within four days, Lonnie had assembled a force of embittered settlers.

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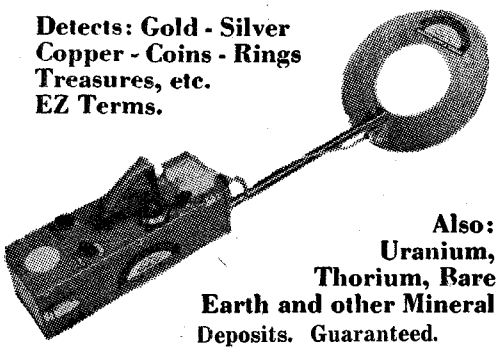

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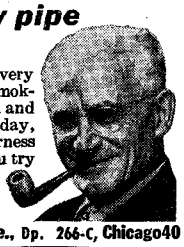

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Settlers and Rangers trailed the Indians down the small Chicon River to Sabinal Canyon. Smoke and the lazy echo of words spoken in Comanche revealed the location of the enemy to the pursuing Texans on that warm morning when bees buzzed in the patches of newly blossomed bluebonnets.

The Texans opened fire on the few sentries posted at the canyon's rim, then spurred their horses down the steep path to its bottom. The surprised Comanches sprang to their feet from their lounging places on stumps and rocks to resist desperately with whatever weapons were at hand. Some grabbed at rifles. Others snatched up bows whose loud twang sounded above the fury of warriors fighting and the agony of warriors dying.

A cordon of Texans cut off a group of braves trying to reach their horses. Most of the ponies went bolting off so that the mounted attackers had the advantage of battling an enemy on foot. Comanche hands clawed at the manes of charging mustangs as warriors tried for some clutch which would enable them to mount the saddles and slay their foes. Descending gun butts brained them. Others went down under the flying hoofs, and the crash of splintering ribs combined with piercing death moans in a devil's medley of combat.

Lonnie strained his eyes through the thick gun smoke for a glimpse of Eagle Claw. The butt of the Dan'l Boone gun was bloody with the red life-sap of Comanches when he spotted the chief, standing on a rock, proudly contemptuous of Texan bullets and shouting orders to his demoralized followers The Ranger's spurs bit deep into the horse's flanks, and the pony was straining at the tensely held reins when it galloped toward the chief.

Through the barrage, Eagle Claw recognized Lonnie. His hands lifted a rifle and Lonnie saw that it was a Jennings repeater, probably taken from the body of some Ranger slain in one of the fights farther north.

"Buenos dias, senor," the chief shouted, continuing: "It is good to greet one whom I have waited for so many years to see." Then mockingly in Comanche: "Or did you wish me to send you after your brother who is now in the Dark Place?"

Eagle Claw's fingers darted to the trigger of his rifle. The gun missed fire, and snapped harmlessly. But Lon's Dan'l Boone piece spat out, barely missing Eagle Claw's head, but grazing his bare brown arm. Now the Ranger was but a few feet from the warlord and lashing at his horse to bear down on his antagonist. Eagle Claw leaped on a milling stray pony which had escaped the blockade, then sped down

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the canyon at a furious pace.

Lonnie spurred his horse in hot pursuit. For two miles, the chase continued with the boy firing the Dan'l Boone Rifle and the chief turning back to answer with his fast repeater. Volleys of shot and shell fell around the Ranger for every ball that he could send hurtling from his old-fashioned gun. For a moment, Lonnie wished that he'd accepted a Jennings from Big Foot. The steady spray from the Indian's gun mocked the occasional puff that sounded from his.

Suddenly, Lonnie realized that the chief's horse was slowing down while the shots from his gun were coming even more rapidly. The Ranger was puzzled: Eagle Claw's mount was better than his.

Abruptly the chief wheeled his horse to face his oncoming opponent. "I no draw you out here, white man, to run from you!" he shouted. "I bring you here so we have our fight and not be bothered by others."

"Suits me," Lonnie called back. He raised the Dan'l Boone Rifle. "I've been pining to give you a taste of this."

"You no kill anything with that," the chief yelled with scorn. He raised the repeater swiftly and it splattered bullets like raindrops as his horse surged forward.

LONNIE goaded his pony to meet the onrush. Thunder from the hoofs of the chief's fine stallion matched the never ceasing thunder from his gun as the distance narrowed between challenger and challenged. The smoke from the perfect modern rifle singed Lonnie's eyes. The bullets ripped at his clothes, tore off strips which went sailing through the air. When the Dan'l Boone Rifle managed to reply, its ineffectual puff was like that of a popgun competing with a cannon.

Forty yards — thirty yards — and Lonnie, for the first time in his life, felt scared. Another blast sounded from the chief's repeater. Lonnie started to jam another ball into the firepiece of the Boone gun. Then he dropped the pellet back into his ammunition bag.

No use wasting what little ammunition I have left against something that's got me outshot before I start, he thought. *I'll wait till we meet headfirst and see if I can club it out, gun butt to gun butt, with him. It's my only chance.*

Only twenty yards now separated the two, with a sun-baked little creek lying between them. Lonnie slowed his horse down, intending to meet Eagle Claw in the dry bed where ground was level and odds would be more even. The chief plunged his stallion head on, meaning to come down full force with better horse and better gun on the Ranger.

The stallion's hoofs cleared the left bank, but failed to span a high bush that had taken root in the middle of the channel. The bush scraped angrily at the horse's belly, causing it to stumble and come crashing down with a broken leg. Using the fallen animal as a barricade, Eagle Claw fired a volley of shots toward Lonnie, who was urging his pony on to take advantage of the accident.

The bullets went wild. Lonnie aimed futilely at Eagle Claw's head when it protruded for a second over the disabled horse. Another ball wasted of his precious few. He reached the right bank of the creek, and now only a few yards lay between him and the chief.

Eagle Claw took quick aim at Lonnie's pony. The bullet hit the pony squarely in the skull and the Ranger went sprawling. Another shot punctured his ammunition bag, and the balls in it scattered. All but one, which gleamed mockingly at Lonnie as Eagle Claw jumped from behind his pony and came striding, rifle cocked, toward the white boy.

"You die now," Eagle Claw said.

The chief raised the repeater. Lonnie, staring at death approaching, fumbled for that last ball on the ground. His fingers grasped it, and he managed to jam it into his old gun as the chief came within a dozen feet.

"That no help you," the chief laughed. "You fight Eagle Claw. You carry a man's gun."

Eagle Claw's finger tightened on the trigger. Lonnie half-raised himself to his knees and aimed shakingly at his enemy.

They fired in the same second. Eagle Claw's bullet missed Lonnie's heart, but tore a gaping furrow in his left side. Lonnie's ball ripped into the chief's belly.

EAGLE Claw stood there reeling, trying to keep his balance while the blood flooded out from his belly to saturate his buckskin shirt. The gun dropped from a hand that was limp, and Lonnie saw the hand had an old

(Continued on Page 72)

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scar running across its surface — his first coup on Eagle Claw, back there at Presidio Crossing.

The chief looked down at Lonnie through eyes that were glazed and tired.

"You — you be my son," he murmured thickly. "I give you many gifts — I give you gun — "

Then he pitched forward on his face, slain by the boy whom he would have had for son and the rifle he despised.

Lonnie fingered the barrel of the Dan'l Boone rifle, caressing it as a thing to be loved. The gun looked vague and shimmering before his eyes.

"You — you didn't fail me," he said slowly. "You took your time, but you got your man." Then he could no longer speak because of the rifle, the trees, and all the rest of the world that went bobbing around him.

He awoke when the Texans found him and Big Foot Wallace shook him into consciousness. Big Foot was poking around his wound when Lonnie opened his eyes. "Bad hole you got there, son," Big Foot was saying. "But we'll take you over to the doctor at the county seat and he'll plug it."

With the help of Big Foot, Lonnie managed to sit up. He looked toward the dead body of Eagle Claw. Between them lay the Dan'l Boone Rifle and the chief's repeater, barrel facing barrel in sullen challenge.

Big Foot's thumb gestured toward the Comanche. "You finished him," he said. "We finished the rest." Big Foot pulled out a hunk of chewing tobacco and took a big bite.

"Funny," he said, "that shot Eagle Claw fired at you was his last, too. We knew you'd run out of ammunition when we found what was left of your bag. But we didn't know that Eagle Claw was scraping bottom till we checked his gun and his belt. Reckon you were right when you wouldn't trade in that Dan'l Boone gun for a repeater. Because when it went up against the very best gun, it won the last shot — and had the last word."

Lonnie beckoned one of the Rangers to bring him the gun. Then he took out his bowie knife and carved one deep dent in the Dan'l Boone Rifle.

"The last notch I'll mark in it," he said; "the last time I'll fire this gun because I'll never find anybody braver to aim it at. Eagle Claw was a murdering scoundrel. But a gamer man I never went up against."

He kept his word. Once home, he put away the Boone gun. It had earned honorable retirement. For several generations, it remained a curiosity in Medina County and eventually disappeared, after the manner of old things.

But its owner's retirement as a fighting man did not come until the Civil War's close when the special Ranger companies were mustered out. During the war years, Little Lonnie had killed three lesser chiefs with one of the new-fangled guns. Once he had received his discharge papers, he bought himself a ranch on the Medina.

He lived to see the Comanches recede into storybooks and the trails where he'd guarded stagecoaches paralleled by railroad tracks. Before his death at a ripe age, a friend wrote that Lon Moore was "one of the most plain, unassuming Western stockmen — and no man in the West was better known or better liked."

Which backs up what my grandfather, an early-day Ranger, said about him. Old Dick Preece, who was chary in his judgments of men, claimed that "Little Lonnie was game enough to bulldog the devil by his horns and carry 'im home for a hatrack."

Research References:
John Henry Brown, *Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas*, Houston, 1891.
Interviews with Dick Preece, famous Taxas Ranger.
Records and files of the Texas Rangers.

RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from Page 8)

health and Custer knew it. He had no knowledge of the terrain or Indian fighting. The inclusion of Boston in the "last message" has no bearing whatever on the rest of it. It would have been a worthless sentence and one which Custer would never have used at such a critical moment.

3. Surely Custer knew where he was, at least what stream he was on. He, with Terry and Gibbon had gone over maps during their conference on board the "Far West" steamer before he had left the mouth of the Rosebud. To say he was "entrenched along the Big Horn basin" would appear to be a major oversight on the part of the "born pathfinder," George A. Custer. If some believe that Custer accidently wrote "Big Horn," leaving the "Little" off, the whole matter would fall flat on its face, for the stream along which Custer died was known only as the "Little Horn" up until the battle.

4. Custer would have sent a message earlier in the fight, if he sent one at all, when he first saw that he was losing — not when he had only forty troopers left.

5. If writer Chatfield actually believes that the message was actually written by Custer, he must be terribly disillusioned. A hastily scrawled letter by the general is presented in Merrington, *The Custer Story*, New York, 1950. The handwriting bears absolutely no resemblance to the photo in your magazine.

In all, the whole message sounds like a big farce, as Col. Graham quickly not-

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ed. The length of it, the tone, the illogical reference to Custer's brother all total up to one more big myth. Probably some grizzled old character dreamed it up to satisfy the gullible mind of a little boy.

You've got a fine, rewarding magazine. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
Jerry Greene
205 North Fifteenth St.
Lawton, Oklahoma

Harry Chatfield merely set forth the facts of that side of the story, acknowledging there were those who doubted the message.

PEARL YOUNGER?

Dear Mr. Rand:

In your July issue you mention that Homer Croy had definitely established that Pearl Reed Younger was the daughter of Cole Younger. However, no authority is cited and I wish to take emphatic exception to his statement.

In my book, *The Younger Brothers*, 1961, The Naylor Co., you will find a copy of an original letter written April 10, wherein Cole states this story is a lot of hogwash. I have searched for years to establish some link between Cole Younger and Bella Shirley, but have found nothing other than Cole saw her in the spring of 1864 in Texas, when he visited the home of her father. His next meeting took place in 1868, in Bates Co., Missouri, after she was the wife of Jim Read (or Reed) and three months later, Pearl Reed was born and named so.

Cole Younger knew nothing of Bella's (or Belle) affection for him until 1871, when the Younger colored servant, "Aunt Suse" told Cole: "Bell's sure in love with you, Capt'n, you better be careful." Cole stated that after that he made certain to avoid the wife of his former comrade in arms.

Her story was a fabrication, inspired by the notoriety she thought the name of Younger would impart, whether fortunately or unfortunately.

Best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely,
Carl W. Breihan
4939 Mattis Road
St. Louis 28, Missouri

The parentage of the daughter of Belle Starr will probably never be settled.

SEQUOYAH'S LETTERS

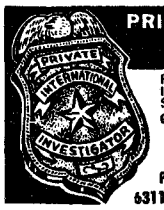
Dear Sir:

Being an amateur historian, I find REAL WEST invaluable. I keep a file of all copies received, and to back up my sentiments I have just recently sent a check to have my subscription extended; I do not want to miss an issue.

If you have room for me, I'd like to hang onto the old corral fence and have a rambling chat with you fellows.

Sequoyah's letters are probably out of date by now, but Indian fans may be interested to know that in North Georgia, the Cherokee Indian town once in existence is being rebuilt, and several months ago some old type with the Cherokee alphabet was discovered in an old well. The Atlanta, Georgia Chamber of Commerce could probably give interested parties information regarding this project.

(Continued on Page 74)



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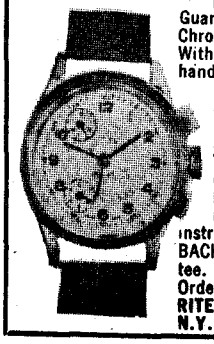

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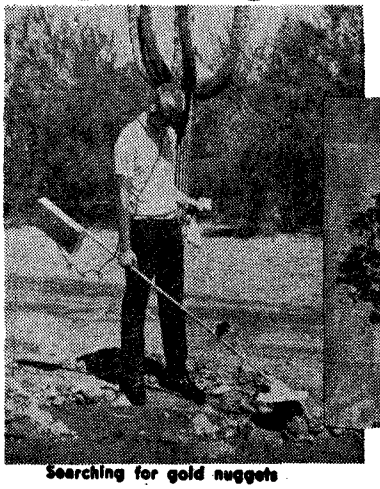

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Some years ago, I became friends with the late Ed Hamner of Attalla (sic), Alabama. Mr Hamner has been dead for some years now, but he was an authority on Indians, especially the Cherokees. He had published a weekly newspaper in the old days, as well as having worked in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He was a brilliant man and a human library on Indians. He could speak the language fluently. He informed me that the word *A-t-t-a-l-l-a* was an Indian word that translated into English would mean "my home." Pronounced *A Tol Ah* by the Indians meant any camp ground where they lived along streams above flood stage. Home ground. so to speak.

It may be of interest to readers of REAL WEST to know that Patrick Floyd Garrett, the man who killed Billy the Kid, was also born here in Chambers County. I am a disabled veteran, confined to a hospital, but on my furloughs I do research on the Garrett family. Records are vague but I am making some progress. Too many conflicting stories have been written about Pat Garrett. My curious mind is seeking something different.

Robert R. Gibson
Batson Memorial Hospital
LaFayette, Alabama

INDIAN FEAR OF FIRE

Dear Sirs:

I would like to question your source of information on the answer you gave Alice Franks to her question, "how did the Indians keep warm in below zero weather?"

Indians were very fire conscious, far more so than white people. When a winter camp was chosen, the first thing the squaws did was to cut all grass and other vegetation, well below the surface of the ground for several feet around the tent, as well as the tent floor; the floor was smoothed and packed hard. The winter teepee consisted of two walls, an inner wall inside the poles extended from an inch or more below the ground to eight or nine feet up, the outer wall, outside the poles extended from about four inches above the ground to about seven or eight inches of the X of the poles, leaving an opening on top of fourteen or fifteen inches.

A hole or depression two or three inches deep was made in the center of the floor, and ringed with boulders; that was the fire place. The fires were kept small and usually tended by the older squaws. Snow was neither a help, or a problem, since the camp site was naturally chosen in the sheltered valleys. The snow seldom got over a few inches deep, drifting was nil, and in this Montana country the ground is bare of snow more days in the winter months than otherwise. As for piles of robes, huh, uh! If an Indian had one blanket or robe other than his day time wear, he was well fixed.

Cooking was usually done on an outside fire, several families may use the same fire. They had no regular meal hours, as we know it. If an Indian was absent from his camp for a day or several days, he carried no food unless their squaws were with them. It was forrage or go hungry. Sometimes he went two or three days without eating.

Yours for better research,
Jesse L. Warren
Worden, Montana

The information used in the answer to Miss Franks was taken from Colonel Dodge's book. The Colonel lived 33 years among the Indians.

AN OLD TIMER'S LETTER

Dear Editor:

I've never written any western editor about their magazine and have always wanted to. I'm an old time western reader of not only your books but every other worthwhile one that has been on the book shelves for the last 40 years, and believe me I know the best.

I have a hard time keeping the kids from covering them up with the trash they read on the news stands, but I am still working at it. I'm a disabled veteran and have had to lay in bed a lot for the last 20 years and my most enjoyable reading has been your western stories, which have been my life for I was born at Marlow, Oklahoma and have known a lot of outlaws and Indians around Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

I like all your stories, of course some more than others but I'm not a critic like some of the people who write every week complaining about little things that don't mean a thing. I have a heart condition now and I am living here on the ranch enjoying my westerns among the cattle, but it gets lonesome sometimes. Would enjoy letters from western "Folks".

Thanks for the chat with you.

I remain, as ever your friend,
James E. Abrams
P.O. Box 642
Duncan, Oklahoma

GRASSHOPPER TERROR

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the July issue of REAL WEST.

The story that intrigued me was "Grasshopper Terror" by Sam Bragham. I can quite imagine the damage and terror that was caused by the plague.

I myself have seen something like that, only these were locusts and the country was Tunisia. It was during the second war, the locusts swarmed down in millions; our trucks just ran into them as if they were hitting a hailstorm. I do not think it was as bad as the Kansas plague though.

Keep up the good work. I am eagerly awaiting my next issue of REAL WEST.

Adios,
Fred Christmas
10 Westbury Road
Forest Gate
London E. 7, England

(Continued on Page 76)

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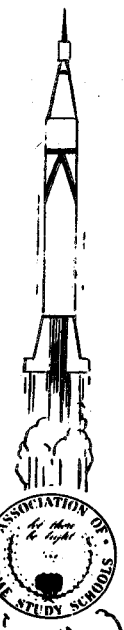

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OLD TASCOSA

Editor:

Regarding your answer in your May issue about the grave of Fred Chilton at old Tascosa, Oldham County, Texas — formerly called "No Man's Land."

I was a boy in Amarillo, Texas, 37 miles southeast of Tascoca. I spent much of my time riding up and down the old FW&DC Railway, particularly between Amarillo and Tascoca which was a "set-out" yard, resulting in "caboose-hops" (engine and caboose) running from Amarillo to pick up a train at Tascosa and return.

Old Tascosa itself was across the South Canadian River from Tascosa railroad station, and 2 or 3 miles to the Northeast

On my first visit to Old Tascosa I noted "Boot-Hill," which I am quite sure was one of the first such-called graveyards in the West. Just across from the graveyard was an old, small adobe building which apparently had been a saloon. Outside this little shack was an old money safe, with it's door apparently blown off.

As I recall the grave (or graves) on "Boot-Hill", to the best of my recollection there was only *ONE* red standstone marker, and for the life of me, I *am unable to recall* the Lone Star shown in the picture made in 1934.

The headstone, as I remember it, was chiselled with the names of three young men, but I cannot remember whether it showed the time of their deaths.

I am sure, however, that the name "Chilton" was one of them, but cannot recall whether the first names were there. But I do remember reference on the headstone that their ages ranged from 17 to 22 years. That's what puzzles me about the picture of 1934 and I am wondering if a new, separate headstone has not been put up for Chilton and his age corrected (particularly as I cannot remember the "Lone Star").

Billy the Kid lived at and around Tascosa for a time and I have seen the old shack on Sweet La Cruz Creek (which, I think, was south and west of Old Tascosa) in which he was said to have resided. An old time Indian fighter named *Rabb* wrote a book about Old Tascosa and Billy the Kid, and I am sure some of his family, or a copy of the book itself, can still be contacted or seen around Amarillo, Texas.

Respectfully yours,
Wm. J. Sturdivant
255 West 3rd South Street
St. George, Utah

ENGLISH READER

Dear Sirs:

I would just like to say a big thank you for the many hours of enjoyment that you have given me through REAL WEST, although I only get one or two issues now and again. I look forward to them very much.

My main interest in REAL WEST is the Indian situation. I have just read your July, Vol. 5, 1962 issue, a little behind perhaps, but better late than never. I was deeply interested in the story of Sitting Bull, and that wonderful cover portrait of Crazy Horse; as I read the stories of the Indian stand for life, my heart feels very sad at what went on, and what goes on today. I feel quite ashamed of being white at times when reading how they pushed, cheated and murdered those wonderful red people, for what they could get their hands on. What of today? I have read the reservations are no better than pig farms.

Yours faithfully,
Donald Cockitt
19 Park Street
Congleton
Cheshire, England

While the Indian reservations could be improved, they could hardly be called pig farms.

MORGAN HORSES

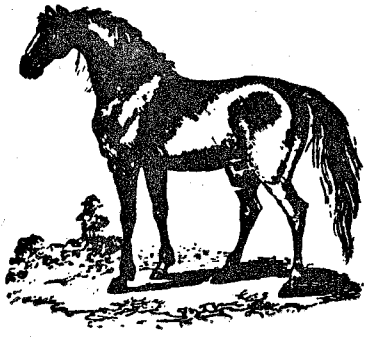
Gentlemen:

After reading in your magazine Billy Farris' question, "What was the Morgan horse?", *in the July publication, I would* like to take exception to your answer. As I am a fairly old man and have raised and dealt in Morgans all my life and my father had one of the first contracts raising remounts for the U.S. government, I have studied quite thoroughly their breeding.

According to Phil Stong in his "American Horse Club," Vermont Historical Society; Dr. Paul O. McGrew, "Chicago National History Museum"; Helen Flanders, archivist for the Vermont Traditional Music, Free Library, Burlington, Vermont, the Library of the University of Vermont and the State of Vermont Reference Bureau, Montpelier and others all these agree with the data of U.S. Cavalry on the Morgan.

Justin Morgan a school teacher from Randolph, Vermont took a colt from Abner Beane of West Springfield, Mass., on a debt. Then took him back to Randolph where he raised him, and he was the progenitor of the breed. The only known breed to have derived strictly from one horse, the only breed that the U.S. government has invested in to grow strictly on their own farms, and surely there is no Arabian blood in the original Justin Morgan, barely possible a little of the old "Barb" but very very unlikely.

Respectfully,
Guy Tracker
Caldwell, Idaho



WANTS MAGAZINE MONTHLY

Dear Sir:

I know nothing of the difficulties of managing a magazine but I can give advice, whether it is worth much or not . . . Publish REAL WEST each month. I, for one, would be glad.

(Continued on Page 79)

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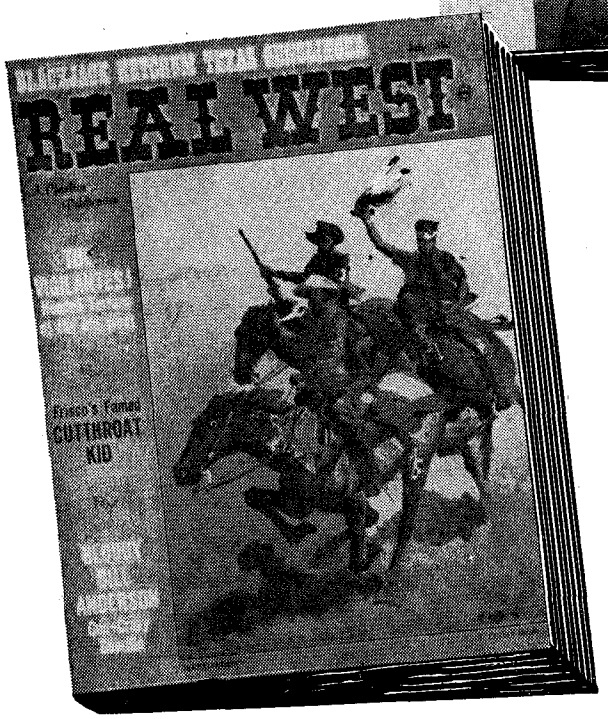

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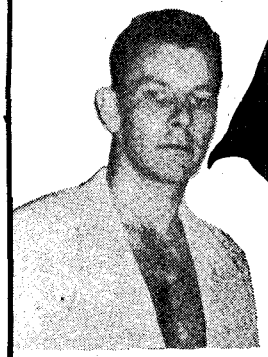

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— says N.J.FLEMING — YUBIWAZA MASTER

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EASY --And I am now ready to show you, too, through clear, easy-to-understand photos, every secret. I guarantee to make you a YUBIWAZA specialist in hours—or every cent you paid will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school where I train beginners like you and turn them into experts. Now I can show you how to practice YUBIWAZA in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I'll show you how to defend yourself against hoodlums, bullies, "wise guys" and juvenile delinquents who respect neither lives nor property.

When you apply YUBIWAZA methods, you can cut an aggressor down with JUST ONE FINGER! You can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only one finger or your bare hands. No matter how "hot" the action gets, YUBIWAZA keeps you "on top." You can apply simple pressure of your finger against any one of a dozen or more vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint. If the neighborhood bully pushes you, you can make him say "uncle" quickly —with the help of YUBIWAZA!

MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife into the ribs . . . or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it . . . or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength . . . that depends on TECHNIQUE — not on weight or size of body . . . that is based on simple TRAINING—not on illegal possession of weapons.

When you know YUBIWAZA you can disarm and disable your opponent in seconds. You can repel a mugger who grabs you from behind—no matter how big he is or how much he weighs. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, and how. You learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can apply to maximum advantage. I have jam-packed all I know about YUBIWAZA into my Guide, which I have profusely illustrated and clearly explained. I take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system so that you understand clearly and immediately how these effective principles work. You learn those tricks used by marines, police and G-men . . . how to floor any bully. . . . how to touch vital spots that will make any attacker helpless. No matter whether you are big or small, strong or weak, you can overpower practically any opponent with lightning speed!

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Knowledge of YUBIWAZA will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become SELF-ASSURED through your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident air secure with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact! And you will win respect and admiration from everyone.

Thousands of men of all ages have won confidence and respect by learning YUBIWAZA. YOU can do the same! You owe it to your own peace of mind . . . to your friends and loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time and place from hoodlums, criminals and delinquents. So mail Coupon NOW for my COMPLETE Instruction on YUBIWAZA. If you and your friends don't say that YUBIWAZA has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent will be refunded!

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I read and reread many of the stories for I can remember when some of them happened. You certainly give a true picture of life as it once was.

I have on hand 4 copies from 1960, 5 copies from 1961, 5 from 1962 which I would sell or trade. I would have had them all but too many people failed to return them.

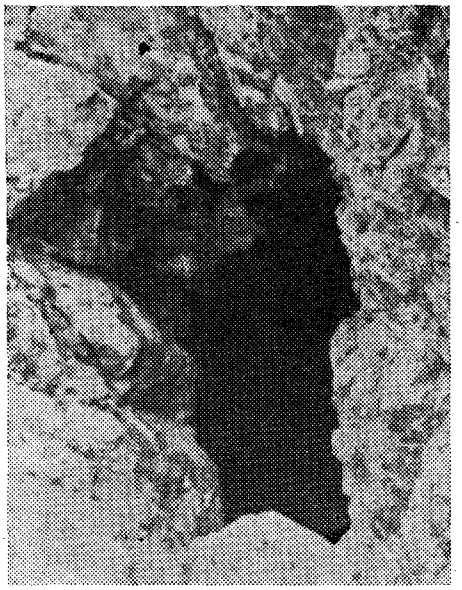
Dr. B.F. Dearmore, Pastor
Bethel Baptist Church
129 K. N.W.
Ardmore, Oklahoma

We receive many letters with the request for more frequent publication of REAL WEST. Watch for a big announcement about this.

INDIAN BURIALS

Dear Editor:

This must not be considered a real brick-bat but you may publish same if you care to. The picture is just to show what I have seen.



STRANGE INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOMS — Dodge, Sept. issue page 46, I quote: "Mr. Berry, the Indian Agent, at Los Pinos, informs me that he has never himself, witnessed, nor has he ever seen a man who has ever witnessed the funeral ceremonies of the Utes, NOR HAS HE EVER SEEN A UTE GRAVE OR ANY WHITE MAN WHO HAS EVER SEEN ONE."

I was 9 years old and we lived in Rush Valley and went over the mountains into Skull Valley. Two of father's sheep herders had found an Indian cave and wanted us to see it. It was in some rocks at the end of a low hill about 20 feet high. A rock covered the opening which was about 14 inches wide and 24 inches long. One man climbed down and the other followed. They had a pole. The cave was about 15 feet across and possibly 12 feet deep.

I crawled up and looked down. The sun was shining right down that hole. The men were in the bottom and there were a lot of skulls, possibly 8 or 10 — possibly more, a lot of bones, baskets and bows and it looked like hundreds of flint tipped arrows, and about half way down, around the west side was a ledge about 4 feet wide and on this were numerous bones and what not.

I asked Father if I could not have one of those bows and some arrows. The way he said NO I knew he meant it. We sat down and he told me that was the burial place for all of the chiefs of the Desert Ute Indians and to them it was a sacred place and not a one of his men would take a thing from there if he knew it.

Two years later about 25 soldiers from Camp Douglas (near Salt Lake City) camped at our place over night. The one in command said they were going out to that old cave and get everything there was for 'Scientific purposes' and to make a detailed study of the Ute Indians. I went back there about ten years later and there was not a bone to be found.

I can go with anyone to that old Indian cave if any one doubts the story.

Sincerely yours,
James P. Sharp
188 D Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

CRAZY HORSE

Dear Sir:

In the March issue of REAL WEST your article, "Is This Crazy Horse?" was very interesting, as are all your stories in good old REAL WEST. I have read two books in the past. One about "Indian Wars Of The West" by Paul I. Wellman, and one "With Cook At Rosewood," by J.W. Vaughn. I would like to enclose a picture which I think is very conclusive from all physical stand points and dress of the Sioux and even to the expression of his face that was so well described by John J. Bourke in these words:

"I saw before me a man who looked quite young, not over thirty years old, five feet eight inches high, lithe and sinewy, with a scar on the face. The expression of his countenance was one of quiet dignity, but morose, dogged, tenacious, and melancholy. He behaved with stolidity like a man who realized that he had to give in to fate, but would do so as sullenly as possible. While talking to Frank (Grouard) his countenance lit up with genuine pleasure, but to all others he was . . . gloomy and reserved. All Indians gave him a high reputation for courage and generosity. In advancing an enemy, none of his warriors were allowed to pass him. He had made hundreds of friends by his charity to the poor, as it was a point of honor with him never to keep anything for himself except weapons of war. I never heard an Indian mention his name, save in terms of respect."

Mr. Louis Bordeau, whose description is in the Ricker Interviews, Tablet 11, p. 72, Nebraska State Historical Society, testified that: "Crazy Horse was slight in form, tall, very light complexion, hair long and hung down to his hips." (That certainly fits that picture to a 'T'.)

In an excerpt from a letter from Major General Hugh L. Scott, National Archiber, this opinion is substantiated:

"I have lately (1920) talked to (Crazy Horse's) brother-in-law Red Feather and his head soldier "He Dog" or "Male Dog," Oglalas at Pine Ridge who still mourn his death. They say they knew of nine horses being killed under him and that when he came on the field of battle

(Continued on Page 80)

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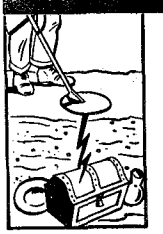

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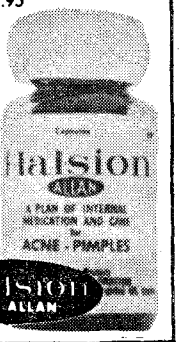

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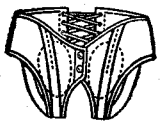

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he made everybody brave. He was the most prominent soldier in the Sioux tribe."

Keep up the good work on REAL WEST.

Sincerely yours,
C.F. Clark
Box 216
Grand Tower, Illinois

CODE OF THE OLD WEST

Dear Editor:

In 1898 when I lived on Powder River, about half way between Gillette and Buffalo, Wyoming, the period called "the old West" was coming to an end. Civilization was moving in. But I can testify that the "code of the west" was still very much in force. In the east I had seen hundreds of rascals to one properly constituted judge, but in Wyoming there was but one rascal to many self constituted judges.

Thinking back, the code of the west was something like the code in a school room when the teacher is not present. The pupils may raise a lot of hell but every kid in the class is anxious that his behavior be approved by the others.

In the untamed west to be right and to prove your virtue was somewhat of an obcession and the spirit of 100% fairplay appealed so strongly to the tenderfoot that in almost no time he too became a self constituted enemy to the sneak, the cheat, and the sissy. So, according to my definition of the "code of the west" it began to disappear whenever and wherever people's virtues became the responsibilities of lawyers and judges.

Guy Goddard
825 N.W. 35th Street
Oklahoma City 18, Okla.

CRAZY HORSE'S PICTURE

Dear Mr. Rand:

In your issue of REAL WEST of March, I notice some pictures on pages 36 and 37 and the story asks if they are Crazy Horse. I was raised by the Sioux from the time I was five years old by Chief and Mrs. Iron Tail. I have seen pictures of Crazy Horse many times. The picture on page 36 (not the man on the horse) is Crazy Horse in his younger days.

Picture on page 37 is Crazy Horse with his squaw in his old age. There are only a few old time Sioux Indians left. Jerome Wolf Ears and his wife at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, are two of them.

Cordially,
Buffalo Vernon
825 V Street
Sacramento, California

PRAISE FROM MALTA

Dear Sirs:

First, let me congratulate you on the best Western magazine in print today. Yes! REAL WEST is the only *really* authentic magazine on the Old West I've seen. Keep up the good work. The only trouble is being bored out here in Malta, instead of back home in England. The copies are months old by the time I get them.

Now I have a request to ask of you. Please could you fix me up with an American Pen-Pal with my interests and the same age approximately, as me. My main interest is the Civil War, particularly the Confederacy, the war, the events leading up to it, and the aftermath. In other words, my interest is mainly between 1850-1870. My age is 21.

Yours sincerely
A.B.R.C. Dowsett
C/J 865816
6 Mess
H.M.S. Surprise
c/o F.M.O.
Malta, G.C.

A GOOD CRITICISM

My dear Mr. Rand:

Your splendid magazine is a joy to me. Bouquets first and then the brickbat! However it's one glaring fault — giving reprints of old manuscripts, letters, newspaper clips and (as in this issue) letters of the forty niners, in such tiny cramped type they might as well not have been printed at all — since *all* are illegible!

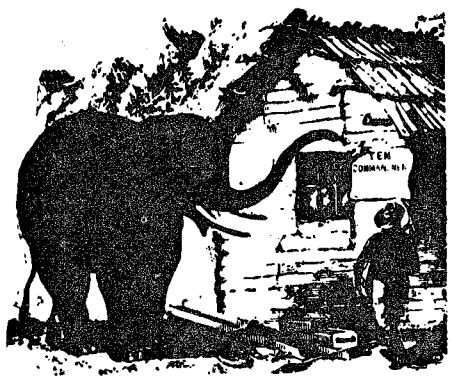
Please (oh, pretty please) devote a full page and real print to these rare bits. Many of us would like to keep them — and folks with homes full of antiques would even frame some. Happily the paper they are printed on would yellow and thus further the idea of antiquity.

I found your magazine quite by chance (behind other men's magazines) and now my neighbor, the Walter Scotts, have a subscription and share it with me.

May Real West Flourish!

Sincerely,
Frances M. Hanun
4216 34 Street
San Diego 4, California

We blew the "Miner's Ten Commandments" to a full page, as big as we could, but we admit Mrs. Hanun has a good point



LARRUPING IN ENGLAND

Dear Sir:

I was very interested in your version of good word "larruping." On this side of the water to give "larrup" means to be insolent and give someone a good "larruping" means to give him a good beating.

Yours sincerely,
C. Pickwick
78 Sipson Road
W. Drayton
Middx, England

P.S. I almost forgot to congratulate you on a *good* magazine.

RW

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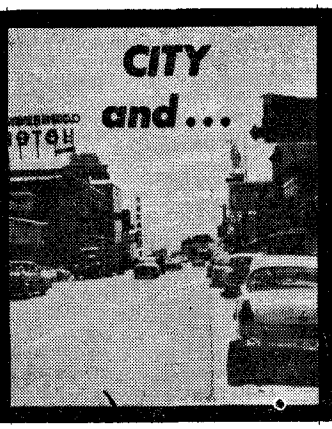

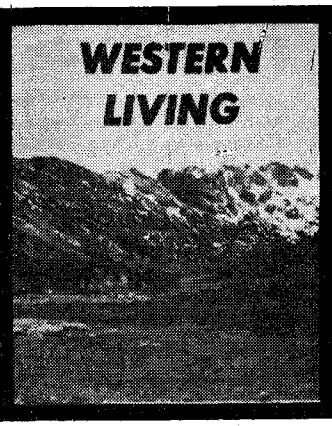

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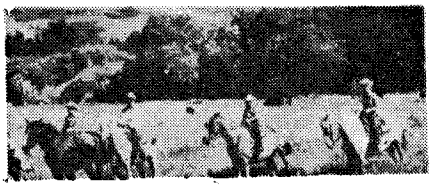

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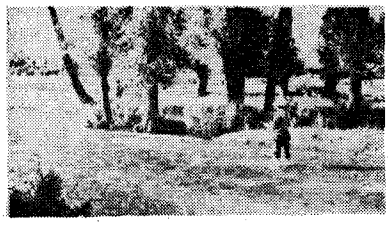

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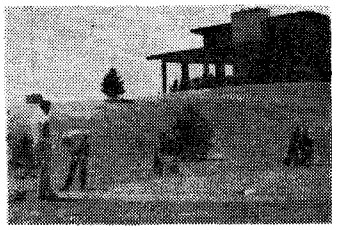

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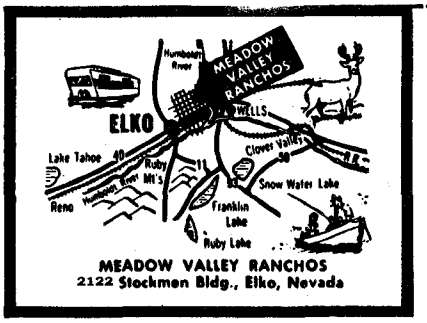

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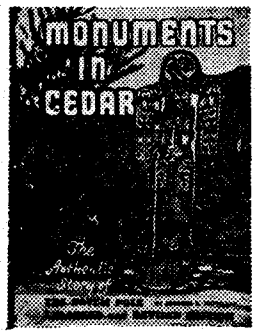

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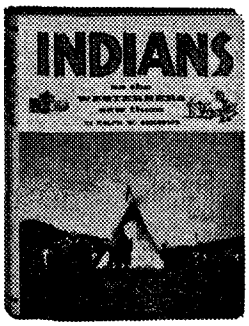

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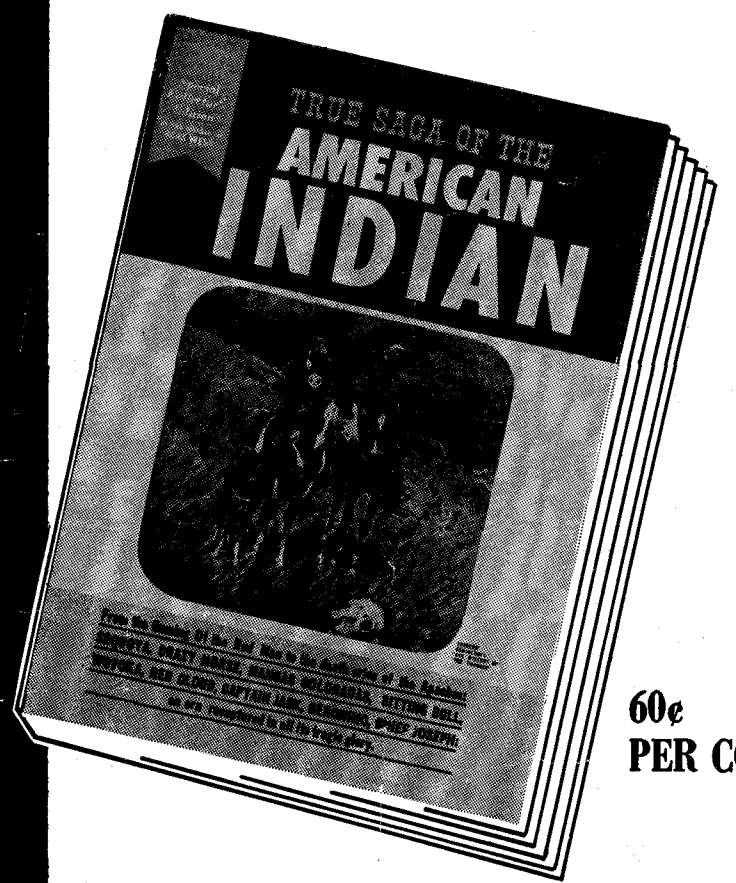

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